

# MAD

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## SUPER SPECIAL NUMBER ELEVEN

FEATURING A SUPER SPECIAL BONUS:  
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ON A REAL 33 $\frac{1}{3}$  VINYL RECORD

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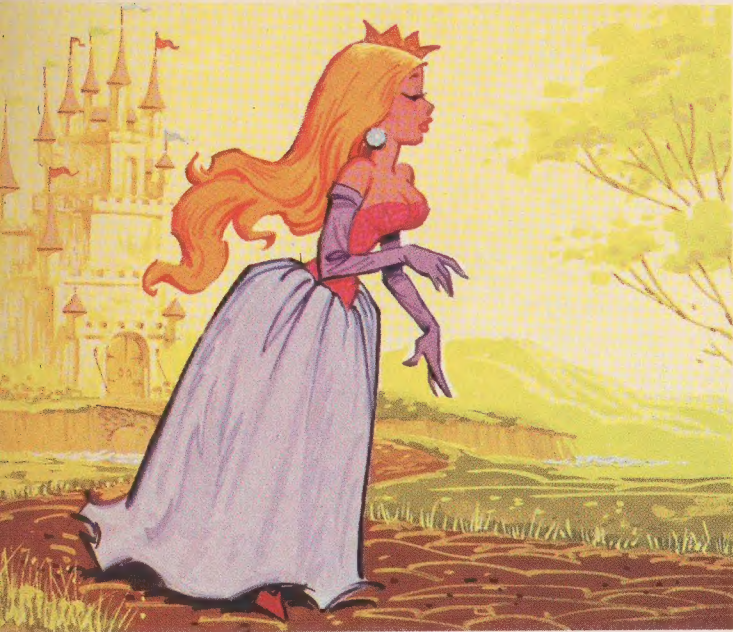
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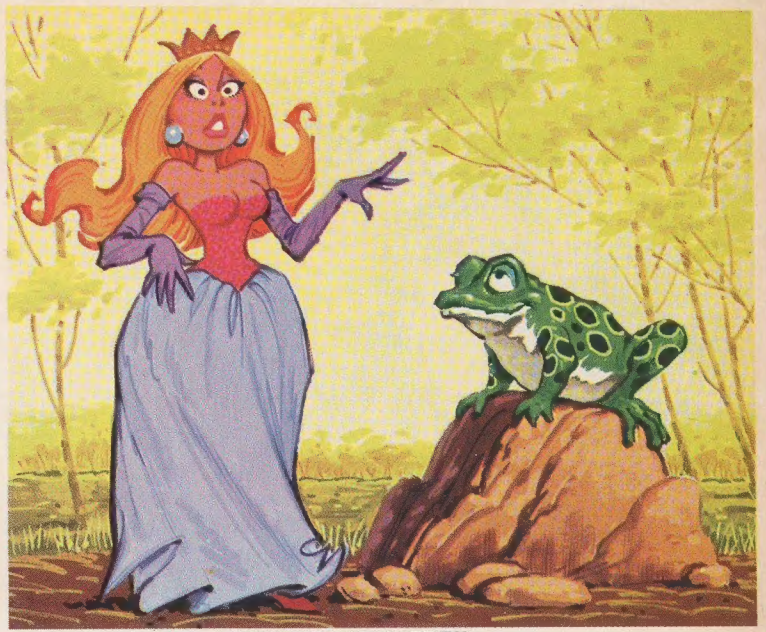
Norman Mingo



# THE MAGIC SPELL



ARTIST: JACK RICKARD



WRITER: AL JAFFEE





# MAD

## SUPER SPECIAL

### NUMBER ELEVEN

"Success is like Golf: you strive to get to the green... and then you wind up in the hole." —Alfred E. Neuman

**WILLIAM M. GAINES** publisher **ALBERT B. FELDSTEIN** editor

**JOHN PUTNAM** art director **LEONARD BRENNER** production  
**JERRY De FUCCIO, NICK MEGLIN** associate editors

contributing artists and writers  
**THE USUAL GANG OF IDIOTS**



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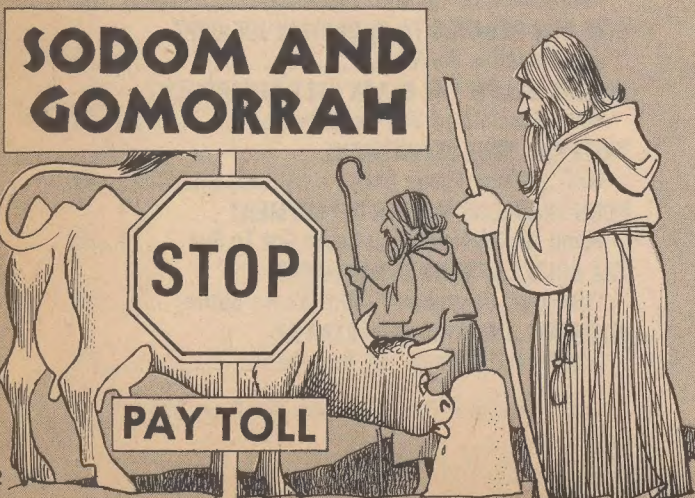
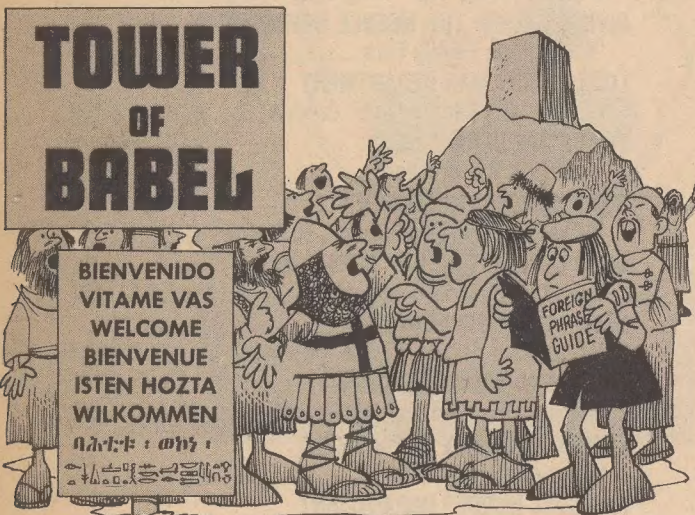
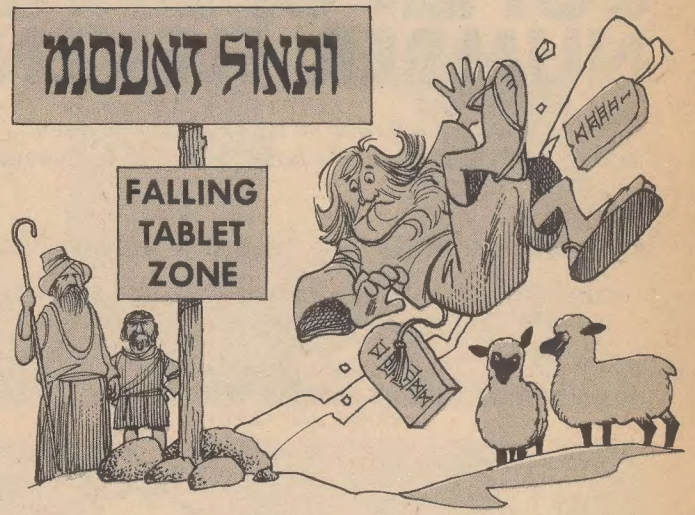
\*\*Various Places Around The Magazine



# MAD

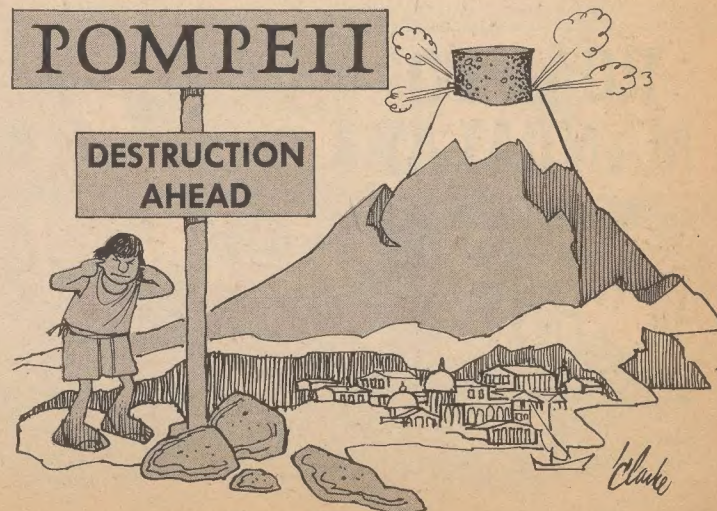
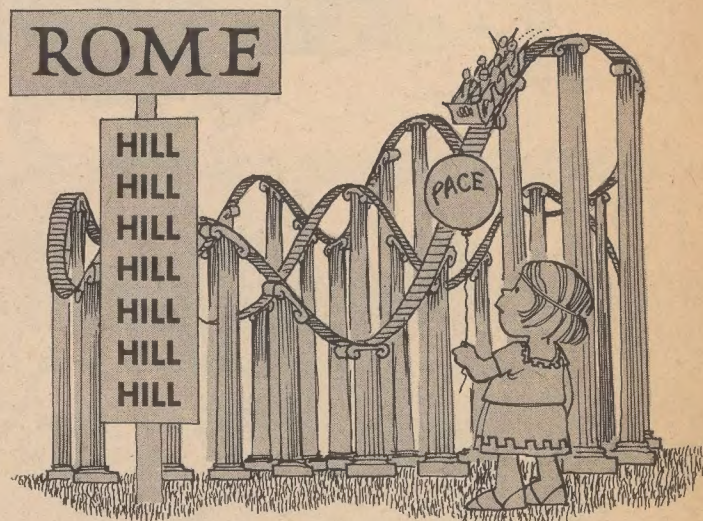
# ROAD

ARTIST: BOB CLARKE





**WRITER: PAUL PETER PORGES**





# Wittenberg



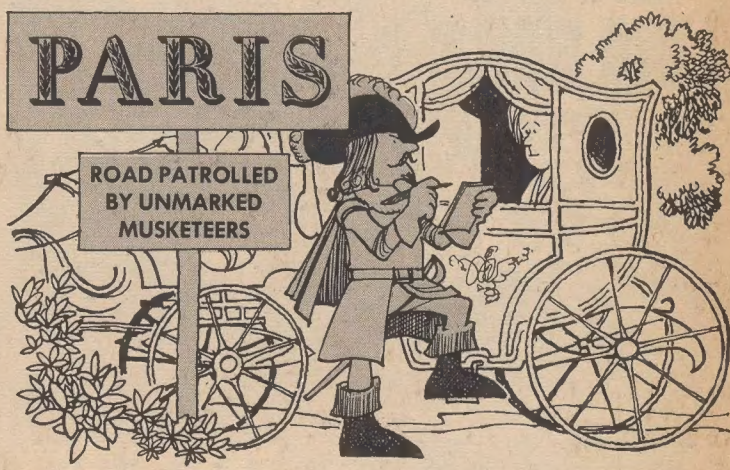
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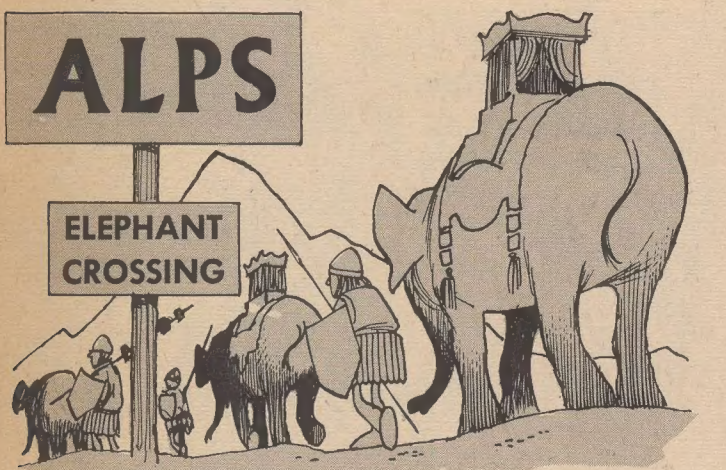
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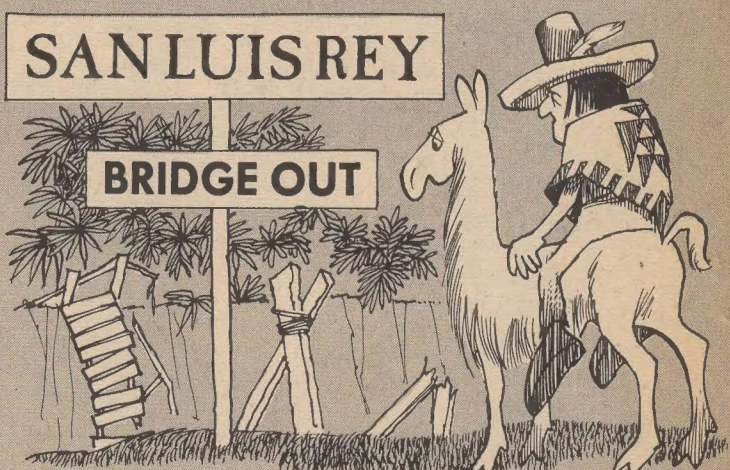
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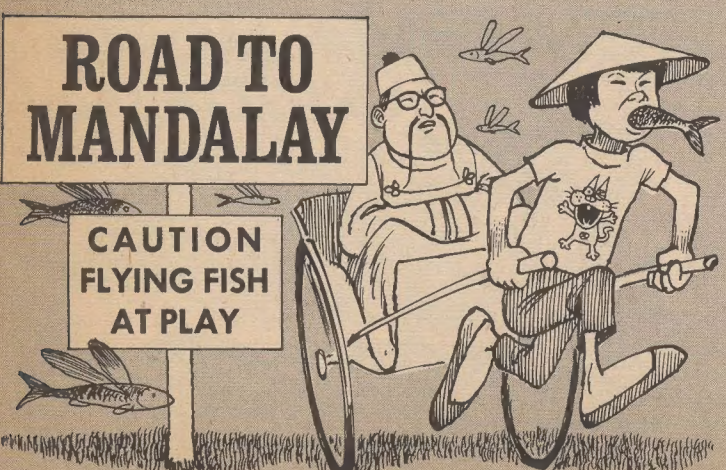
# ALPS



# SAN LUIS REY



# ROAD TO MANDALAY



# GARDEN OF EDEN

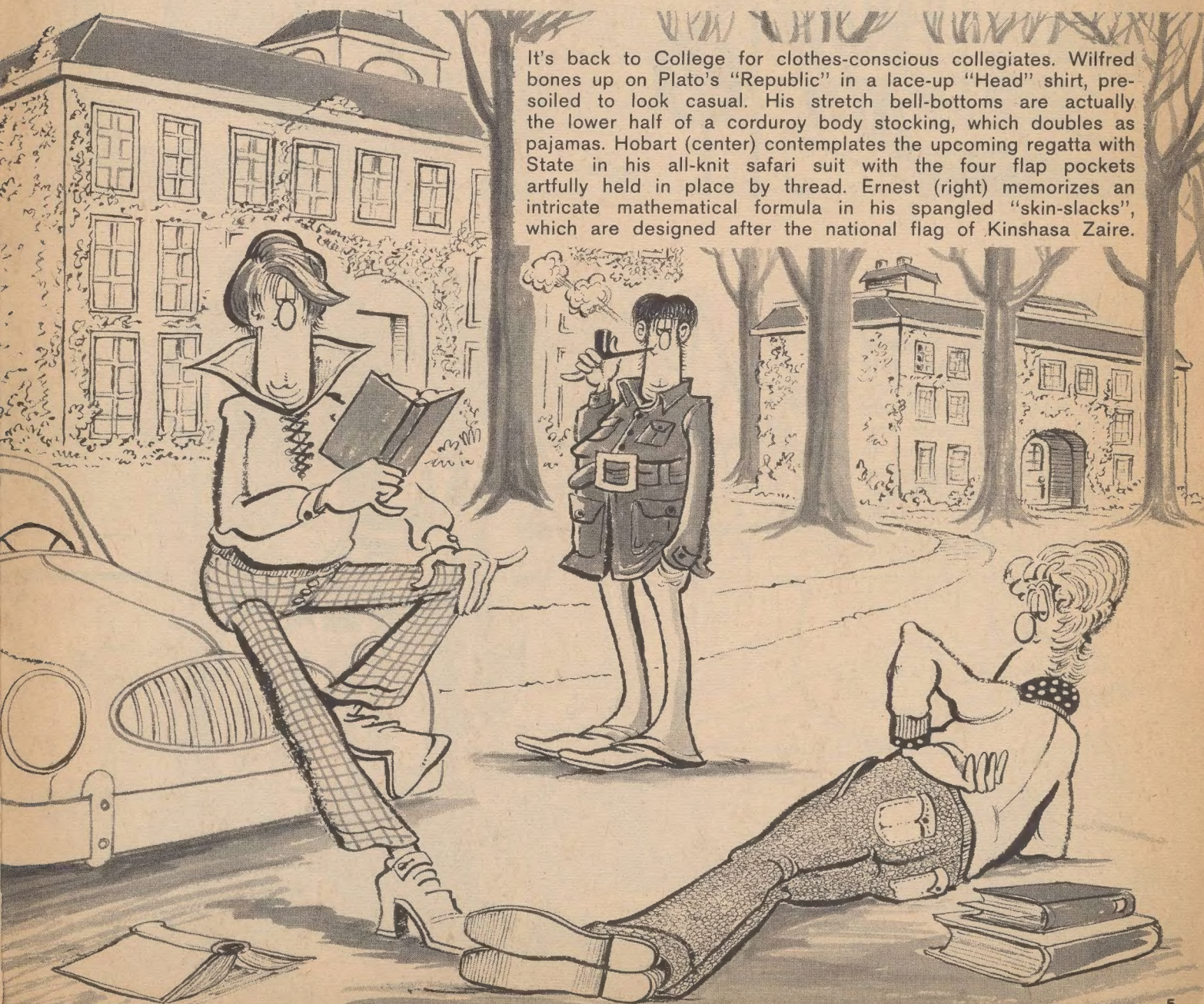




In an attempt to add social significance and relevance to our pages, MAD finally bows to countless requests we've received begging us to enter into the controversial area of men's fashion. Of course, there was only one man who could handle such an undertaking, one man who could rise to this occasion. But he was out of town. So instead, make room in your wardrobe for some startling creations as . . .

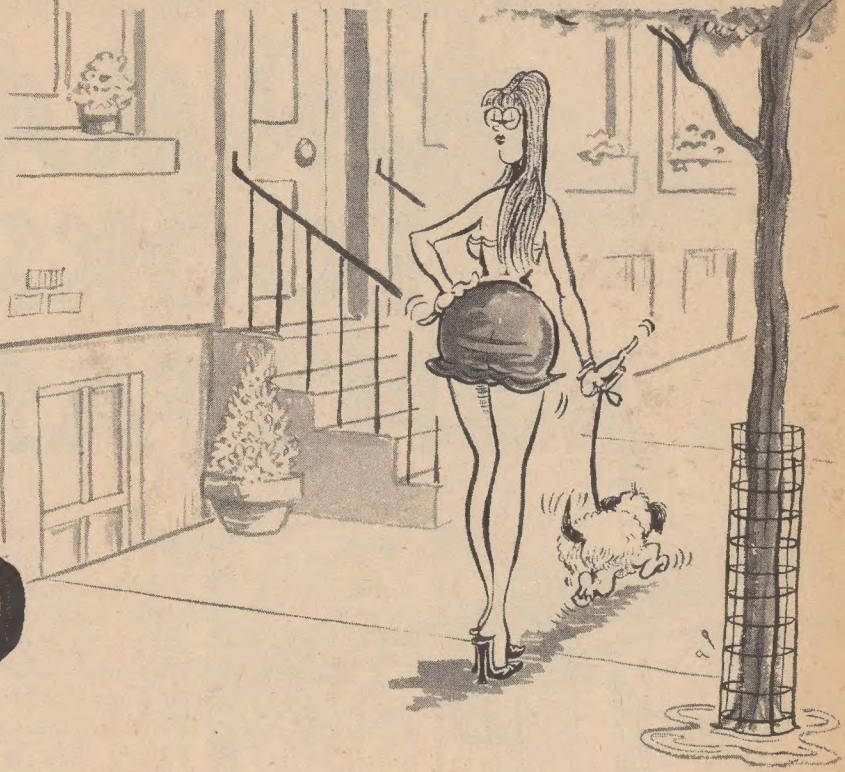
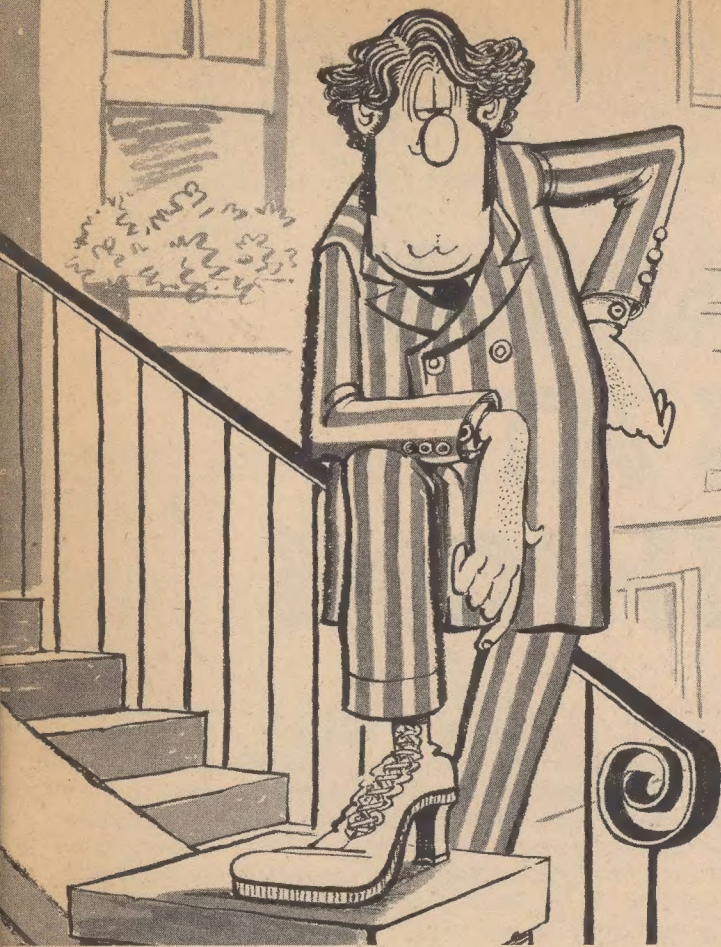
# DON MARTIN LOOKS AT MEN'S FASHIONS

It's back to College for clothes-conscious collegiates. Wilfred bones up on Plato's "Republic" in a lace-up "Head" shirt, pre-soiled to look casual. His stretch bell-bottoms are actually the lower half of a corduroy body stocking, which doubles as pajamas. Hobart (center) contemplates the upcoming regatta with State in his all-knit safari suit with the four flap pockets artfully held in place by thread. Ernest (right) memorizes an intricate mathematical formula in his spangled "skin-slacks", which are designed after the national flag of Kinshasa Zaire.

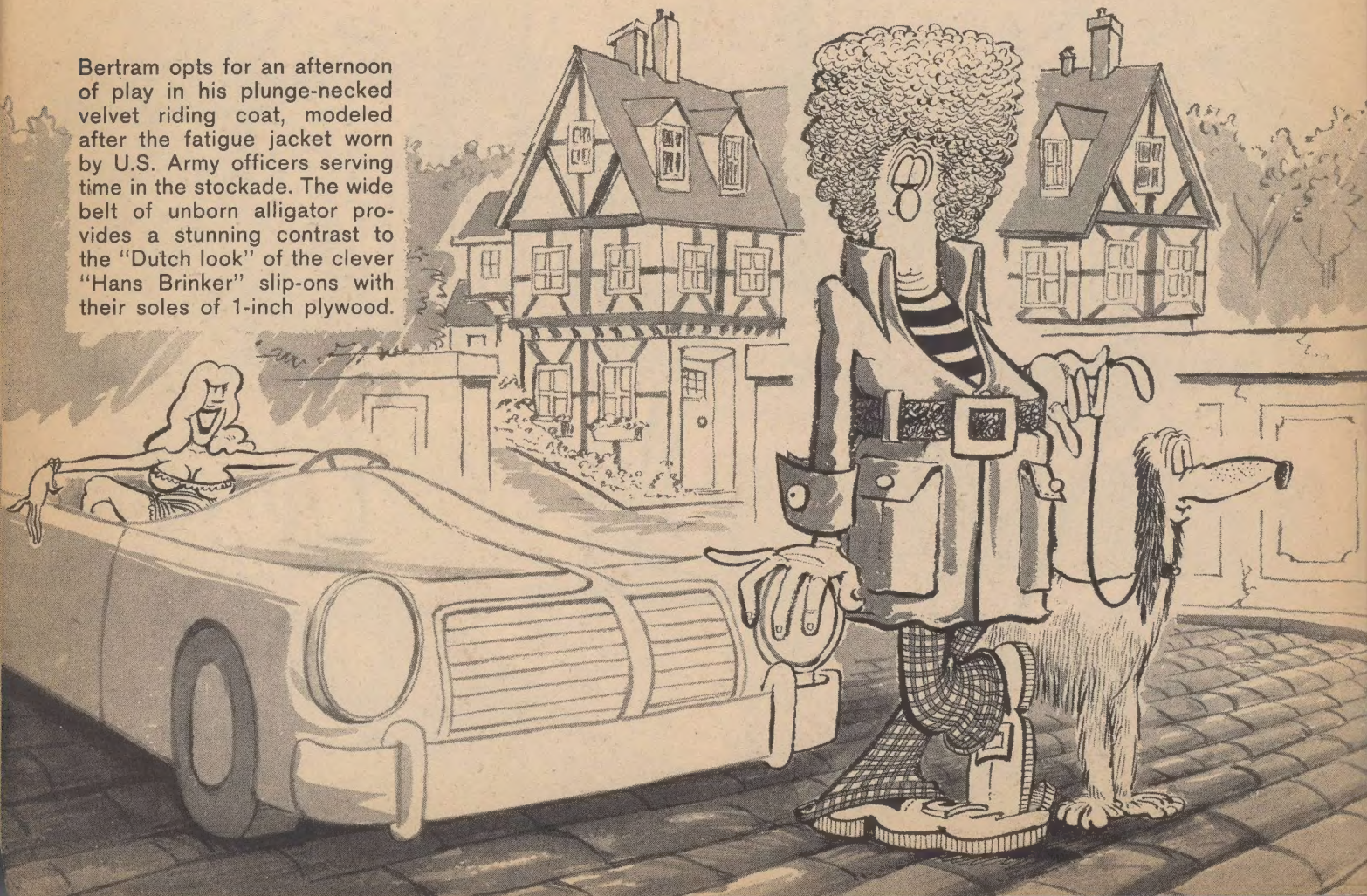




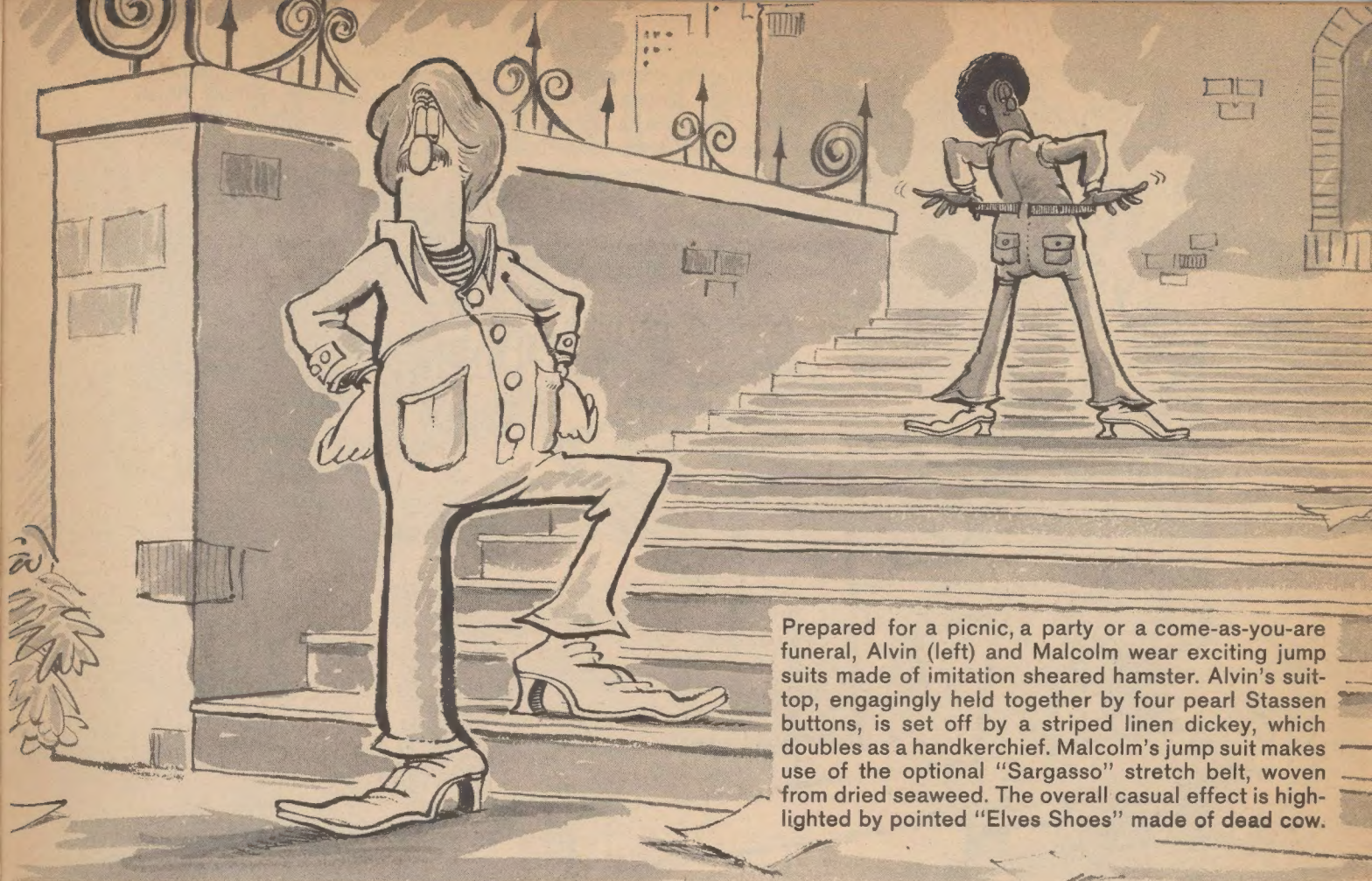
A day of business or an evening of pleasure? Geoffrey is prepared for either in his peppermint-striped double-breasted ensemble, designed after the uniform worn by the men's room attendants in fashionable Atlantic City hotels at the turn of the century. The final touch is offered by Geoffrey's high-stepping footwear, which combines the excitement of a rodeo boot with the traditionalism of Keds.



Bertram opts for an afternoon of play in his plunge-necked velvet riding coat, modeled after the fatigue jacket worn by U.S. Army officers serving time in the stockade. The wide belt of unborn alligator provides a stunning contrast to the "Dutch look" of the clever "Hans Brinker" slip-ons with their soles of 1-inch plywood.



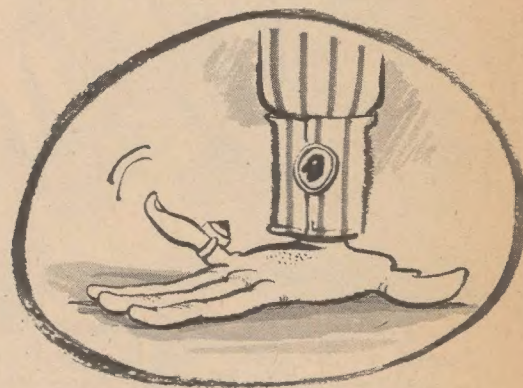




Prepared for a picnic, a party or a come-as-you-are funeral, Alvin (left) and Malcolm wear exciting jump suits made of imitation sheared hamster. Alvin's suit-top, engagingly held together by four pearl Stassen buttons, is set off by a striped linen dickey, which doubles as a handkerchief. Malcolm's jump suit makes use of the optional "Sargasso" stretch belt, woven from dried seaweed. The overall casual effect is highlighted by pointed "Elves Shoes" made of dead cow.

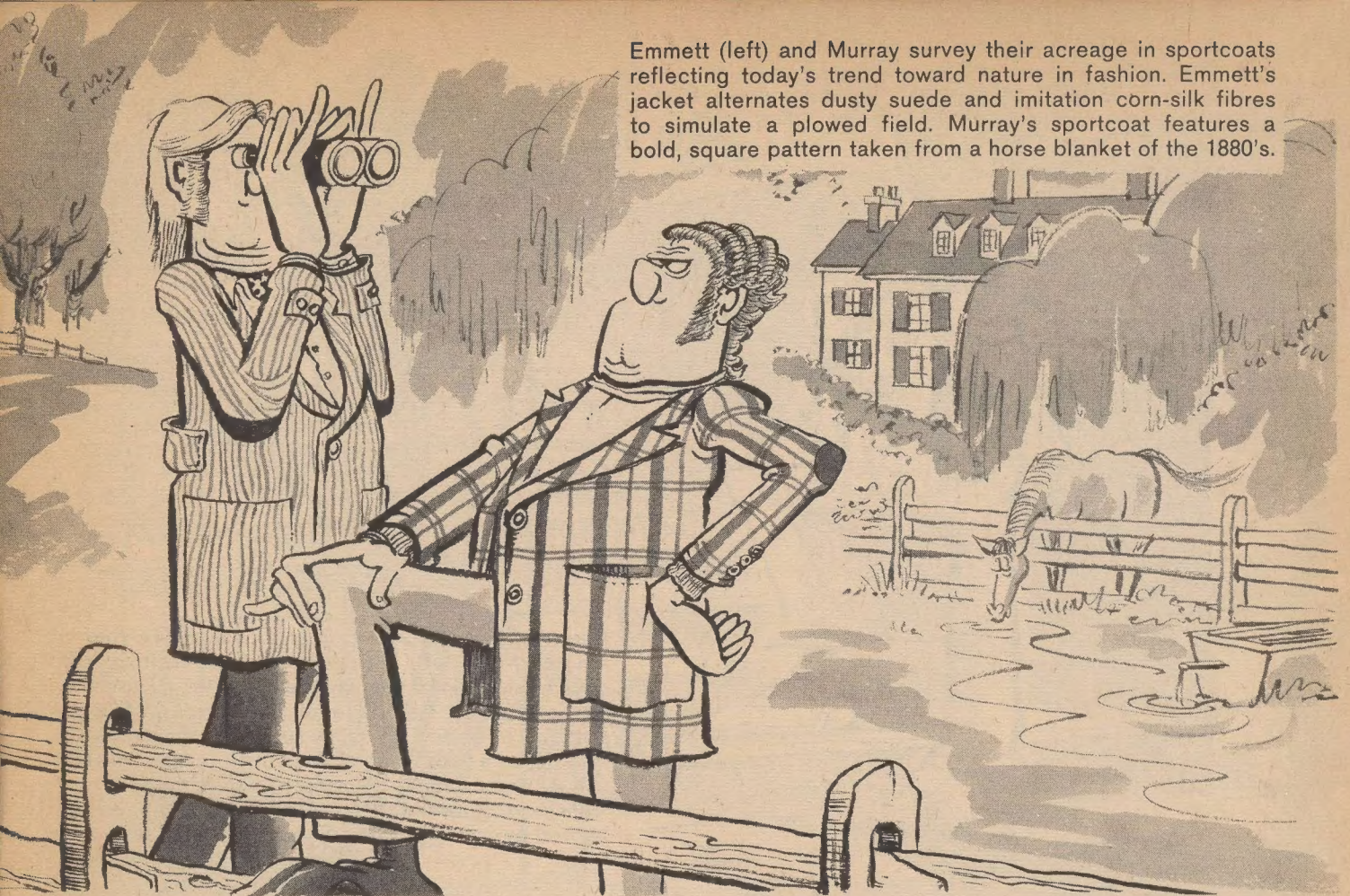


Howard contemplates an afternoon of sport in his tapered action shirt, emboldened by the black stripes of the "San Quentin Look." Note the matching platinum cufflinks and pinkie ring, both emblazoned with an engraving in turquoise of Howard's dentist.





Emmett (left) and Murray survey their acreage in sportcoats reflecting today's trend toward nature in fashion. Emmett's jacket alternates dusty suede and imitation corn-silk fibres to simulate a plowed field. Murray's sportcoat features a bold, square pattern taken from a horse blanket of the 1880's.



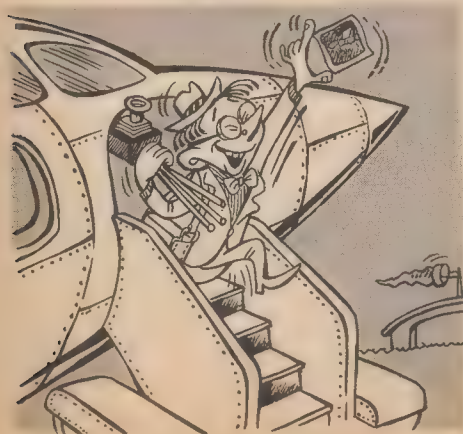
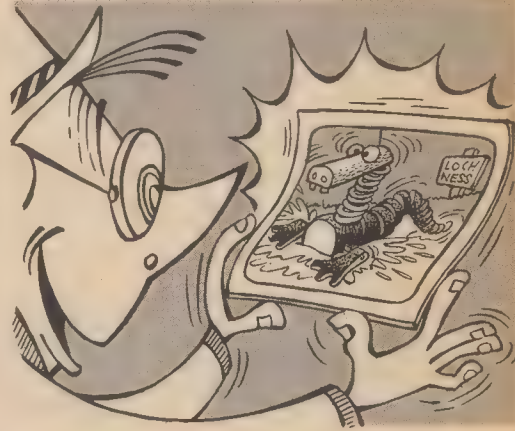
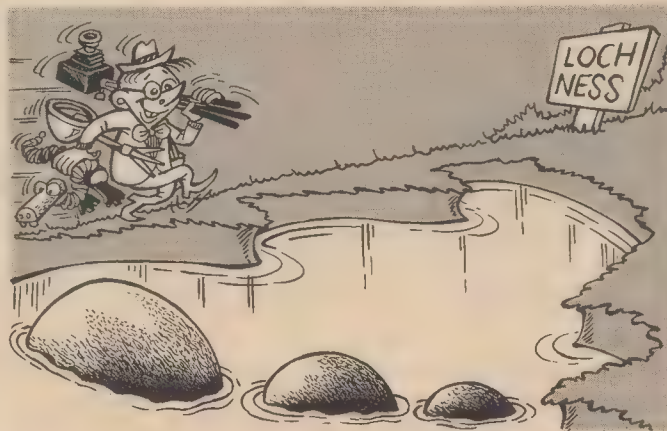
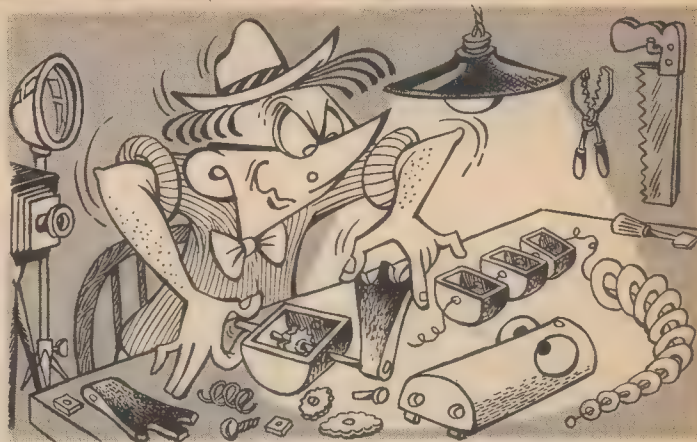
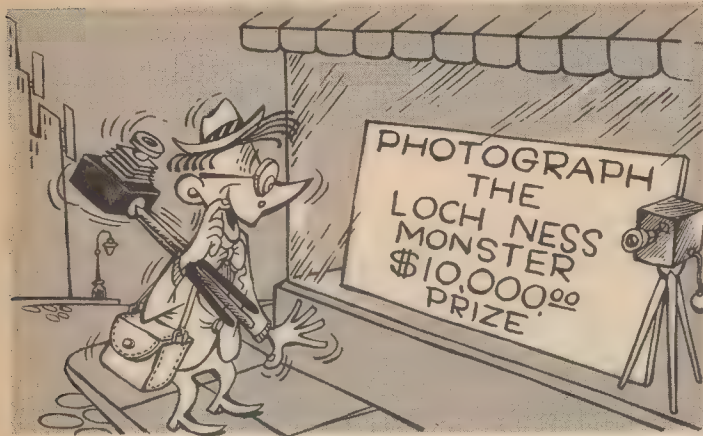
For a stroll in his neighborhood forest, Bruce (left) prefers the warmth of a double-breasted overcoat made of a blend of camel-hair, alpaca and Johns-Manville industrial asbestos. Leland is snug in a striped greatcoat that alternates vertical pelts of wild and domesticated field mice. Note Bruce's strolling gloves, smartly fashioned in the exciting "five-finger look" by Marvin of Omaha.



D.MARTIN....



# THE PHOTO CONTEST





Hey, gang! Looking for a career? Thinking about answering one of those "Famous"-type Correspondence School ads? Well, save your money! Now you can study at home to be a highly-paid something-or-other

# MAD'S FAMOUS W

ARTIST: JACK RICKARD

## LESSON ONE

### INTRODUCTION TO WAITRESSING PSYCHOLOGY



As you prepare to leave civilian life and don the proud uniform of the Career Waitress, it is vital that you develop the proper mental attitude toward the miserable louts who comprise the dining public.

Often, a short pause for contemplation in the kitchen before charging out onto the restaurant floor will enable you to put the Waitress-Patron relationship in perspective. Merely remind yourself that the whining, demanding, obnoxious slob seated at the table has been forced to come to you for help because he is desperately hungry and, in most cases, too lazy or incompetent to prepare his own meal. Once you realize that you obviously have the upper hand, you will quickly and naturally find yourself treating the customer with the utter contempt he deserves.

It is helpful to let little touches immediately remind the newly arrived diner that he is at your mercy. Bring only a menu on your first visit to the table, thus whetting his appetite while leaving him to wonder whether you will mercifully bring water at some future time. Cross out the "Special of the Day" in his presence to prompt him to order anything that is left quickly and be grateful for it. Snatch away the silverware, salt and sugar with a dramatic gesture that clearly implies he will never see them again unless he cooperates.

Remember always that planting the seeds of fear and uncertainty in the customer's mind during the first encounter will usually make him controllable throughout the meal.



WRONG



RIGHT

## LESSON ONE QUIZ

1. An ideal opening remark is: (A) "Hurry up. We're closing." (B) "Move it. This table's reserved." (C) "There's a 50-cent minimum for booth service, Buster." \_\_\_\_\_
2. The arriving diner should be notified instantly that (A) He's too late for the lunch menu and too early for dinner; (B) He must wait for the hostess to tell him which of the 34 empty tables he can have; (C) Your feet are killing you. \_\_\_\_\_
3. Patrons exhibiting arrogant tendencies should always

- be seated (A) Directly in front of the swinging kitchen door; (B) At an uncleared table last occupied by a retching two-year-old; (C) In the waiting area and then promptly forgotten. \_\_\_\_\_
4. Make a big thing of examining the tip left by the previous customer to let the newcomer know that (A) You think he stole part of it; (B) You hate cheapskates; (C) You make mental notes of these things so you can get your revenge next time. \_\_\_\_\_

**CONGRATULATIONS!** You have just scored 100% on your first test as all of the above multiple choices are correct.

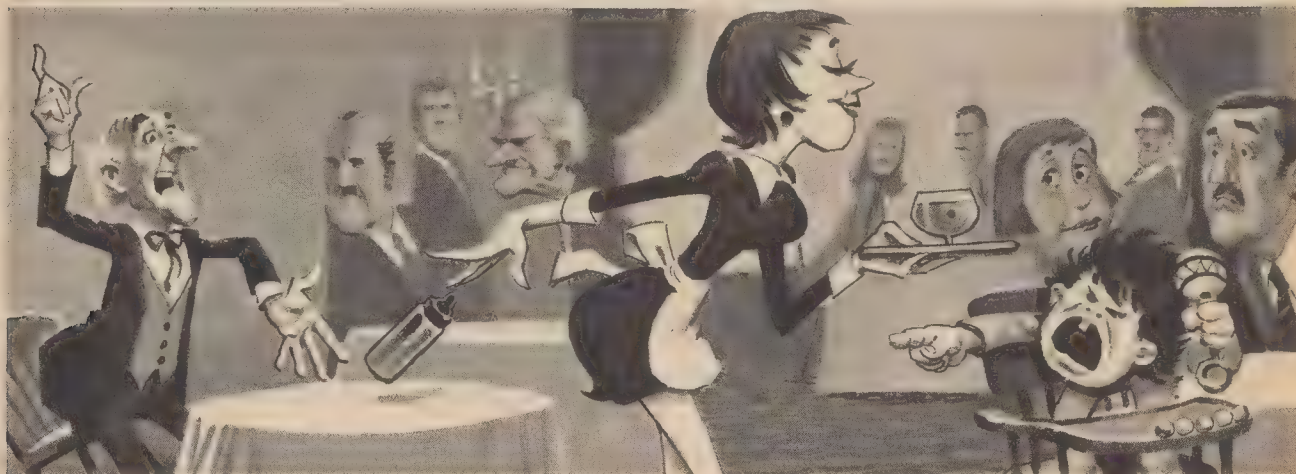


for free...courtesy of MAD Magazine! All you have to do is wait for the course in the career you desire to show up. Unless it happens to be this one...the first in a series (We hope!)...namely:

# WAITRESS COURSE

WRITER: TOM KOCH

## LESSON TWO THE ART OF PROFESSIONAL TABLE SERVICE



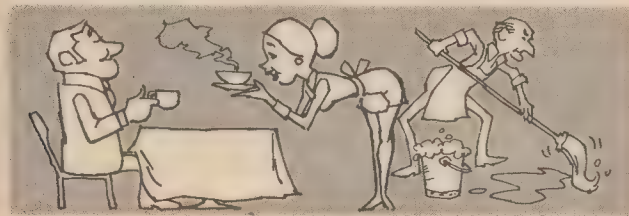
Most Rookie Waitresses mistakenly assume that they should strive to serve the customer what he asked for as quickly as possible. Obviously, this can only lead to your being taken for granted. A much more positive approach is to botch up the orders deliberately, and then blame the whole mess on the Chef. In this way, you not only detract attention from your own slovenly incompetence, but also convince the patron that you are his friend and ally in the long struggle that lies ahead to correct the Chef's stupid mistakes.

Of course, the success of the order-botching technique depends upon serving totally wrong things that are sure to be sent back. Underdone calves' liver is always a good choice, since no one orders it or can even stand the sight of it. A ridiculous combination

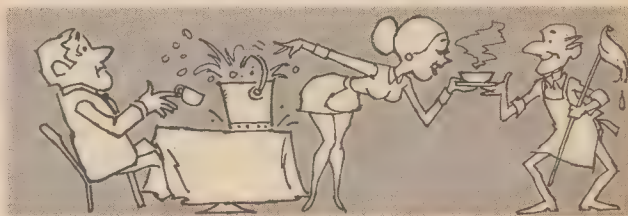
of vegetables, such as creamed potatoes and mashed potatoes running together on the same plate, also makes for a nice, disgusting botched order.

In all cases, the aim is to trap the diner into returning his plate so you can let him sweat it out at your mercy as he waits to see whether you will ever come back with anything. To help heighten his tension, you may choose to drop by after 15 or 20 minutes for his dessert order, and then fake surprise that he still hasn't received the main course.

If properly handled, order-botching can reduce even the most arrogant patron to a mass of quivering jelly in less than an hour. At that point, he will gladly settle for whatever you choose to bring him, and will forget that his soup, salad and rolls never came at all.



WRONG



RIGHT

### LESSON TWO QUIZ

1. To fill an order for ham salad on whole wheat with no mayonnaise, always serve (A) Mayonnaise on whole wheat with no ham salad; (B) Peanut butter on rye with horse radish; (C) A large platter of succotash. \_\_\_\_\_
2. When a patron requests "Coffee later," be sure to bring (A) Coffee first; (B) Buttermilk later; (C) Whatever you choose whenever you feel like it. \_\_\_\_\_
3. If a customer complains that his meat is too well done, take it back and (A) Wait until he gets hungry enough to

eat it that way; (B) Say the Chef is trying to figure out how to uncook it; (C) Tell him he only gets vegetables on the a la carte menu anyway. \_\_\_\_\_

4. After botching the same order for the third time, (A) Bill the diner for all three meals he didn't eat; (B) Announce that the kitchen is closed, and he'll have to try again tomorrow; (C) Tell him that he has annoyed the Chef, who is now waiting for him in the parking lot. \_\_\_\_\_

NICE GOING! You just earned your second A+ and made the mid-term Honor Roll!



# LESSON THREE

## CUSTOMER WIG-WAG AVOIDANCE



Never in the history of restaurantering has a patron been known to signal his Waitress for any purpose except to gripe. Therefore, the student wishing to avoid constant aggravation must quickly develop the professional technique of pretending not to glance toward any of the tables assigned to her. Once you have mastered the skill of looking over and around (but never at) frantically waving customers, you will find that Waitressing can be a carefree life unhindered by demands for ketchup, coffee refills and forgotten side orders.

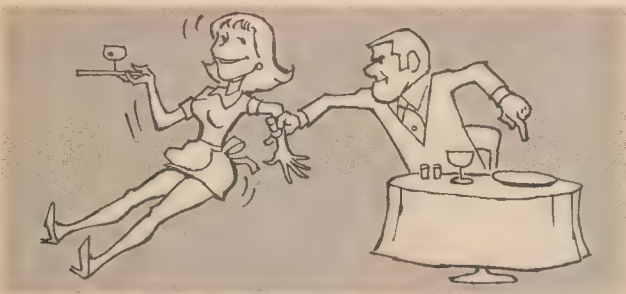
A few hours of practice on the following wig-wag avoidance methods should leave you well equipped

for a blissful career of slipshod service:

1. Always fix your gaze firmly on some inanimate object across the room. Coffee urns, ice machines and water dispensers are all ideal since they help create the impression that you are concentrating on your work even though you aren't doing anything.

2. Accustom yourself to wearing thick lensed glasses. This will cause customers to assume that you can't see their arms waving six inches in front of your face.

3. Stare thoughtfully at the ceiling a lot. You may get tired of looking at the grimy light fixtures, but it beats looking at the grimy customers.



WRONG



RIGHT

### LESSON THREE QUIZ

1. To discourage patrons from stopping you to make trivial demands, always carry (A) A large, seemingly heavy tray; (B) A flaming shish-kabob; (C) A loaded .32 automatic. \_\_\_\_\_
2. If hopelessly trapped by an irate diner, a good defensive comment is: (A) "If you didn't want a glass with lipstick stains, you shoulda told me!" (B) "If you didn't want a cockroach in your relish tray, you shoulda told me!" (C) "Drysaja odelefski grumya naj!" \_\_\_\_\_
3. To completely protect yourself from nagging patrons,

wait until the height of the dinner rush to (A) Busily count your tip change from lunch; (B) Busily prepare the menus for breakfast; (C) Busily dash to the kitchen and file your fingernails. \_\_\_\_\_

4. In extreme cases, when the enraged customer demands to see the Manager, he should be politely informed that the Manager (A) Is due back momentarily from his karate class; (B) Is conducting a Mafia meeting in his office; (C) Is out back burying the body of the last customer who bugged him. \_\_\_\_\_

ANOTHER PERFECT SCORE! You really have a flair for this, don't you?!



## LESSON FOUR

### ADVANCED TIP FAWNING

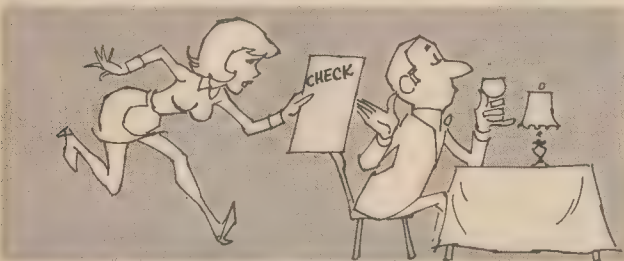


Thanks to the thoroughness of this course, you are now a master of skilled Waitressing. Naturally, your expertise should be rewarded with tips that far exceed the paltry 15% doled out to your less educated colleagues. Sad to say, many diners fail to appreciate the superior talents of the MAD Famous Waitress Course graduate. Therefore, you may be forced to rely on various fawning and sob story techniques to assure yourself of a fabulous income.

Fawning over patrons is best reserved for the closing minutes of the meal for two reasons: (1) You will find it too nauseating to keep up for long, and (2) your brief attentiveness will be more profitable if it comes close to tipping time. Some good tip-fawning ploys include: coming on the dead run at the last minute to refill those water glasses you neglected all eve-

ning; inquiring nervously whether the patron is often told how much he resembles Paul Newman, and deliberately helping him on with the wrong overcoat so you can be his only defense witness when the rightful owner calls the police.

The carefully planted sob story should assure you of a large tip even if you don't supplement it with fawning. A casual comment that you are trying not to breathe on the food because of your contagious fatal illness is always good for an extra 50¢. Similarly, there is profit in a faked yawn, which you can attribute to having to work double shifts for some heart-breaking reason. An ample supply of heart-breaking reasons can be acquired by reading "Dear Abby" daily, and applying the most misery laden stories to yourself for fun and profit.



WRONG



RIGHT

### LESSON FOUR QUIZ

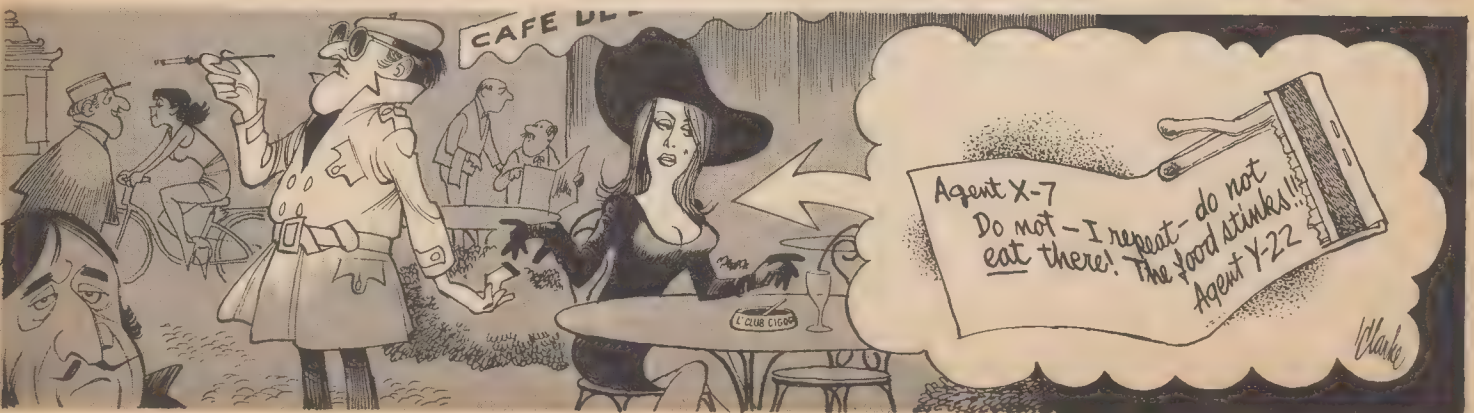
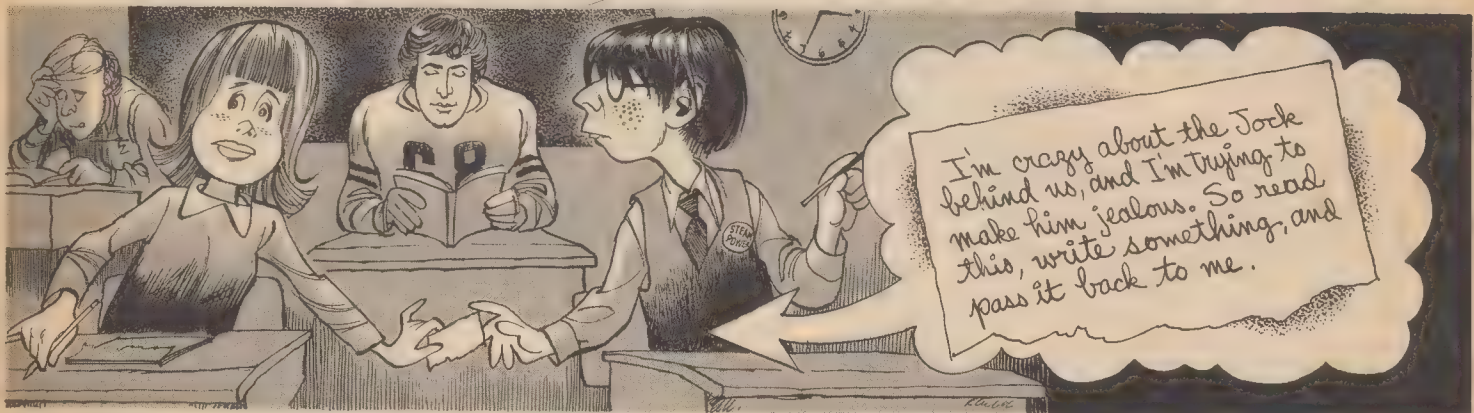
1. Always reveal news of your personal problems in a whisper because (A) The man at the next table is a loan shark out to kill you; (B) You can't afford the throat operation you need to restore your normal voice; (C) The manager will fire you if he overhears you telling anybody that your salary is only \$35 a week. \_\_\_\_\_
2. When a male patron is leaving, you should always start to cry because (A) He reminds you of your saintly departed father; (B) He's the only man who ever treated you nice; (C) The smog makes your eyes water, but you can't afford a bus ticket out of town. \_\_\_\_\_

3. Be sure to tell female customers that you've been left alone to support six small children because (A) Your husband is at the Happy Hour Bar drinking; (B) Your husband is at the Whoopie Motel philandering; (C) Your husband is at a Las Vegas casino losing. \_\_\_\_\_
4. When your rotten service threatens to deprive you of a tip, quickly explain that (A) You didn't bring the salad because starvation drove you to eat it yourself; (B) Your evil boss makes you neglect your job to work in his bookie joint upstairs; (C) You suffer from a rare form of amnesia that makes you forget beverage orders. \_\_\_\_\_

INCREDIBLE SCHOLARSHIP! If we ever get a chapter of Phi Beta Kappa, you'll definitely qualify!



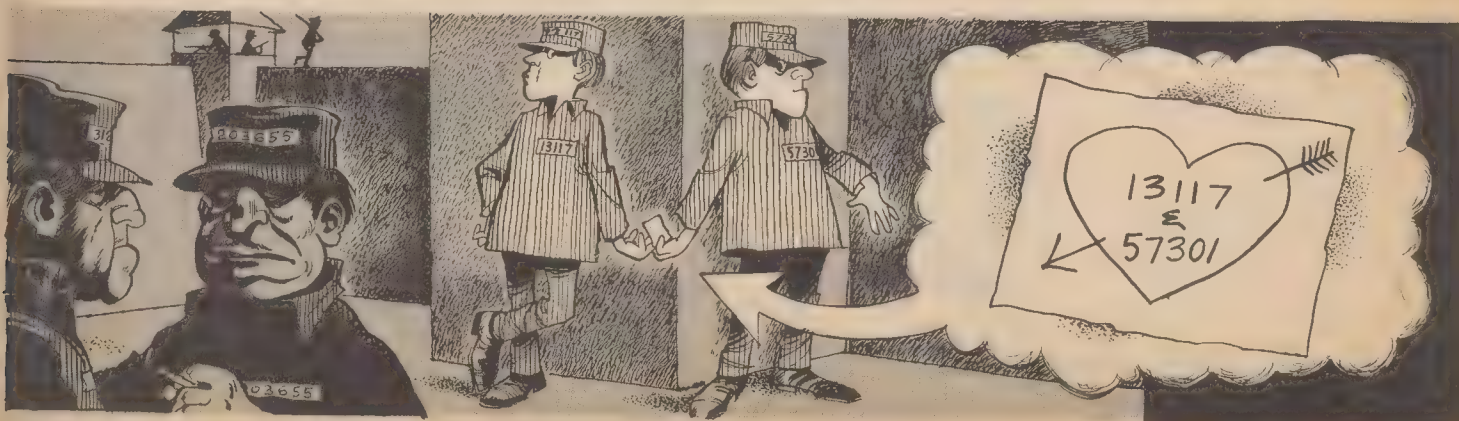
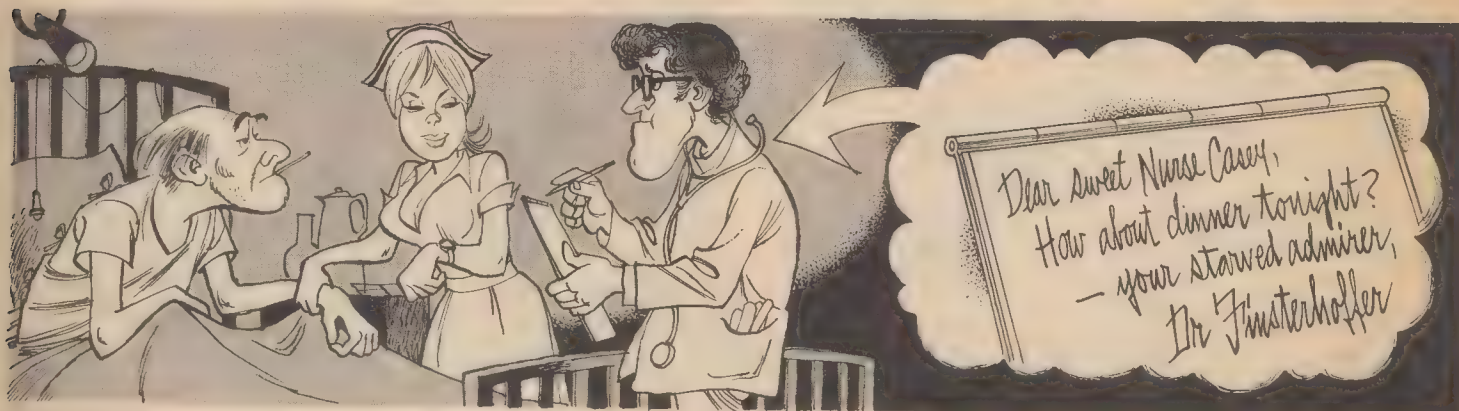
# A MAD PEEK AT WHAT THEY'RE





# REALLY WRITING

ARTIST: BOB CLARKE  
WRITER: PAUL PETER FORGES





# THE LIGHTER SIDE OF...

# SUMMER

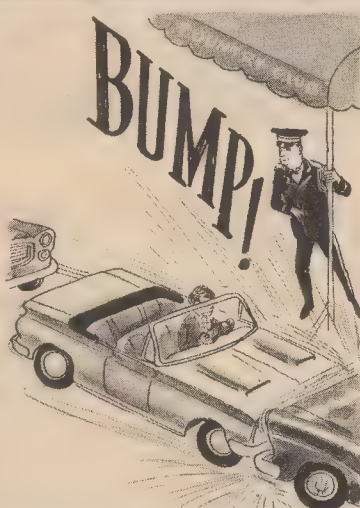
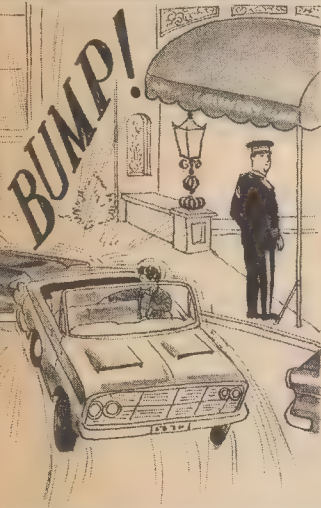
Er... Hi, Mr. Dudd! I applied for a Summer job, and I need three references other than relatives! Would you give me one...?

**YOU WANT ME TO GIVE YOU A REFERENCE?! YOU GOTTA BE KIDDING!!**

After you broke my window with your football?! After you teased my daughter till she cried?! After you drove me out of my mind with your blaring stereo set playing that stupid music, you have the nerve to ask me for a reference?!

Why don't you ask Kelly... or Lipman... or Costanzo for a reference?!

Because they don't like me as much as you do!



Who do I see about that job parking cars?



You call this a hamburger!? Look at the size of it! And what a ridiculous price! I can get a better and cheaper hamburger over at McDonald's!

I only work here, Lady!

And you call this a thick shake? At McDonald's, they really know how to make a thick shake! And these French fried potatoes... why, there's no comparison!

What do you want from me, Lady? I'm only a kid working here for the Summer!

If you ask me, **EVERYTHING** is better at McDonald's!!

Then, Lady, I suggest you take your business to McDonald's!

I... I can't! They suggested I take my business **HERE!!**





# R JOBS

ARTIST & WRITER:  
DAVE BERG



Are you going to sit around this house all Summer doing nothing?

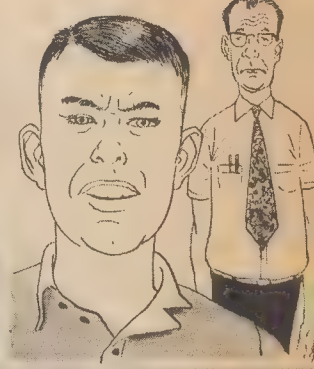
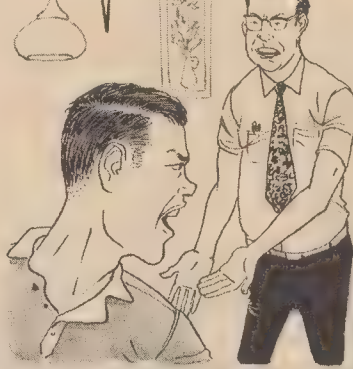
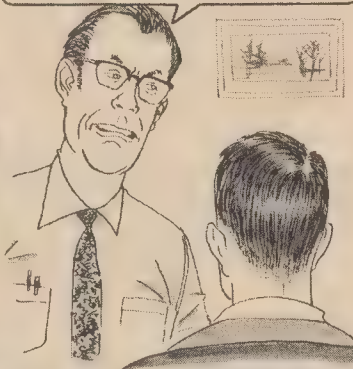
Yeah!!

I swear, this country has the largest "Leisure Class" in the world! It's called "Teenagers"! Why don't you go out and get a Summer job like some kids do!

Because you made me cut my hair!

What's that got to do with it?!

I'm not leaving this house until it grows back!



Sidney, I'll have you know we've got a regular grown-up son... a man amongst men! Our little bird has finally sprouted feathers and he's now ready to fly from the nest! He is about to become fully independent and self-supporting!

You mean—

Yep! He's gone and gotten his first job!

Great! That means we're free this Summer and we can spend it traveling—

Well, we're not exactly free...

He needs me to drive him to and from work every day!



Hey, Bruce, did you get yourself a Summer job?

Nope! And I tried all over, too! How about you guys?

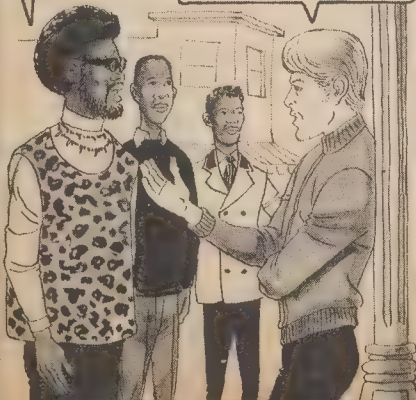
I got a job right away!

So did I!

Me, too! We all got jobs in the same place!

Looks like you're a victim of the times, Bruce! I'd say we Negroes get preference when a company is hiring these days!

Gee, tell me where you're working! Maybe I can get a job as a "Token White Boy"!





Waiter, what does it mean when I get this terrible cramp in my stomach? It happens whenever my Mother-In-Law comes over!

Hey! What are you asking HIM for? He's only a waiter!

I'll have you know that this young man is a brilliant fourth-year Medical Student working for his tuition during the Summer!

Tell me, "Doctor"! What do you think it is?

It sounds more "emotional" than "physical"!

SEE?! That's exactly what I've been telling you all along!!

Ahh, what does HE know! He's only a waiter!

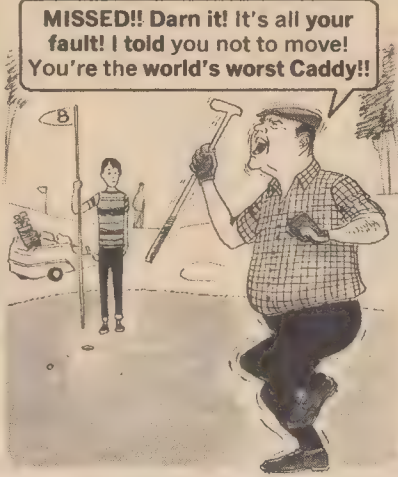


Now, don't move or make a sound while I'm making this putt...

MISSED!! Darn it! It's all your fault! I told you not to move! You're the world's worst Caddy!!

I don't get it! He's got a Golf Cart to carry his clubs in, and he spots his balls pretty well! So what does he need you for?

To blame his bad score on!



Let's get a move on! You're not being paid to sit around!

Boy, how I hate the "Establishment"!

The guys back at College were right! We need a revolution! We have to kick out selfish, stupid, overbearing authority!

I've decided the job is too tough for one man, so I got you an assistant! This is Joey! Show him the ropes...

Let's get a move on! You're not being paid to sit around!



Roger, it was YOU who insisted that our son, Tommy, take on a paper route for the Summer to learn responsibility, right?

And the most important thing is that those papers be delivered, right? That's Tommy's responsibility, right?

Well, Tommy has a fever, and a boy with a fever can not be expected to go out in the rain, right?

And since a son is a father's responsibility, a father is responsible for the responsibilities his son takes on, right?

When she's right, she's right!





Hey, lookit my pitcher!

Oh, what a lovely drawing of a horse!

Dat's not a horse, dummy! Dat's a pitcher of a man!

Oh... yes... of course it is! There's his nose!

Dat's not his nose, dummy! Dat's his foot!

Er... oh... yes! You're right! And there's his arm—

Dat's not his arm, dummy! Dat's his other foot! How'd you ever get a job as Arts 'n Crafts Counselor, anyway! You don't know the first thing about art!



Gee, where did you get the money to **PAY** for a beautiful expensive car like this—not to mention the insurance?!

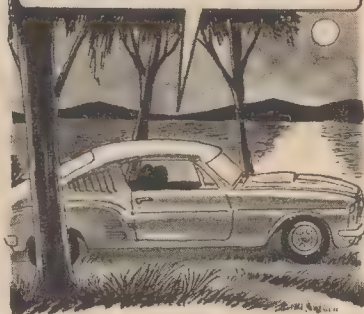
I got a Summer job with a **Construction Company!**

The pay is great! Yep, I always dreamed about the day I could afford a snazzy car like this so I could take a gorgeous chick like you out to a lonely spot like here and make out!

But isn't Construction work physically exhausting? I mean, don't you have to get up very early... like 5 A.M., and work terribly hard every day, Jack?

Jack...? **JACK! HEY, WAKE UP, JACK!**

zzzzzzzz



Boy, how I hate the "Establishment"!

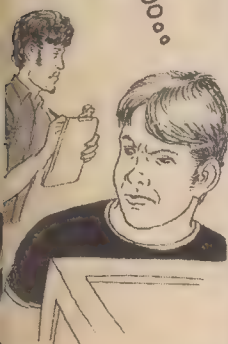
I'm in my GTO, and I'm revvin' up to **6200 RPM's!** There's the starting signal, and I'm poopin' my clutch and doin' **three foot wheelie!**

I'm throwin' a power shift and I'm burnin' rubber on my slicks! Now, I'm passin' the lead car, and I'm blowin' his doors in!

There's the checkered flag... and I win the Nationals!!

Okay, Mrs. McGilla! I finished mowing your lawn!

I must say, Carl... you're a diligent worker! There is nothing of the day-dreamer in you!!



How do you like my new skirt, Dad? I bought it at a "Sale"!

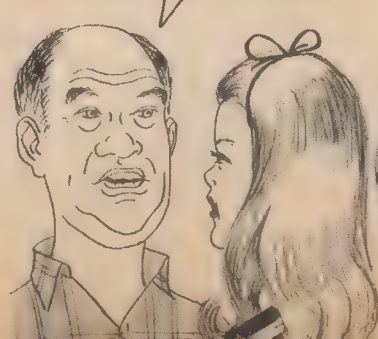
You bought something "On Sale"?! And only **ONE** skirt?!

And it isn't even one of those status-type "Brand Names"?! That's a new twist!

The situation has changed!

Oh?! But you always used to buy expensive clothes! Since when did you become an economical, penny-pinching miser?

Since I got a Summer job! Now, I'm spending the money that I earned myself!





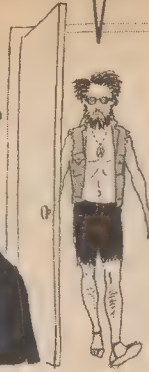
You're not going to sit around all Summer doing nothing like last year! You're going to get a job! I hear the Frost Men's Shop is looking for somebody! You go down there and ask!

Like . . . Man, you don't need any Summer help, do you?

Well, I take it you didn't get the job!

No, I didn't!

But you can't say I didn't TRY!!



STOP THAT SPLASHING!

NO RUNNING!!

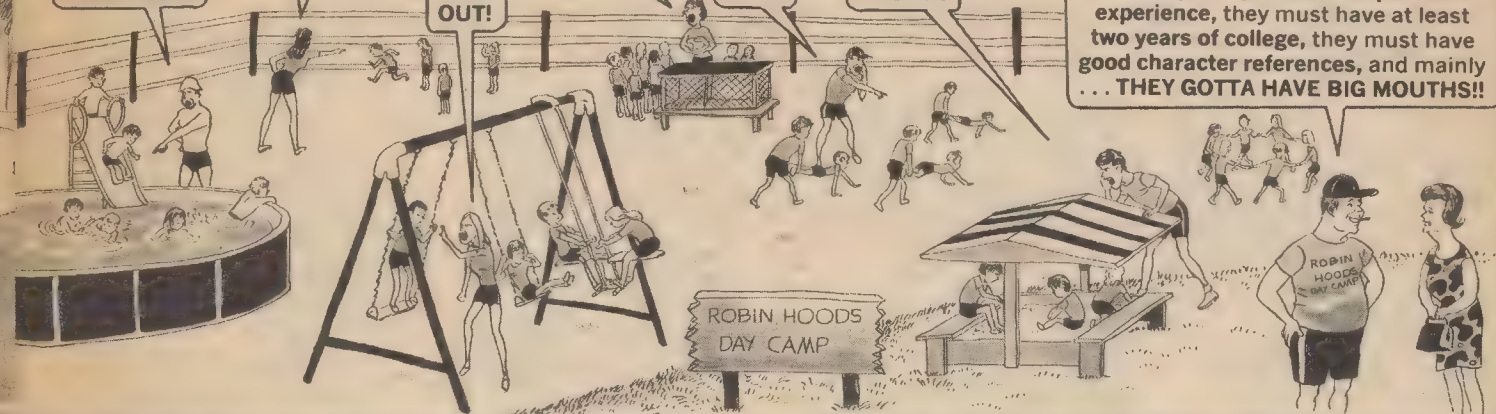
CUT THAT OUT!

SHADDAP!!

QUIT THAT!

KNOCK IT OFF!

We choose our Day Camp Counselors carefully! They must have previous experience, they must have at least two years of college, they must have good character references, and mainly . . . **THEY GOTTA HAVE BIG MOUTHS!!**



Cripes, business is sure lousy today! I'll hardly make enough on commissions to take Gail to a movie this Saturday night!

Oh, boy! At last! Here comes a bunch of cash customers!

We want . . .

We want . . .

We want . . .

Okay, kids! Make up your minds! I haven't got all day! Out with it! What do you want?

WE WANT TO RING THE BELLS!!



Can you give me some tips on getting a Summer job?

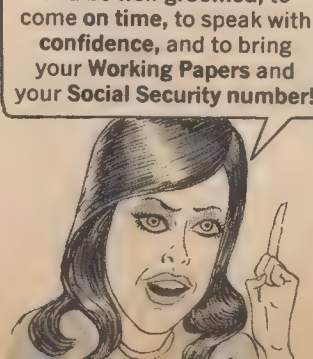
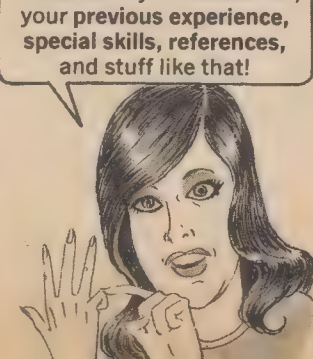
First of all, you have to start early in the Spring!

You have to carefully type a letter directly to the man in charge and include a resume of your education, your previous experience, special skills, references, and stuff like that!

Then, on the day of your interview, you have to be careful to dress neatly and be well-groomed, to come on time, to speak with confidence, and to bring your Working Papers and your Social Security number!

Is that how you got YOUR job?

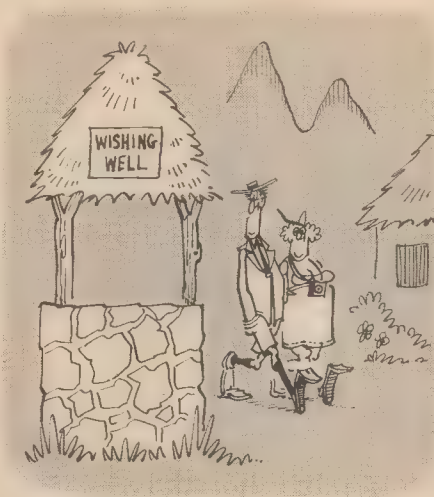
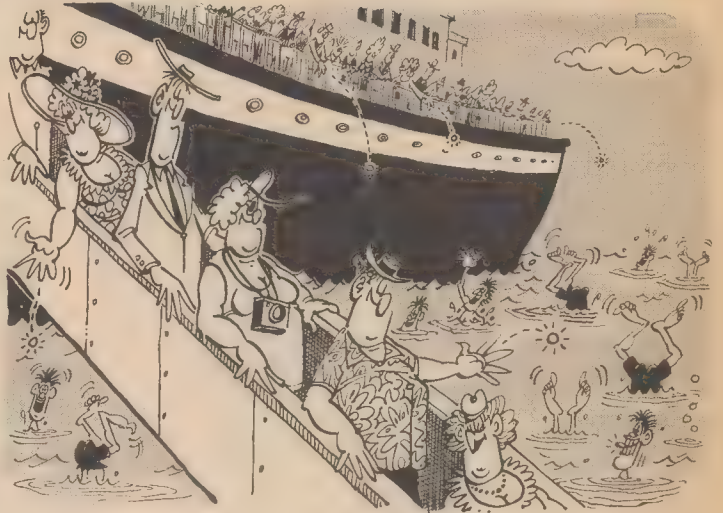
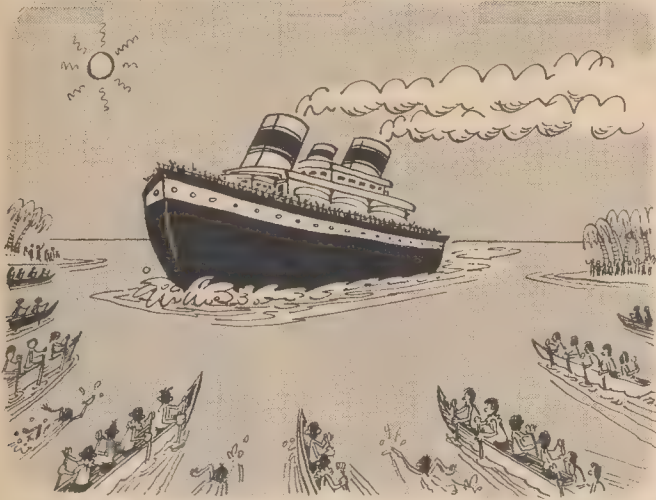
Naw! I just asked my father, and he let me work in HIS place for the Summer!



David Berg



# ON A CRUISE TO A SOUTH SEA ISLAND





# Who Knows What Evils Lurk In THE SHADOW

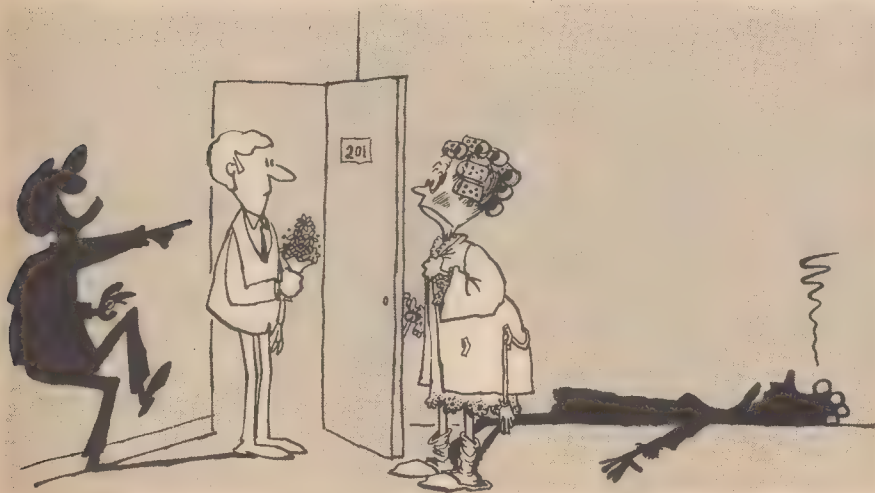




# The Hearts Of Men?

# KNOWS

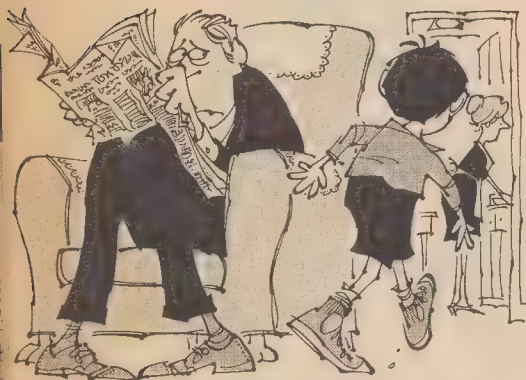
ARTIST & WRITER: SERGIO ARAGONES





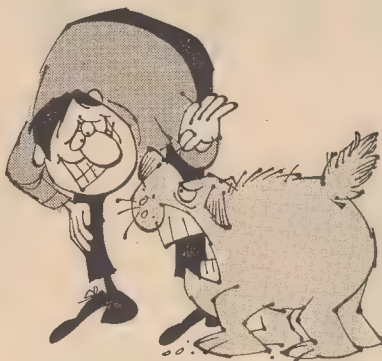
# You Know You're REALLY

**You Know You're REALLY  
A NOBODY When ...**



... you tell your child "No!"  
and he goes to ask his Mother.

**You Know You're REALLY  
A NOBODY When ...**



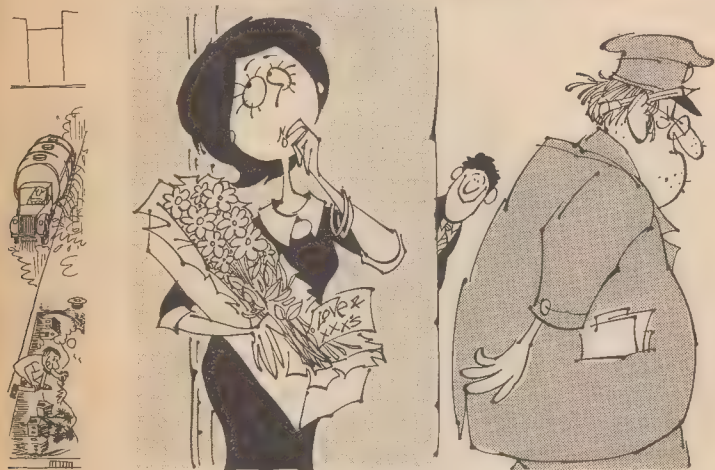
... even your own  
dog barks at you.

**You Know You're REALLY  
A NOBODY When ...**



... you don't even get  
any "Junk Mail".

**You Know You're REALLY A NOBODY When ...**



... you send your fiancée flowers,  
and she can't guess who they're from.

**You Know You're REALLY A NOBODY When ...**



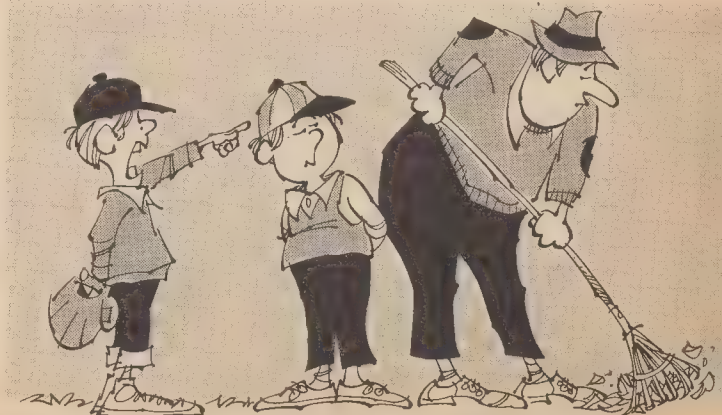
... nobody laughs at your jokes unless they're funny.

**You Know You're REALLY A NOBODY When ...**



... your letter to the Editor  
is returned unopened.

**You Know You're REALLY A NOBODY When ...**



... the neighbor kid says, "My Dad can lick your Dad!"  
... and your son doesn't argue the point.



# A NOBODY When...

ARTIST: PAUL COKER, JR.

WRITER: JACK KENT

You Know You're REALLY A NOBODY When ...



... the guests at the party gravitate into little groups, and you're the only one in yours.

You Know You're REALLY A NOBODY When ...



... the issue that you voted against at the PTA Meeting passes "unanimously".

You Know You're REALLY A NOBODY When ...



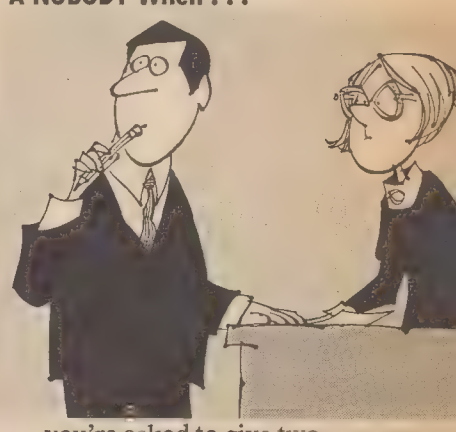
... even Politicians don't want to shake your hand.

You Know You're REALLY A NOBODY When ...



... you grow a mustache and nobody even notices it.

You Know You're REALLY A NOBODY When ...



... you're asked to give two "References", and you can't even think of that many.

You Know You're REALLY A NOBODY When ...



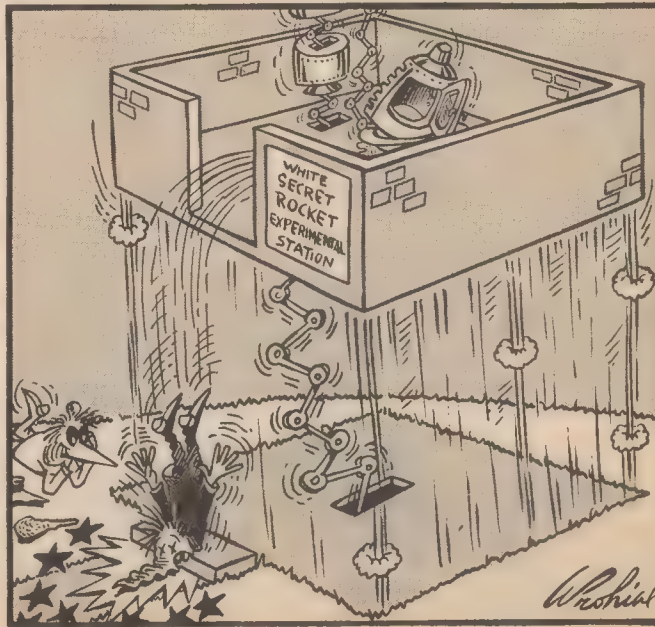
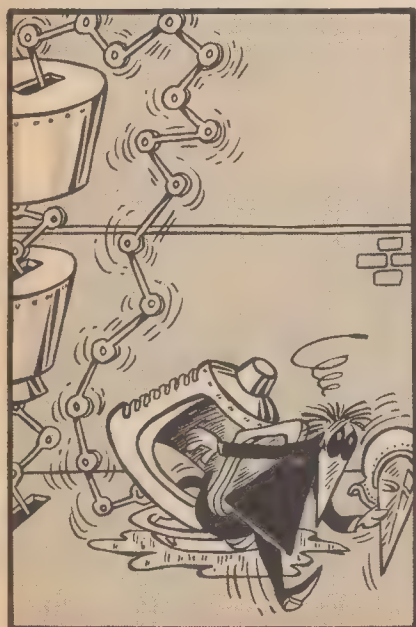
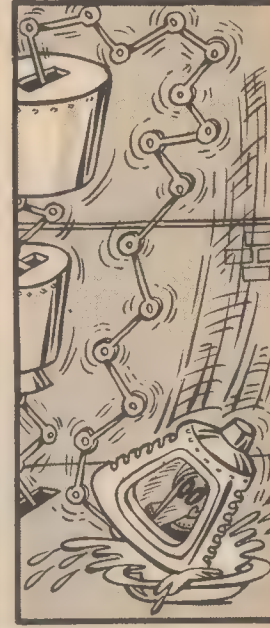
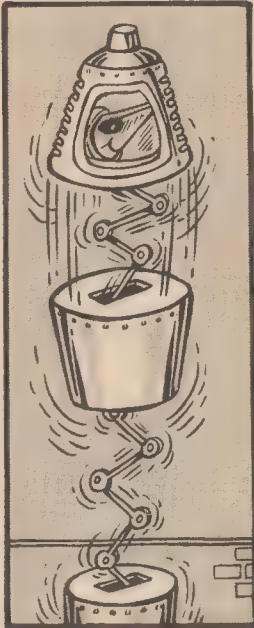
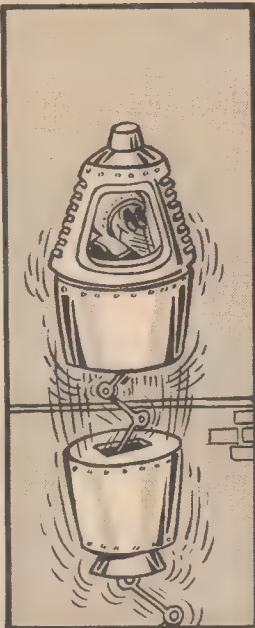
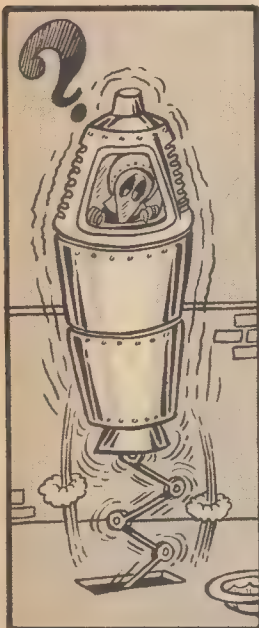
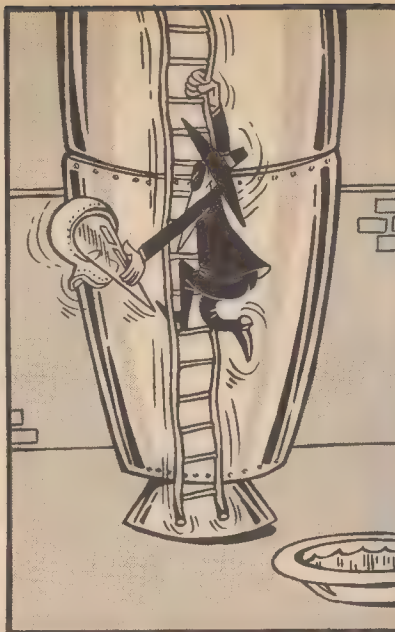
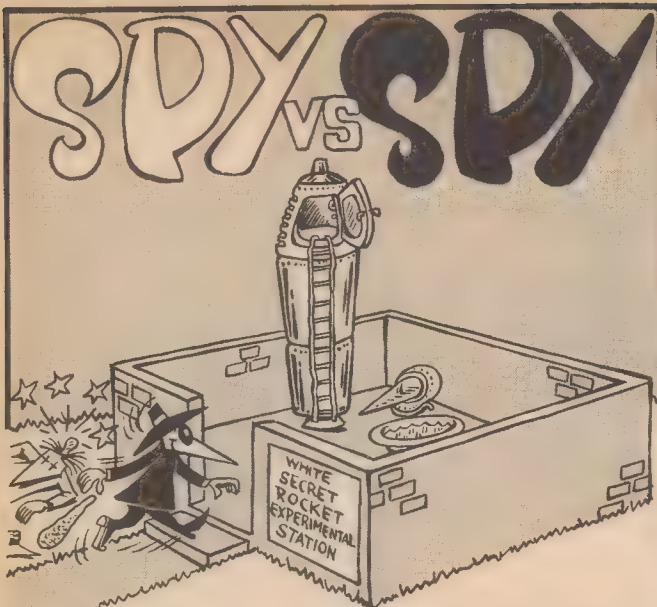
... after ten years of marriage, your wife still gets mail addressed to her maiden name.

You Know You're REALLY A NOBODY When ...



... you quit your job, and it doesn't create a vacancy.








## BUTT OUT! DEPT.


Once upon a time, all the cigarettes were "Regular" guys, and each one enjoyed his own fair share of the market. Then one of them got ambitious. So he grew a few millimeters longer and crowned himself "King". And soon, "King" was gathering more than his share of the market. Which made the other cigarettes angry. So they all revolted and added enough millimeters to become "Kings" too. Then things finally settled down, and everyone had his fair share of the market once more. Until one of them got ambitious again. This time, he grew and grew until he was a neat, clean 100 millimeters long. So of course, all the other cigarettes grew to be 100 millimeters long. And it looked like things would settle down again. But they didn't. Now, there's real trouble this time! Chesterfield has opened the door to what promises to be a full-scale escalation of the Cigarette War. They've come out with the "Chesterfield 101"—just a silly millimeter longer, but oh the chaos it promises! Already there are rumors that Lucky Strike is planning a "102" . . . Tareyton is experimenting with a "103" . . . Old Gold is working on a "105" . . . and others are doubtlessly designing "108's," "110's," "120's," and so forth . So now, let's take a look at the consequences of this mad race and see what is bound to happen


# WHEN WE HAVE THE FUTURE "LONG-LONG" CIGARETTE

ARTIST & WRITER: AL JAFFEE

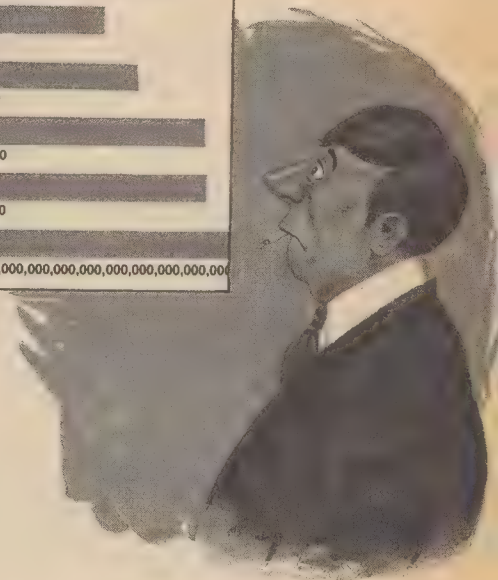
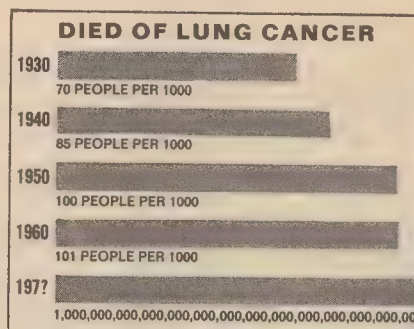
  
"Regular"..... 70 Millimeters Long

  
"King Size" ..... 85 Millimeters Long

  
The "100" ..... 100 Millimeters Long

  
The "101" ..... 101 Millimeters Long

  
THE FUTURE "LONG-LONG" ..... 1,000,000,000









[illegible]

would suddenly find plenty of space on the matchbook covers in which to deliver more lengthy sales pitches.

## Carrying The “Long-Long

[illegible]



# ADVANTAGES OF SMOKING THE P



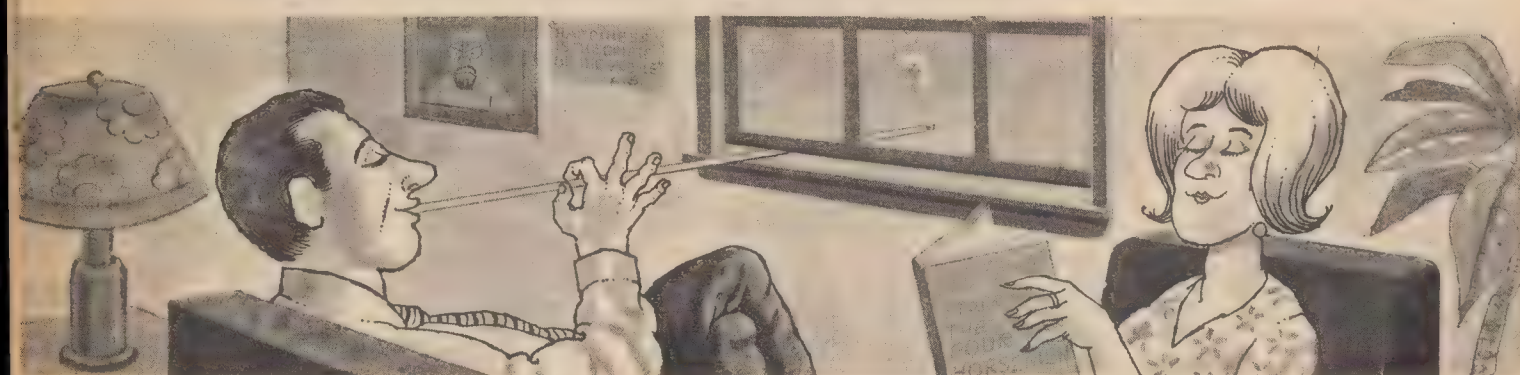
**In the future, working people will enjoy "Cigarette Breaks" that last for hours instead of minutes.**



You'll be able to give "lights" to people who happen to be inconvenient distances away from you.



**Bums will still be able to find plenty of smoking pleasure in discarded Long-Long Cigarette butts.**



If someone in your family is "allergic" to cigarette smoke, or if they're simply "against smoking", you'll still be able to enjoy puffing a Long-Long Cigarette without having to step outside the house.

,000,000,000,000,000,000,000,000,000,000,000,000,000,000,000,000,000,00



# FUTURE "LONG-LONG" CIGARETTE



You'll be able to flick ashes into ash trays across the room without having to get out of your seat.



If you're a Commuter, it will be possible for you to ride in the "No Smoking" car and still smoke.



You'll be able to light fires, ignite firecrackers, set off bombs, etc. while at a safe distance.



No one will be able to pretend that they're "fresh out" when you want to bum a Long-Long Cigarette. (Of course, this is also a *disadvantage* if you happen to be on the other end of the transaction.)

**000,000,000,000,000,000,000,000,000,000,000,000 MILLIMETERS LONG**



GIVING ARCHIE THE NEEDLE DEPARTMENT

*Hey, ya dumb egghead creep ('cause anybody dat reads dis moronic junk must be a dumb egghead creep!) ...*

**HERE'S YER REAL T'IRTY-T'REE-AN' A-T'IRD RPM**

## **SUPER BONUS RECORD**

**WHICH CONTAINS AN ADAPTATION INTO SOUND  
OF MAD MAGAZINE'S CONTROVERSIAL SATIRE**

# **"GALL IN THE FAMILY FARE"**

*Oh, yeah! Dis bomb is den followed by d' uncondensed  
satire as it originally appeared in MAD ... which ya  
all know is one of yer typical Commie-Fascist rags!!*





Ever since Television began, situation comedies have been, more or less, the same. Now, all of a sudden, a new situation comedy has come along . . . and it's entirely different from the old-fashioned family fare. It doesn't deal with the same old stupid subjects involving idiotic, unbelievable characters. Instead, it concerns itself with relevant "now" subjects, involving even more idiotic unbelievable characters! Here, then, is MAD's version of . . .

# GALL IN THE FAMILY FARE

This Week's Episode: "A Visit From A World War II Buddy"

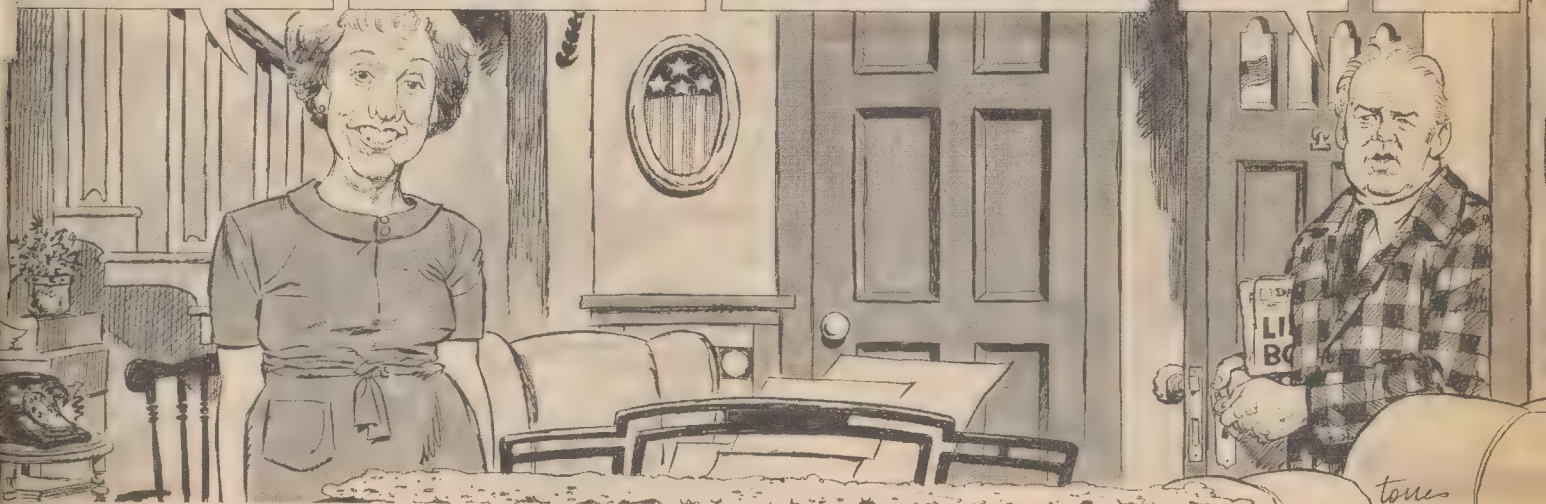
Hi, there—and welcome to the Middle American home of TV's first and foremost foul-mouthed father-image, Starchie Bunkerhill . . . and me, his incredibly stupid wife, Meathead . . .

Each week we bring you another episode in our lives . . . filled with hilarious controversy and uproarious vulgarity! Oh—our "Special Guest Shock-Word" for this week is "FAGGOT" . . .

And now, before Starchie arrives home from work and starts his usual tirades against everyone . . . regardless of race, creed or national origin . . . let me tell you a little about myself! I was born of Spanish parents, and I . . .

Hey, you dumb Spick! Di'n't you hear me ringin' the doorbell?

And here he is now, folks! AMERICA'S BELOVED BIGOT . . .



ARTIST: ANGELO TORRES

WRITER: LARRY SIEGEL

Well, how did it go today, Dear?

What a day!! I punched a Dago, I belted a Coon, and I kicked a Mick!

See, Starch? It all evens up! Yesterday you complained you had a BAD day!

I'll get the phone . . .

**R R R R R**

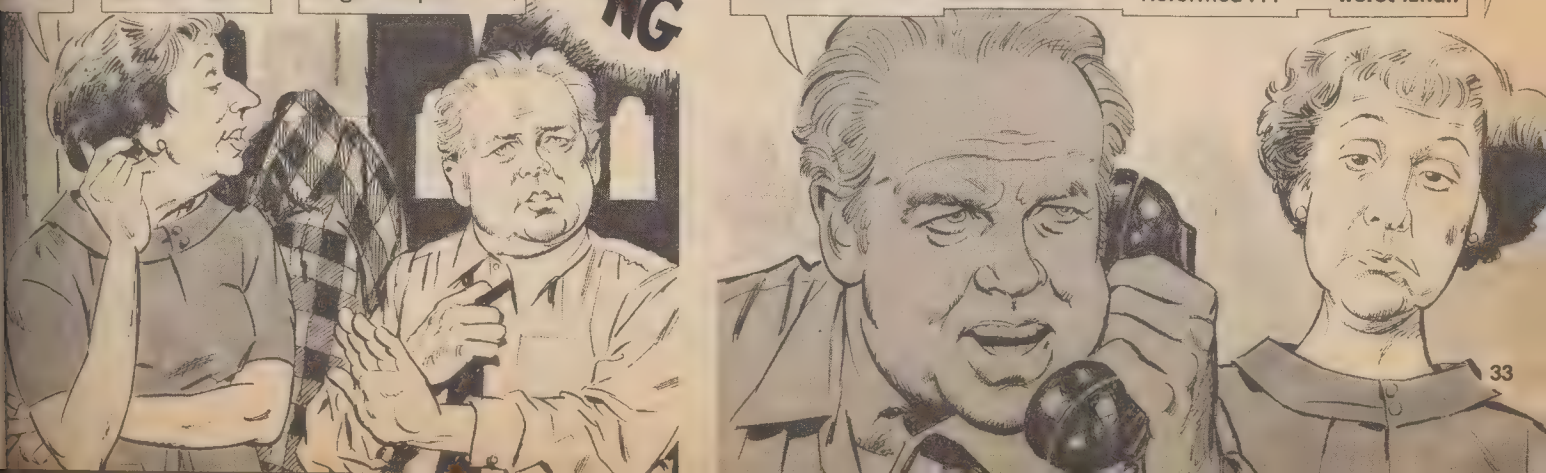
Listen to me, you dirty rotten Hebe! I had it with you pushy Jews! When you seen one Kike, you seen 'em all!

Starchie, who's that on the phone?

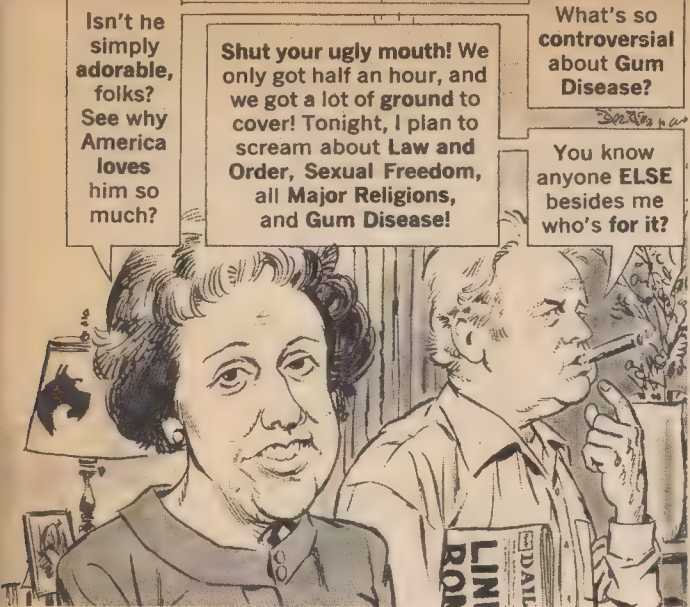
My FATHER! Boy, I hate all kinds of Jews! Orthodox . . . Reformed . . .

But, Starchie . . . Your Father is Protestant!

They're the worst kind!!





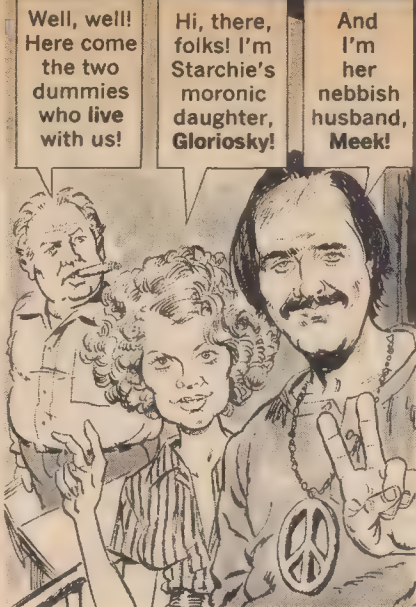


Isn't he simply adorable, folks? See why America loves him so much?

Shut your ugly mouth! We only got half an hour, and we got a lot of ground to cover! Tonight, I plan to scream about Law and Order, Sexual Freedom, all Major Religions, and Gum Disease!

What's so controversial about Gum Disease?

You know anyone ELSE besides me who's for it?



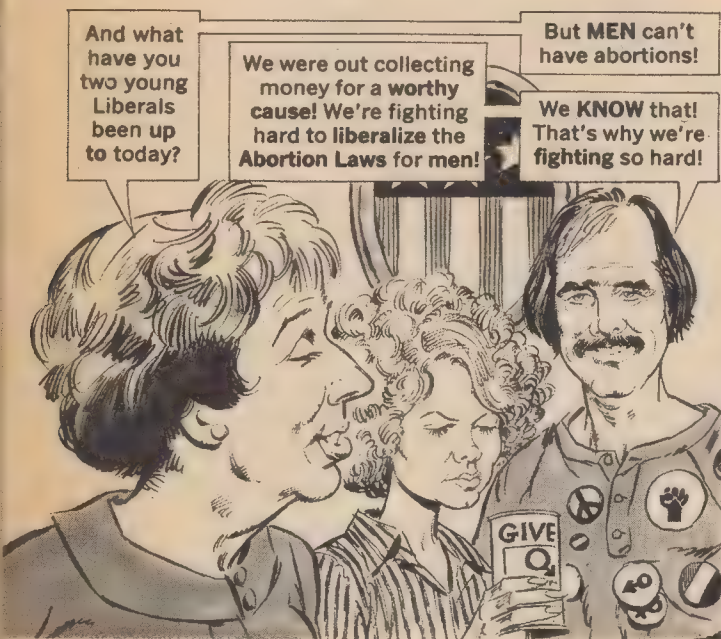
Well, well! Here come the two dummies who live with us!

Hi, there, folks! I'm Starchie's moronic daughter, Gloriosky!

And I'm her nebbish husband, Meek!

We've got a special function on the show! While Conservatives in the audience identify with him, the Liberals can identify with us!

Now you know why Liberalism is dying in this country

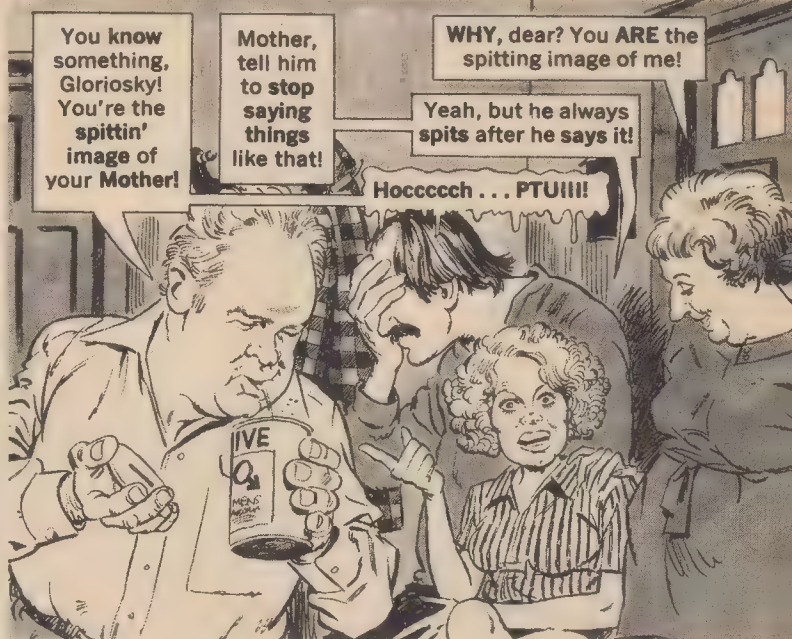


And what have you two young Liberals been up to today?

We were out collecting money for a worthy cause! We're fighting hard to liberalize the Abortion Laws for men!

But MEN can't have abortions!

We KNOW that! That's why we're fighting so hard!



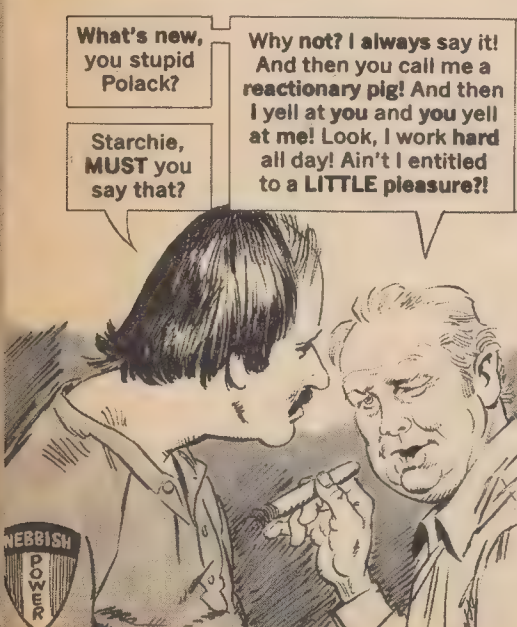
You know something, Gloriosky! You're the spittin' image of your Mother!

Mother, tell him to stop saying things like that!

WHY, dear? You ARE the spitting image of me!

Yeah, but he always spits after he says it!

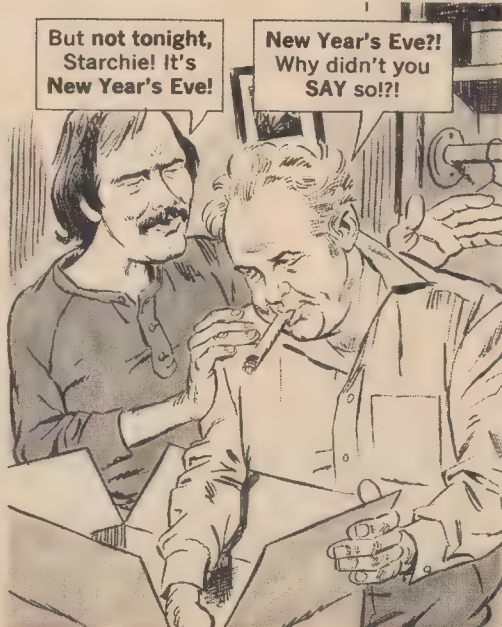
Hooooch ... PTUIII!



What's new, you stupid Polack?

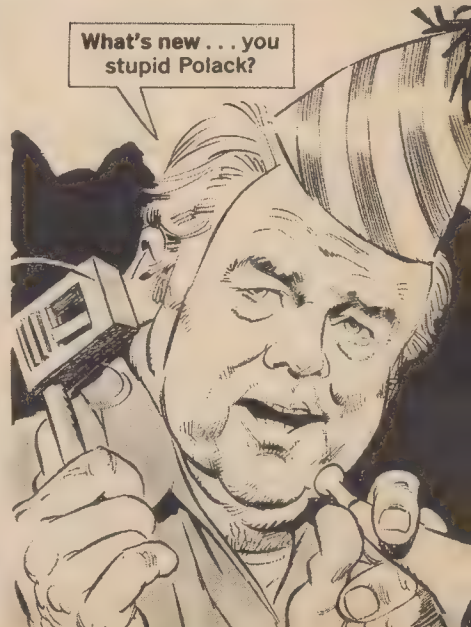
Starchie, MUST you say that?

Why not? I always say it! And then you call me a reactionary pig! And then I yell at you and you yell at me! Look, I work hard all day! Ain't I entitled to a LITTLE pleasure?!



But not tonight, Starchie! It's New Year's Eve!

New Year's Eve?! Why didn't you SAY so?!



What's new ... you stupid Polack?





Starchie, it's New Year's Eve! Can't we go out tonight for a change!? How about a movie??

A movie?! I been takin' you to the movies every week for the past year!

But, Daddy! There are other pictures besides "JOE"!  
Yeah! 52 times is ENOUGH!!

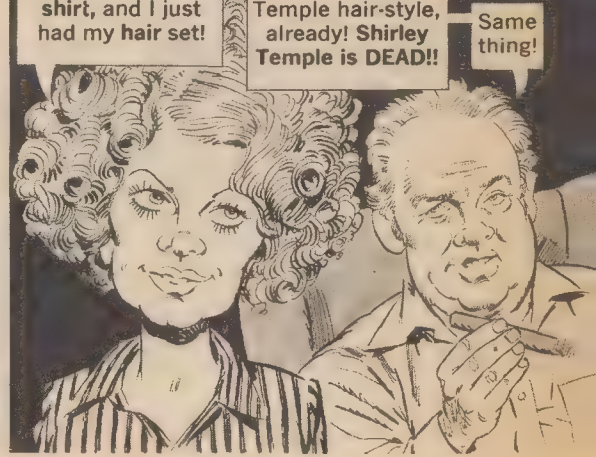
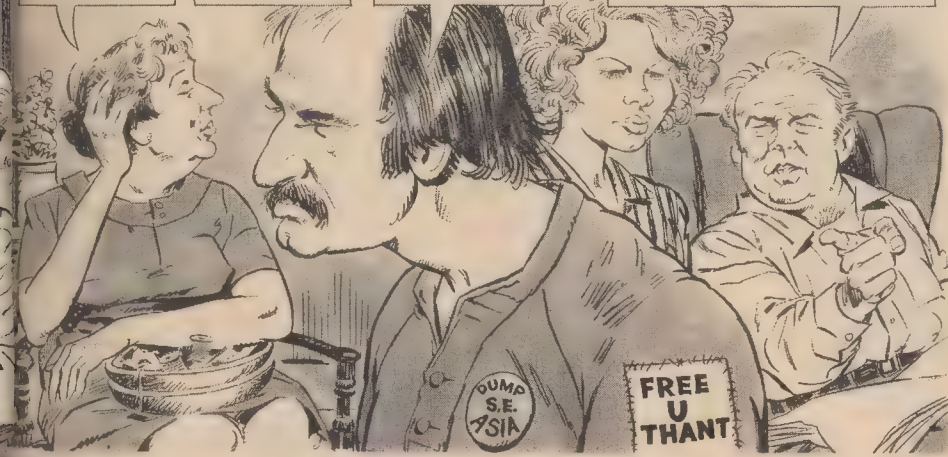
Listen, Polack! Remember how, at the end of the picture, Joe shoots all them Hippie kids? Well, I notice how one of 'em is still breathin'! We're gonna keep seein' that picture till Joe gets it right!

Aw, Daddy! Please let's go out to-night! Meek and I are all dressed for New Year's! He bought himself a new used sweat-shirt, and I just had my hair set!

Some hair set! You look like Shirley Temple's idiot sister! Will you stop wearin' that Shirley Temple hair-style, already! Shirley Temple is DEAD!!

She's NOT dead! She's at the U.N.!

Same thing!



RI-I-I-N-N-G!

RI-I-I-N-N-G!

RI-I-I-N-N-G!

I'll get it! I'm expectin' a visit from an old World War II buddy of mine! He's the dearest friend I ever had!

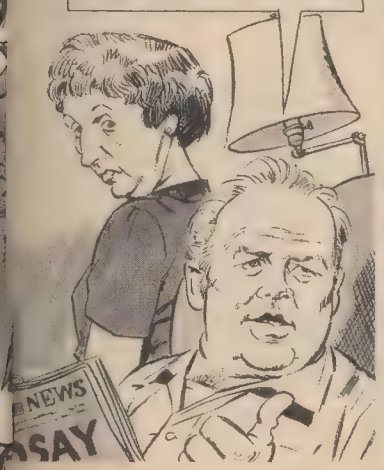
COMING ...

Will you hold your damn horses ... you &@%\$#@\*! dearest friend I ever had?!

Hi! We're the "Brady Bunch" kids! Anyone for a pillow fight?

Whoops! Oh-oh! I think we're in the wrong house!

Boy ... are you EVER in the wrong house!



Moore Hebes! I can't stand Jews, I tell you!

Starchie, the Brady Bunch kids aren't Jewish!

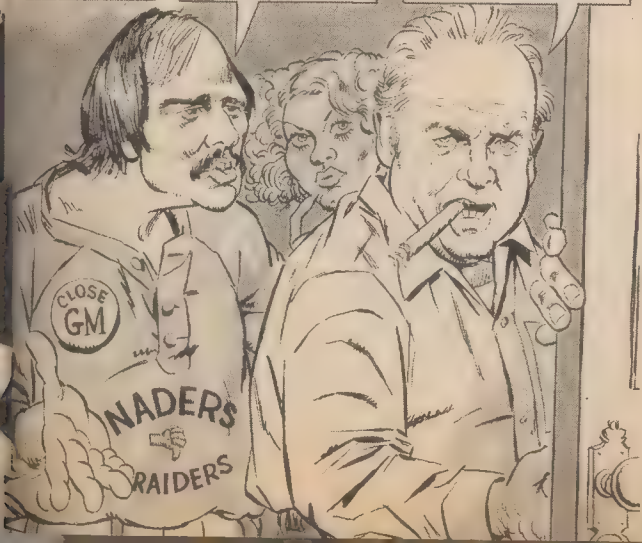
Who's talkin' about kids?! Did you see that pushy, hook-nosed DOG?!!

Le'me know when my World War II buddy gets here!

Wop ... Jig ... Sheeny ... Queer ... Commie ... Belly Button!

What's he doing in there, Mother?

Reading the script for next week's show! It's gonna be the most controversial episode yet! It's called, "A Visit From A Gay Black Jewish-Italian Commie Rapist With A Sinus Condition"!!





Next week's show is gonna be a pip!

Starchie, don't you think we're overdoing this business of using foul language and doing disgusting things on TV?

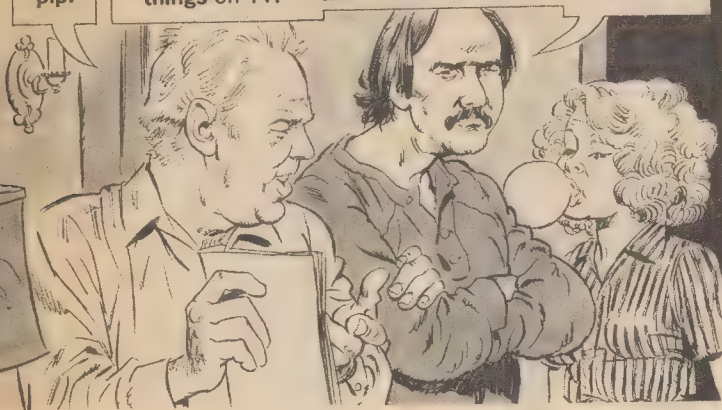
You're kidding!? This is an important show! It's "Now"! It's "Today"! It shows what America is REALLY LIKE!

All of a sudden, I'm beginning to miss the reality of "Nanny And The Professor"!

Can't you see we ain't even scratched the surface yet? Do you realize that on this show we can do any disgusting thing we want to do? Maybe I'll belch now! No, I got a better idea! I'll scratch myself around my private parts! Wait, I have it! I'll throw up ...

There's a switch! A television performer throwing up at the AUDIENCE!

No, I know what I'm gonna do! All of you! Come inside! I wanna show you somethin'!



This here is a toilet! You see this handle? When you pull it, all the water shoots in! And this seat here goes up and down! And you know what this paper over here is used for ... ?

Starchie, we've all seen toilets before!

Yeah, but never on Television! Hey, out there in TV land ... TOILET!!

**TOILET!**

It's like your father always says, dear ... When you've got it, flaunt it!

Did you enjoy that little demonstration, Starchie?

Yeah, but boy, am I bushed! I think I'll just relax and think beautiful thoughts!

Doodie ...  
Peepie ...  
Kah-kah ...  
Ehh-ehh ...  
Poo-poo ...

Awwww ... ain't that cute! He's reminiscing over his childhood!



I don't care WHAT Starchie says, Gloriosky! It's just too much for a Television audience to believe that anybody could be such a vulgar, reactionary bigot!

There's one thing that's even harder to believe!

What's that?

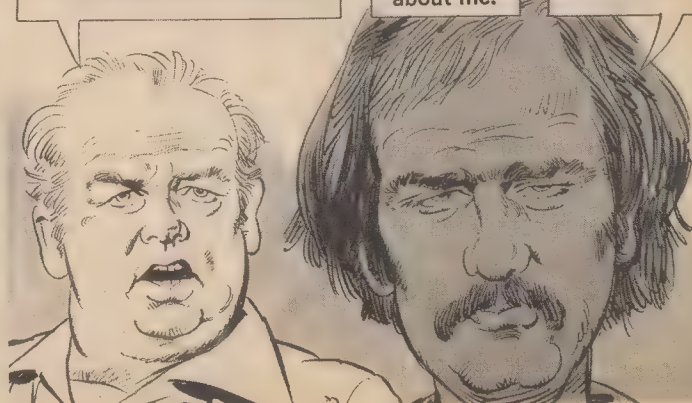
That two normal young people like us could be stupid enough to LIVE with such a vulgar, reactionary bigot!

Hey, Polack! I heard what you said! You better watch who you're callin' names! There ain't nothin' wrong with me! I just don't trust Jews ... I like to put the Blacks in their place ... and I don't feel comfortable with Homos!

Starchie ... as a Liberal, I'm really worried!

You don't hafta worry about me!

Who's worrying about YOU?! I'm worrying about ME!! Deep down, I agree with you!







Of course you do!  
Most Americans  
agree with me!  
They ain't laughin'  
AT me . . . they're  
laughin' WITH  
me! That's why  
this show is  
such a "Hit"!

I'm so  
popular,  
I may  
run for  
President!  
Or better  
still . . .  
**VICE-  
PRESIDENT!!**

There's  
the  
doorbell,  
Starchie!  
I'll  
get  
it!

Starchy,  
it's  
your  
old  
War  
buddy!

My buddy! My old World  
War II buddy! It's  
gonna be great seein'  
him again . . . the only  
man who ever really  
understood me . . .

Dolf, baby!  
Where  
the hell  
have you  
been all  
these  
years?

I've been alive and  
vell und liffin' in  
Argentina! You  
know! Chust like  
ze old choke . . .  
heh-heh!

Speaking  
of old  
jokes, I'd  
like you  
to meet  
my wife  
Meathead!

**BRRING**



Starchie! THAT man is your  
old buddy?! Do you know who  
he is? Do you know what  
he's done? Do you know what  
kind of reputation he has?  
How could you ever have  
associated with him . . . ?!

Aw, he  
ain't  
a bad  
guy—  
for a  
Pinko!

There's  
the  
doorbell  
again!  
I'll  
get  
it . . .

Starchie,  
these  
two men  
want to  
see your  
buddy . . .

Oh-oh! Ze jig iss up!  
After all zese years,  
I knew zey would  
finally get me! Vell,  
mein olt buddy, I  
guess zis iss it!

Chentlemen, under ze Articles uff  
Var, I am only required to gif you  
mein name . . . Adolph Hitler . . .  
mein rank . . . Professional Mischief-  
Maker . . . und mein serial number,  
vich is "Vun"! I am now ready to  
face the War Crimes Commission . . .



We're not from the War Crimes  
Commission, Dolf, baby! We're  
from the TV Network! We're  
here to offer you your own  
weekly TV series!

First, we'll get you an  
adorable TV family . . .

Yeah . . . like a  
dumb wife,  
two moronic  
children, and  
a pet wolf . . . !

If a show with THIS hero is  
a hit, yours'll be a SMASH!

I've got a great  
title! "Love—  
Gestapo Style"!

How about "My  
Three Storm  
Troopers"?

Hold it! Listen  
to this one . . .

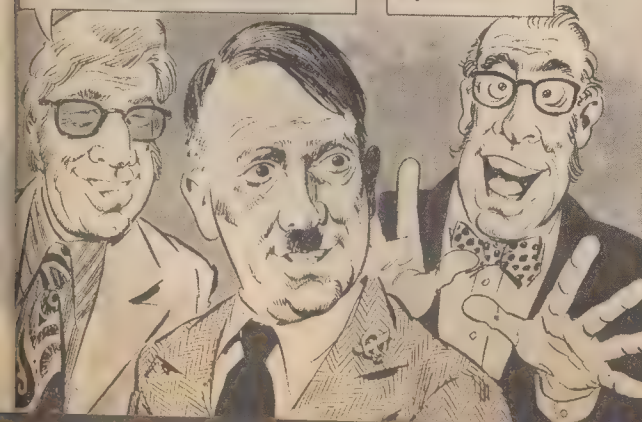
Whadya say, Dolf?

No, wait! I've  
got a better one!  
"Hunsmoke"!

Wait! I've got  
it! "Nazi And  
The Professor"!

No, no,  
listen  
to MINE  
first!

Today . . .  
television!  
Tomorrow . . .  
Ze WORLD!!





# WHAT IS A KID

ARTIST: SERGIO ARAGONES

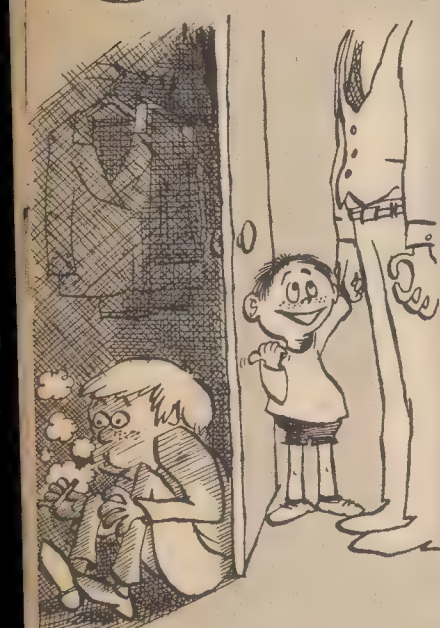
**B**etween the time you are born and the time your parents give up all hope of ever having a normal child, there often is added to the household a squalling creature that quickly evolves into a "Kid Brother". Kid Brothers arrive with a native instinct to tattle on, steal from, lie to, argue with, holler at and rebel against you and any other older sisters or brothers. Growing up consists chiefly of developing all of these sickening talents to their fullest potential.

**A** Kid Brother is easy to spot, except when you're looking for him. He is usually found bathing his turtle in the tub when you want to use the bathroom to get ready for an important date... Or popping corn in the kitchen when you bring the gang home for a midnight snack... Or sprawled on the couch watching TV when you've lured your steady home knowing your parents are away... Or dismantling your car in the garage when you're already late for an appointment.

**D**espite his youth, a Kid Brother embodies many adult qualities. He has the regal poise of Jerry Lewis, the reflective thoughtfulness of Leo Durocher, the table manners of Ernest Borgnine, the social grace of Joe Pyne, the fastidious grooming of Fidel Castro, the guileless generosity of Charles DeGaulle, the enduring patience of Frank Sinatra, the warm humanitarianism of General Hershey and the lofty motives of General Ky.

**K**id Brothers seldom display any natural aptitudes for becoming Medical Missionaries or Youth Counselors or State Department Protocol Officers or Concert Cellists or Talmudic Scholars. More often, they appear cut out to become Cat Burglars or Magazine Subscription Scheme Promoters or Loan Sharks or Lifetime Welfare Recipients or Pool Hall Hustlers or Professional Creators of Urban Blight.

**T**he only nice thing about a Kid Brother is that he's predictable. If he borrows your car, you can bet he'll bring it back with the gas gauge needle fluttering on "E". If he borrows your best slacks, you can be sure he'll be wearing them while mixing together every indelible ingredient in his chemistry set—and spilling the test tube in his lap. If he borrows the book you need most to study for finals, you know he'll leave it out in the rain—strapped to the handlebars of your brand new racing bike, which he also borrowed.





# D BROTHER?

WRITER: TOM KOCH

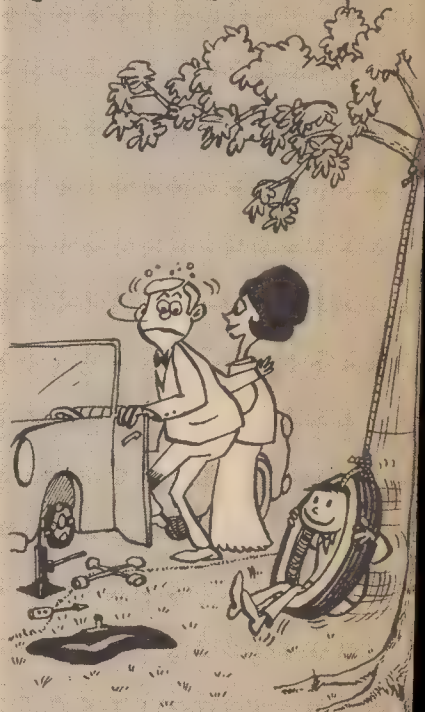
**A** Kid Brother's idea of "sharing" is getting you to do the yard work so he can earn \$5 doing the neighbor's yard work. A Kid Brother's idea of "togetherness" is tagging along with you and your date to the Drive-In Movie. A Kid Brother's idea of "family pride" is having you break your leg in football practice so he can brag about it. And a Kid Brother's idea of "thoughtfulness" is remembering to tell you that his pet snake is loose somewhere in the house.

**Y**ou can always recognize a Kid Brother in any crowd. He's the one wearing your college letter sweater down to his knees. He's the one displaying the "racy pictures" in your medical school text book to his friends for a nickel a peek. He's the one swapping a stack of your rare old "78" jazz records for a sick hamster. He's the one who's been ostracized because the answers to your 1963 final exams which he sold did not fit the 1968 questions. And he's the one with the locker full of your Sports Car Rally Plaques who's flunking Driver Education.

**N**o doubt about it, a Kid Brother is a unique form of humanity! Who else would give you a left-handed baseball glove as a birthday present when he's the only southpaw in the family? Who else would sign up for tuba lessons by mail... and then practice only between 6:30 and 7:30 on Saturday mornings? Who else would borrow your fraternity pin without asking to hold up your best tennis shorts, which he also borrowed without asking? And who else would lovingly ask you for your autograph so he could trace it on the phony I.D. card he just forged?

**S**till, with all their shortcomings, Kid Brothers perform one vital function. Whenever a scraped fender is discovered, or a damaged power tool is first noticed, or a grease-stained guest towel is found, a terrible void of guilt-ridden silence would exist for all of us Big Brothers and Big Sisters if there were no Kid Brothers around to step forward with their lusty and familiar cry of...

"I DIDN'T DO IT!"





## STRIP TEASER DEPT.

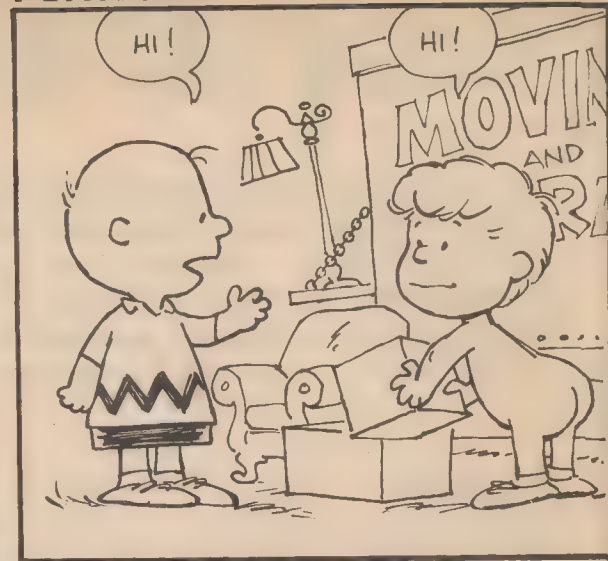
In order to stimulate interest and insure Box Office success, Hollywood has taken to featuring "Nude Scenes" in many of its movies. In fact, some of our biggest stars have appeared in the altogether recently. Paul Newman did it in "Cool Hand Luke," Charlton Heston did it in "Planet Of The Apes," Elizabeth Taylor did it in "Reflections In A Golden Eye," Mia Farrow did it in "Rosemary's Baby" and Jane Fonda did it in practically every movie she's ever made. As with all good ideas, we feel that it won't be long before this attempt to stimulate interest by the use of "Nude Scenes" is carried over into other fields. So here's what it might be like:

# IF THIS "NUDITY" TREND IN MOVIES EVER SPREADS TO THE COMICS

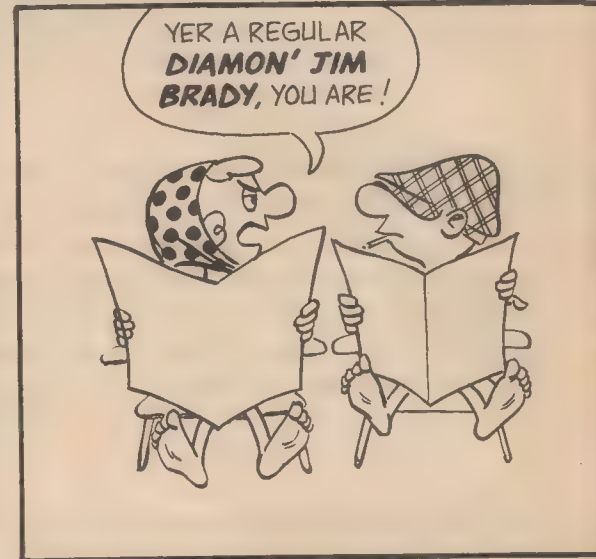
ARTIST: JACK RICKARD

WRITER: LOU SILVERSTONE

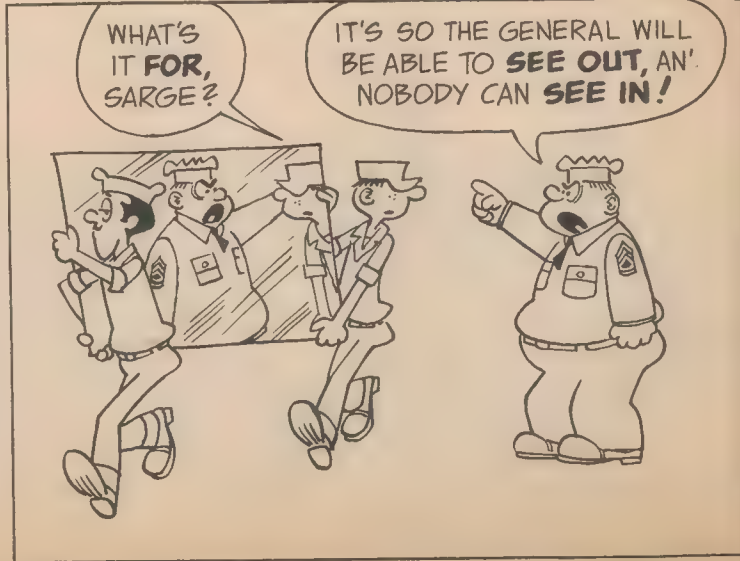
## PEANUTS



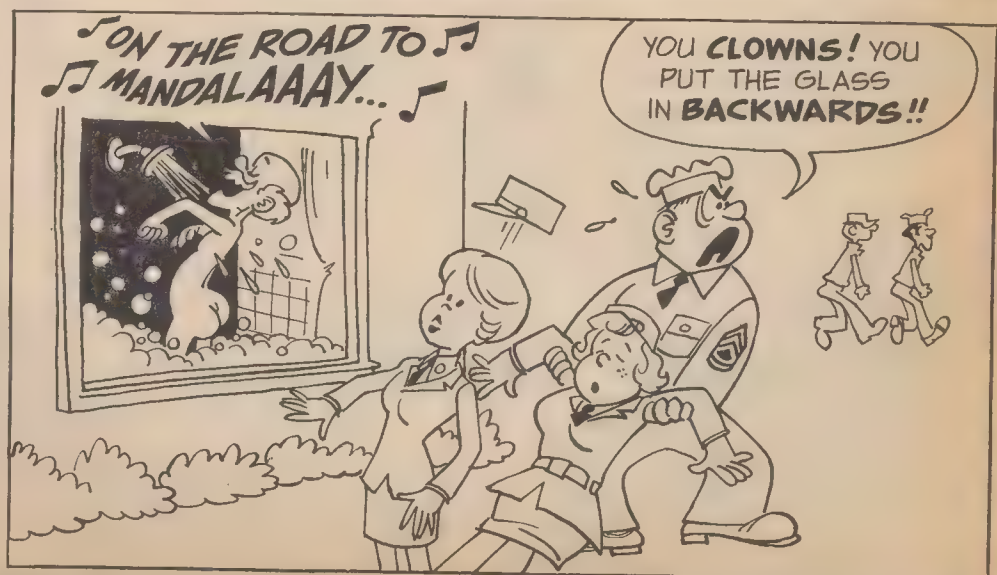
## ANDY CAPP



## BEETLE BAILEY





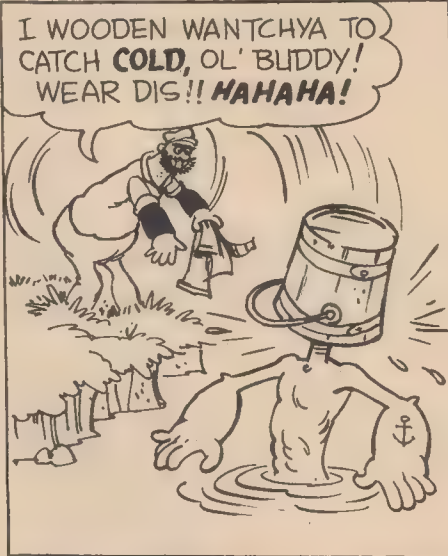




## DICK TRACY



## POPEYE



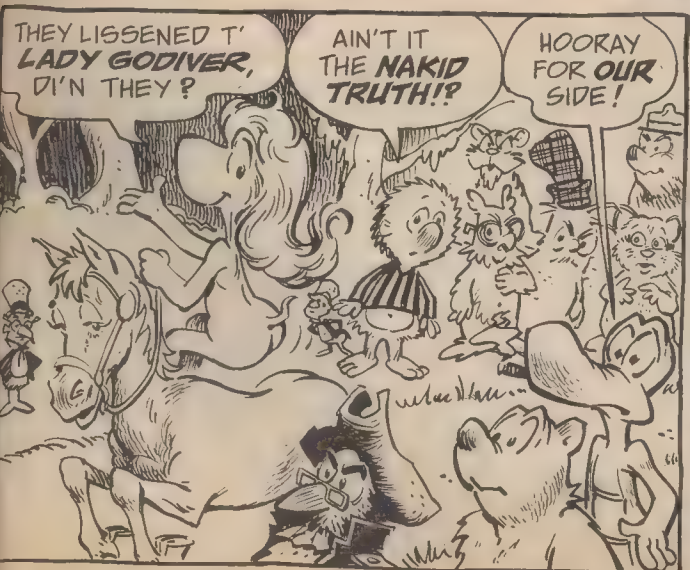
## POGO







AND IF THIS "NUDITY TREND" CONTINUES,  
WHO KNOWS? YOU MAY EVEN BE SEEING THIS:





## GOOD CONDUCT RIBBIN' DEPT.

The following article is based upon a never-to-be-published MAD book. This book will never be published because (1) there is no MAD writer qualified to write it, and (2) there is no MAD Editor qualified to edit it. This article is being published, however, because we suddenly realized there are no MAD readers qualified to comprehend it. So

# HERE ARE SOME RANDOM CHAPTERS FROM...

## Chapter One INTRODUCTIONS

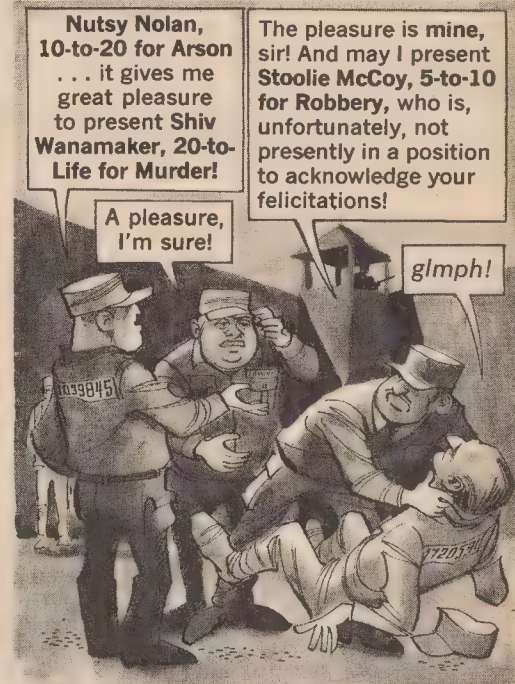
Introductions' are very important, especially when there is more than one person present:



Sometimes an introduction serves as an "icebreaker":



When introducing Professional men, one must always include their credentials:



Very often, a hasty introduction must be made in the midst of busy workday activities. This is perfectly proper and acceptable:





# THE MAD BOOK OF ETIQUETTE AND GOOD MANNERS

ARTIST: BOB CLARKE  
WRITER: FRANK JACOBS

## Chapter Four TABLE ETIQUETTE

Nowhere is etiquette more important than when dining. To test your knowledge of Table Etiquette, study the picture below of a formal dinner. There are 10 rules of etiquette that are being violated. How many of these can you find?



1. The gravy on the fat woman's blouse is from breakfast.
2. The man chewing on the lamb chop bone is a Vegetarian.
3. The man without a shirt is telling a dirty story at the table.
4. The man at far right is using both hands instead of one to hold the saucer he is drinking out of.
5. There is no cranberry sauce.
6. The man with the hat on is stabbing the roast with the wrong fork.
7. The man at far left was not invited.
8. The wine is vintage '63, a bad year.
9. The silverware still isn't paid for.
10. The woman in the dark overcoat has forgotten to wear her false teeth.

## THE TABLE SETTING

Unimpressive Setting For A  
High-Class Formal Dinner



Impressive Setting For A  
High-Class Formal Dinner





## Chapter Seven

### PRINTED MATTER

#### A PROPER FORMAL INVITATION

Mr. Arnold Skagg  
Local 514—Now On Strike  
Brotherhood of Teamsters  
Requests the Pleasure  
of Your Company  
At A Reception  
To Bust Open The Heads  
Of Two Dozen Scabs  
At Eight O'clock  
On The Morning of Monday  
The Fifth of March  
In Front of The  
Finster Trucking Co. Garage

R.S.V.P.      Dress Optional

#### A PROPER INFORMAL INVITATION

MASTER EDDIE MINKLE  
AND  
MISS NANCY GLOMP  
REQUEST THE PLEASURE  
OF THE COMPANY OF  
ANY OTHER CURIOUS  
KIDS FROM  
KINDERGARTEN CLASS 4  
TO PLAY DOCTOR  
AFTER SCHOOL  
ON THURSDAY  
IN EDDIE'S BASEMENT

### PROPER BUSINESS CARDS

Martin Finsternish And Company  
Multi-Million Dollar Investments

Phoebe Finsternish  
Power-Behind-The-Throne

U. S. Army  
2nd Platoon B Company  
5th Infantry Division

Pvt. Melvin Gruber  
Latrine Orderly

Amalgamated Industries, Inc.

Robert Jones  
Token Negro

City of South Bend  
Department of Sanitation  
Truck 16

Myron Sedgewick  
Rancid Grease Specialist

SING SING PRISON

Elwood Mulvaney  
#51764789  
Finking and Steeling

Mainline Operations

Back Room  
Schultz' Delicatessen  
516 Main Street

Seymour Rocko  
Chief Pusher

### PROPER SOCIAL CARDS

Mrs. Veronica Hotstrut  
Swinging Divorcee

New York   Miami   Paris   Rome

Mrs. Brown's Snotty Little Kid  
Randolph

F. Ramsey McAllister III  
Crashing Bore



## Chapter Nine BUSINESS CORRESPONDENCE

### A PROPER LETTER OF INTRODUCTION

#### MAFIA ENTERPRISES

100 State Street, Chicago, Illinois

September 10, 1968

Mr. Otto Kling  
Kling's Candy Store  
Third and Market  
St. Louis, Mo.

Dear Mr. Kling:

This is to introduce Mr. Anthony "Slug" Fazio, one of our most efficient and trusted employees, who is eager to discuss with you a new service we are offering to small businessmen like yourself. We would greatly appreciate any courtesies you may care to extend to Mr. Fazio, like signing up immediately, so that he may have the opportunity to show his appreciation by refraining from blowing your head off.

Very truly yours,

Vincent Lasagna  
Commissioner  
Protection Division

### A PROPER LETTER OF EXPLANATION

#### THE AMERICAN BLUEBLOOD SOCIETY

1776 Wasp Street, Philadelphia, Pennsylvania

Mr. Max Epstein  
417 Freen Road  
Philadelphia, Penna.

Dear Mr. Epstein:

It is with deep regret that the American Blueblood Society must turn down your request for membership.

We try to arrange our membership so every Profession is represented equally. And since we already have one member who is an Ornithological Neuro-Embryologist, we are sadly compelled to refuse your application.

Please do not think our decision was made for any personal or sectarian reasons.

Sincerely yours,

Harley Oxmounter III  
Membership Secretary

## Chapter Ten PERSONAL CORRESPONDENCE

### DECLINING AN INVITATION

MR. ROCKY "FATS" MCGOWAN  
INTERNATIONAL LONGSHOREMEN'S ASSOCIATION  
Regrets To Inform  
Mr. ARNOLD SKAGG  
Brotherhood of TEAMSTERS  
THAT HE IS UNABLE TO ACCEPT HIS  
Kind INVITATION  
TO BUST OPEN THE HEADS  
OF TWO DOZEN SCABS  
OWING TO A PREVIOUS COMMITMENT  
TO PARALYZE SHIPPING IN  
NEW YORK, BOSTON AND HOBOKEN

### WRITING A LETTER OF APOLOGY

Dear Mrs. Yulvey,  
My husband and I are deeply sorry about our house being burned down by your son, Wilbur, yesterday.  
We realize that we were at fault building it so close to Wilbur's play area.  
I hope that he has recovered from his traumatic experience.  
Sincerely yours,  
Margo Fumfjet

### WRITING A LETTER OF THANK-YOU

Dear Mrs. Forsythe:  
I so enjoyed attending the meeting of the Southside Neighborhood Political Discussion Group at your home last Friday evening.  
Thank you for inviting me.  
During the spirited question and answer period, I seem to have lost my upper dentures. Should they turn up, I would appreciate your mailing them back to me here at the Critical Ward of St. Theresa's Hospital, where I am told I will be for the next three weeks.

Sincerely,  
Waldo Fetlock

Written for him by  
Sister Maria Flavia

### WRITING A LETTER OF COMPLAINT

Mrs. Quincy Gribbish

Dear Mrs. Eggrott,  
This is to inform you that for the third time this week, our St. Bernard, Dusty, was bitten by your daughter, Sylvia.  
Considering that Sylvia is 17 years old, I am shocked at her behavior, and I suggest that from now on, you keep her on a leash.  
Sincerely,  
Velma T. Gribbish



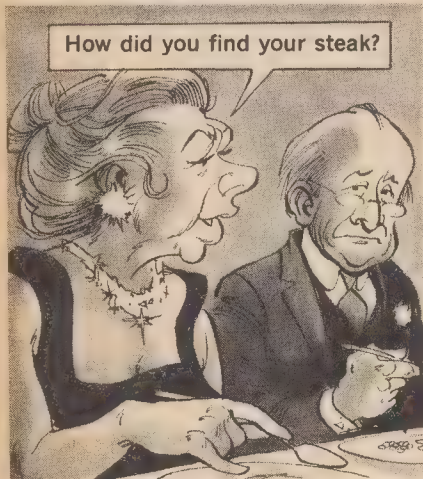
# Chapter Eleven

## PROPER CONVERSATION

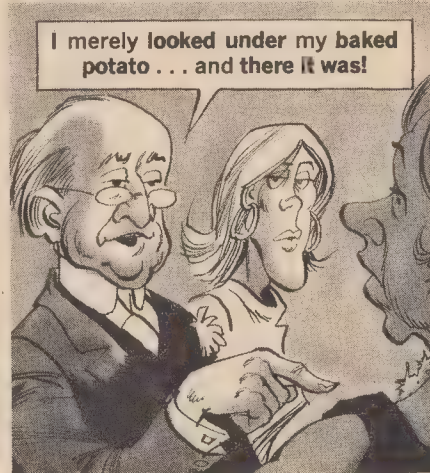
### CONVERSATION AT THE DINNER TABLE

The well-mannered dinner guest is never obnoxious. He makes every effort to be gracious, considerate and charming, even if he is not enjoying his meal.

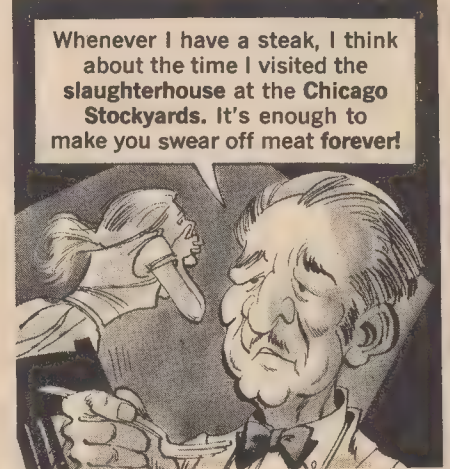
**WHEN THE HOSTESS ASKS  
A LEADING QUESTION LIKE:**



**THE INCONSIDERATE GUEST  
REPLIES RUDELY LIKE THIS:**



**BUT THE CONSIDERATE GUEST  
SIDESTEPS THE QUESTION:**



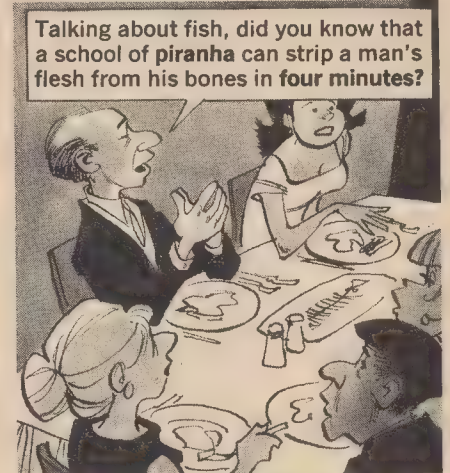
**WHEN THE HOSTESS MAKES  
A KIND STATEMENT LIKE:**



**THE INCONSIDERATE GUEST  
RETORTS SNIDELY LIKE THIS:**



**BUT THE CONSIDERATE GUEST  
AVOIDS A DIRECT REPLY WITH:**



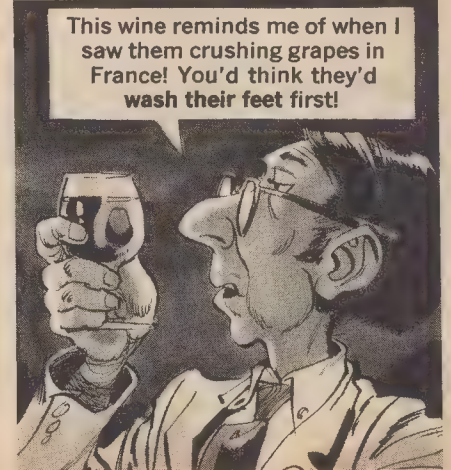
**WHEN THE HOSTESS SEEMS  
CONCERNED, AND SAYS:**



**THE INCONSIDERATE GUEST  
SNAPS BACK INSULTINGLY:**



**BUT THE CONSIDERATE GUEST  
EVADES THE ISSUE ENTIRELY:**





# THE USE OF SLANG IN CONVERSATION

When a word is vulgar, low-class or improper, it is better to use a refined substitute:

Won't you stay for dinner?  
We're having  
broiled chest  
of chicken!

Sorry—I've got  
to attend an  
important meeting  
of the *Lavatory  
Birch Society*!

Could I have  
an ashtray  
for my  
cigarette  
posterior?

There's one in  
that table!  
Just pull open  
one of the  
undergarments!

Why not come to  
our barbecue next  
week! We're going  
to roast a pig  
on a saliva!

I played  
poker last  
night and  
was dealt a  
royal rinse!

If you ask me,  
all this polite  
talk is a  
hemorrhaging  
nuisance!



# THE SOCIAL PLEASANTRIES IN CONVERSATION

It is always bad form to ask a personal question of someone you do not know well.

When a personal question backfires, try to get out of it by changing the subject.

When a person is viciously attacked by another, it is wise not to take sides.

What  
size  
shoe  
do you  
wear—  
10-E?

How dare you insult  
me by making fun  
of my big feet! I  
scarcely know you!  
Nobody asked you  
to talk to me!

Then what  
in heck  
are you  
doing in  
my shoe  
store?

How  
is  
your  
dear  
hus-  
band?

How could you ask  
such an awful  
question! Everyone  
knows he's in the  
*Hospital For The  
Criminally Insane!*

Er—well  
—has  
anyone  
ever  
told you  
you've  
got bad  
breath?!

If you  
ask  
me,  
he's a  
rotten,  
sneaky  
back-  
stabbing  
creep!

You're wrong! He's an  
insensitive stupid boor!  
What do you think, Ed?

I'm afraid I'm  
not informed  
enough to  
venture an  
opinion!

Why not?  
It's  
**YOU**  
we're  
discussing!





## INSIDE OUCH DEPT.

Here we go with an expanded version of our series which explores the hidden worlds where dedicated people are working long and hard in an attempt to make our lives miserable! Here is a 4-page

# MAD PEEK BEHIND THE SCENES AT THE



ARTIST: ANGELO TORRES

WRITER: EARLE DOUD



We have two plans, Ma'am! With Plan A, you get 75 message units for a fixed fee, plus the next 200 message units at half-rate, provided the calls are limited to yours and adjoining zones, otherwise the rate is normal. However, there is a surcharge of one message unit per minute for each minute over three minutes per call. Now Plan B...

Never mind! I'll take Plan A!

They never wait around to hear Plan B because Plan A is so complicated! Actually, Plan B is quite simple and will save them about \$10.00 a month!

LADIES ROOM  
TELEPHONES



Yes, sir! I have your account in front of me, and I must point out that bills are payable within ten days and... I'm sorry you're just back from Vietnam and you have Malaria and you're crippled, sir, but if your payment isn't in by the end of this business day, we'll be forced to shut off your service! And, of course, there will be a small charge for reinstating your phone service once the bill is paid! Yes, sir! And thank you for fighting for our country, sir!

Information... I'm sorry, but we do not list by name only! You must have the address!

Information... I'm sorry, but we do not list by address only! You must have the name!

I'm sorry! I cannot look up Pliskrynsisky unless you give me a first name or initial! Otherwise, how would I know WHICH Pliskrynsisky you want?!



We'll have to ask you for a **\$300** deposit before we can install your telephone! I've looked over your application, and even though you've been on the same job for 20 years, you only make **\$94** a week... so we must consider you a financial risk!

Yeah, but it's the **Telephone Company** I've been working for!

We picked up another **\$4000** in phone deposits today, Mr. Finch!

Good! Invest **\$2000** in IBM, another **\$1000** in RCA, and I think the boys upstairs want to invest in a Musical!



This is Mr. Glower, Miss! You say you're only **twenty-one** years old, and you live alone, and you've been getting obscene phone calls? That's terrible! Now, you just relax and tell me what they've been saying to you on the phone! Don't leave out a single thing! Go right ahead, dear!

Yes, Ma'am! Just call back and ask for **Operator 14**, and I'll take care of you?

I **KNOW** you want **Operator 14**! But **WHICH** Operator 14? We're **ALL** Operator 14! There are **2000** of us Operator 14's!

Miss Terde, why are you the only girl tending this switchboard?

Because mine is the only position working! We called **Emergency Repair** and they said they'd send somebody up here as soon as possible!

When did you call?

About **two weeks** ago!

Hold on, sir! I'm checking that number as fast as I can, sir! **(CLICK!)**

So anyway, Jim and Betty and Jack and I went up to this groovy place in the mountains... and we had enough food and Acapulco gold for a week, so we—





Directory Assistance!  
May I help you...?

I would like the number of  
Joe's Diner at 3 Main Street!

Would you repeat the name?

Joe's Diner! JOE'S DINER!!

I do not find a listing for a  
Joe Steiner at that address!  
What was the address again?

It's NOT Joe Steiner!  
It's Joe's DINER! And the  
address is 3 Main Street!

I SAID Joe Steiner, sir! That's what I  
said! Now, would you spell it, please?

Joe's Diner!  
J...O...E...

I KNOW how to spell "Joe",  
sir! It's probably Joseph,  
anyway! Joseph Steiner...

It's NOT Steiner! It's  
DINER! DINER! Like  
where you EAT, Operator!

I'm not permitted to give  
out personal information  
like where I eat, sir!

I don't CARE where you eat,  
Operator! All I want is the  
phone number of Joe's Diner!

I have several Joe's Diners listed,  
sir! Which Joe's Diner do you want?

The Joe's Diner at  
3 Main Street!

I'm sorry, sir, but there is no  
Joe's Diner on Tremaine Street!

I never said Tremaine  
Street! Dummy! DUMMY!!

I'm sorry, sir, but there is no  
Joe's Diner on Dummy Street, either!

Main Street!  
MAIN!! MAIN!!

That number is  
listed in your  
Directory...

I don't HAVE a Directory! If I HAD  
a Directory, I would've looked it up  
instead of having to go through THIS!!

If you will give me your name and address,  
I'll see to it that you receive a Directory!

Forget it,  
Operator!

I've got a  
Preacher here,  
talking to a  
Little Old  
Lady School  
Teacher!

And I've  
got a Dope  
Pusher here,  
talking to  
a Call Girl!

Great! You give me the Dope  
Pusher and I'll connect  
him with the Little Old  
Lady School Teacher, and  
you take the Preacher and  
plug him into the Call Girl!

You sound real cute, too! How  
tall are you? What color hair?  
What color eyes? Married? I'm  
not supposed to talk to you  
like this! Besides, I don't  
make dates with strangers! So  
where can we meet first?

I've told you  
six times, sir—  
I do not have a  
listing for that  
name! What was  
the name again?

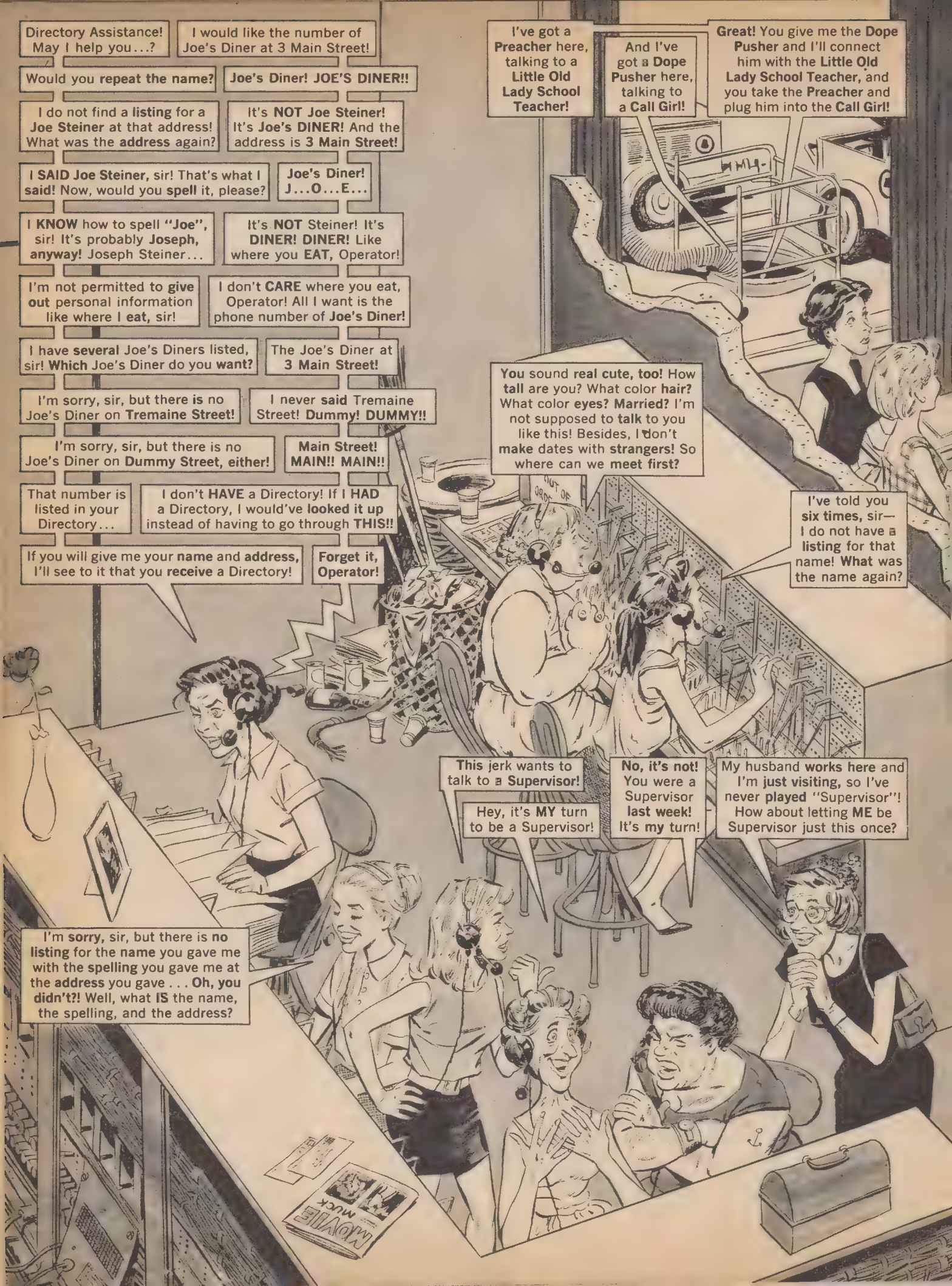
This jerk wants to  
talk to a Supervisor!

Hey, it's MY turn  
to be a Supervisor!

No, it's not!  
You were a  
Supervisor  
last week!  
It's my turn!

My husband works here and  
I'm just visiting, so I've  
never played "Supervisor"!  
How about letting ME be  
Supervisor just this once?

I'm sorry, sir, but there is no  
listing for the name you gave me  
with the spelling you gave me at  
the address you gave... Oh, you  
didn't?! Well, what IS the name,  
the spelling, and the address?





Today, girls, we are going to learn about the "clicker"! That's the little switch on the left of your board. All you do is keep cutting in on people's calls by flicking this switch! It makes a click-click-clicking sound, and people think their lines are being tapped! So they request to have their numbers changed, and we earn an extra service fee!

Now, please do not confuse the "clicker" with the red switch to the right of your board! That's the one that gives off the ear-piercing screech which people often get right after they dial, causing them to hang up and make their call again... thereby giving our company many extra call charges!

Now, the guy is saying to her, "I love you, and I must see you!" and she's saying, "No, not today, my husband is due home from his Lineman's job at 4 o'clock, and..."

Hey! It's my OWN PHONE I'm tapping!

I'm sorry, but the number you have reached is not in service at this time!

C'mon! C'mon! That's not nasty enough! It's got too much warmth! This is the Telephone Company... not Sunnybrook Farm! And you're a telephone operator... not Rebecca! Try it again!

I'm sorry you're upset, Madam... but I cannot give you my name! The Telephone Company does not allow us to give customers our names!

I'm sorry you're upset, Madam! What was the operator's name? Well, how can I report her if you didn't get her name?

You say your house is on fire, sir? I'm sorry, but there is a special Police and Fire number, sir! That's 911! All you have to do is dial... Well, the fire can't have reached the phone yet, sir, because you're talking on it! All right, sir! You don't have to get nasty about it! I'll be glad to report it! Now... where is the fire exactly, and how big is it, and when did it start...

It says: Connect line R to terminal L, and line F to lug B!

Wait a minute! If that's where line F goes, then what's this doing here, and what the devil is THIS?!

I've got an idea! Connect everything to everything else... and then, as the people call in one at a time to complain, we'll straighten it all out!

NOT ME!! I just spilled coffee into that box and sparks flew out! I'm not goin' NEAR that thing!

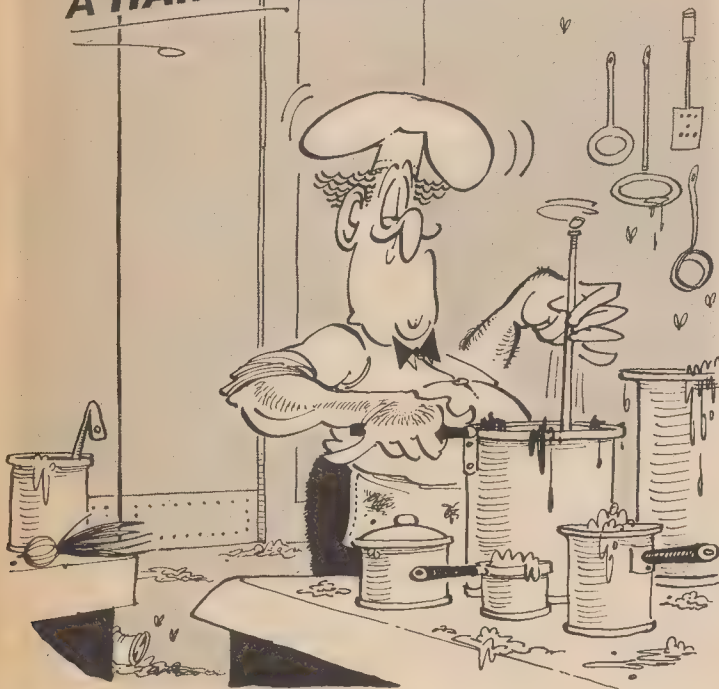
DING DONG SCHOOL





# ONE NIGHT IN A RESTAURANT

CHEF! CHEF! I DEMAND  
TO SEE THE CHEF! THERE'S  
A HAIR IN MY SOUP!



CHEF!! I DEMAND TO SEE THE  
CHEF THIS INSTANT! THERE'S  
A HAIR IN MY SOUP!!



I've had enough of that customer! He's in here every night  
... just LOOKING for trouble! Hair in his soup, indeed!!

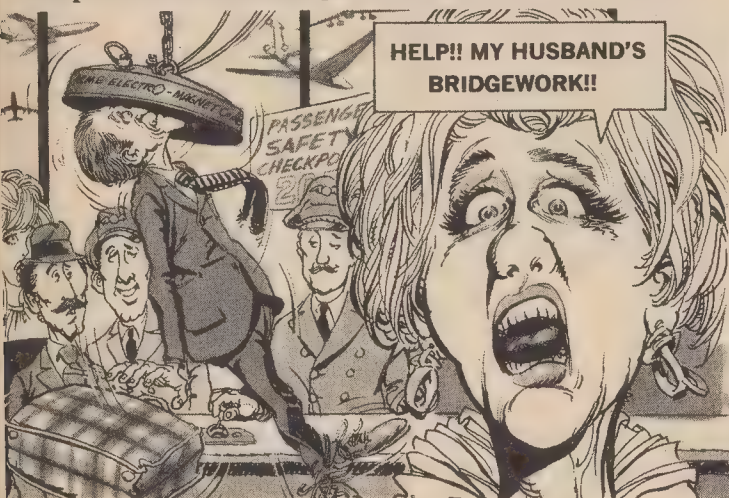




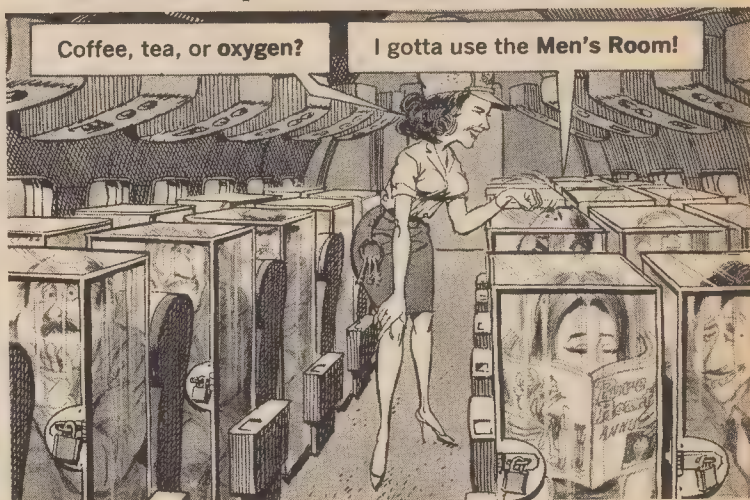
## UP, UP AND OLÉ DEPT.

Today's airlines offer passengers many "extras" including comfy slippers, steak broiled on board, furry blankets, hostesses in mini-skirts, Hollywood movies, and so on. But there's one "extra" they can't offer . . . and that's a guarantee to fly directly to where you want to go! We're referring, of course, to the hijacking problem. To date, two dozen planes have been hijacked by Castro-ites and forced at gunpoint to fly to Havana. Is there a solution to this situation? Several suggestions have been offered, including the following . . .

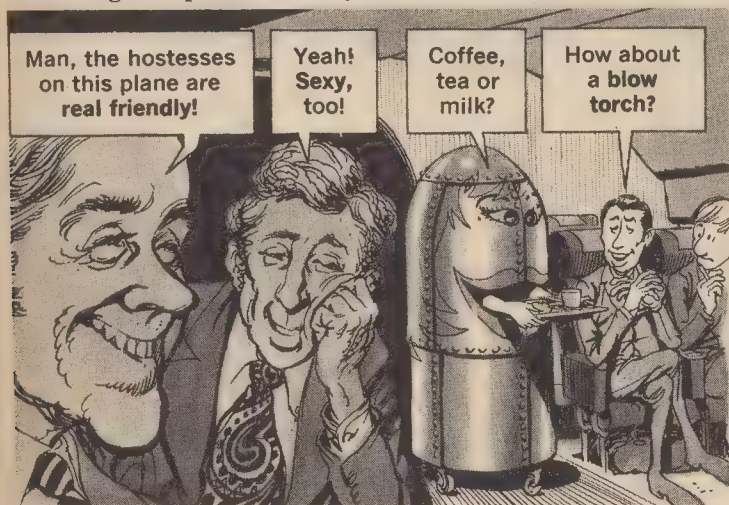
Use an electronic detection device or ultra-high-powered electro-magnet to screen each passenger for any concealed weapons such as knives, pistols, rifles and hand grenades.



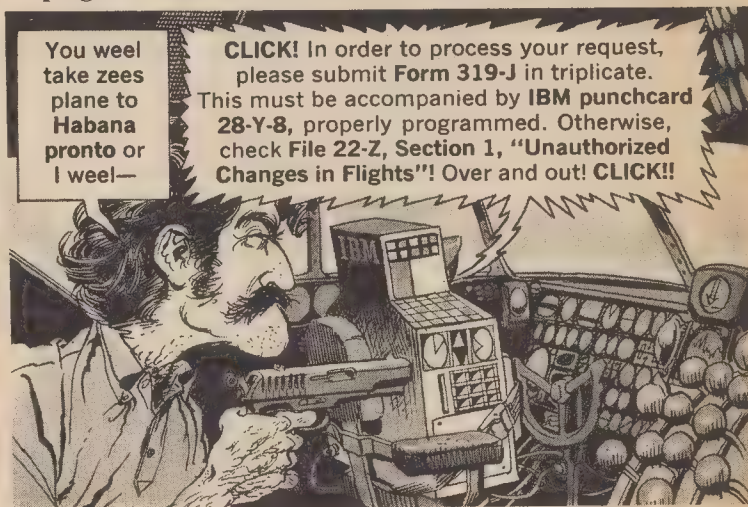
Immediately upon boarding, place each passenger in his own separate, bullet-proof, air-conditioned glass booth. These booths will be kept locked until plane has landed safely.



Enclose all hostesses inside special armor-plated capsules, making it impossible for hijackers to use them as hostages.



Replace live airline pilots with automated computers, and program them in advance for specific flight destinations.



Now compare those ridiculous suggestions with...

# THE MAD PLAN FOR HALTING THE HIJACKING OF PLANES



# ALL WE HAVE TO DO TO END THE HIGHJACKING MENACE IS OFFER... FREE WEEKLY PLANE TRIPS TO HAVANA

And if every airline cooperates, we can look forward to . . .

## COPPING OUT TO HAVANA?

PAN-AM makes the going great!



Only Pan-Am's Free "Cuban Guerilla Express" Provides:

Free Gun Racks	Arroz con Pollo cooked right on the plane	Hostesses dressed in fashionable field dungarees	Unlimited drinks in our beautiful Mao Tse Tung Lounge
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Your attention, please! National Airline's free "Che Guevara Special" flight to Havana is now loading at Gate 4. All passengers will be allowed a weight maximum of 10 pounds in baggage, and 25 pounds in concealed weapons and ammunition . . .



Hello! My name is "Juan"! I'm your "Flight Barber"! May I trim your beard free of charge?

What kind of cocktail would you like, sir—Manhattan . . . ? Martini . . . ? Or Molotov?

Good afternoon, Castro-ites! Welcome aboard Eastern Airlines' Free Flight 318 to Havana! This is your imperialist lackey pilot, Capt. Stan Freebish, speaking! We will be leaving the disgusting capitalistic coastline of the warmongering United States in twelve minutes!

Below us and to the right is Washington, D.C., home of the neo-colonialist Wall Street tool Pres. Richard Nixon, the darling of America's ruling class! We hope you'll enjoy your flight! Please remember to fasten your cartridge belt and obey the "No Bombing" sign when the light goes off!



## A PERFECT SOLUTION? OF COURSE! EXCEPT THAT IT WOULDN'T LAST!

Because sooner or later, the poor clods who can't afford to pay to fly to other places will cop to what's going on, and then the next thing we know—

These weekly free flights to Cuba sure were a great idea, eh, Harry? No more disrupted schedules! No more scared—

Don't nobody move!



Okay, youse guys! This here is a hijacking! Take this plane to Miami!





Attention, all Gun Lovers, Gun Collectors and Gun Worshippers with no sense of humor! Please skip this next article! We'd hate to get any of you guys sore, because—when you get right down to it—what ELSE is a gun for? As for the rest of you clods who can't stand killing . . . we hope you get a bang out of MAD's version of a typical "Gun Magazine". We call it . . .

# PASSIONATE GUN LOVE

THE MAGAZINE FOR THE DEVOTED GUN WORSHIPPER



"I Cleaned An Unloaded Gun— And Lived!"

THE STORY OF A  
ONCE-IN-A-LIFETIME  
MIRACLE

• • •

California's Exciting New Sport:

HUNTING SQUIRRELS  
WITH 50mm. CANNONS

• • •

Ease Your Conscience About  
Hunting (If You Have Any):

RABBITS ENJOY BEING SHOT!

• • •

"I WENT HUNTING WITH  
A NEARSIGHTED BUDDY  
... AND FOUND GOD!"

By The Late Ferdie Flumme

• • •

A HEART-WARMING MEMOIR:

"The Most  
Unforgettable Duck  
I Ever Slaughtered"

• • •

WOWIE! ZOWIE! GROOVY!

This Month's Sexy Fold-Out:  
A .25 CALIBRE VARMINT GUN—  
COMPLETELY STRIPPED DOWN!!



IN  
THIS  
ISSUE:

"106 Exciting Ways To  
Make Love To Your Gun"

—106—  
COUNT 'EM  
—106—



## How About This Little Sweetheart?

Wouldn't you like to own her?

This dandy little weapon killed 4 Presidents, 2 Kings, an Emperor, 3 Arch-Dukes and 1 Commie Tsar. Now you can re-live history in your own home with this adorable little antique gun. Why not shoot something ancient with it, like a grandfather clock...or even a grandfather!



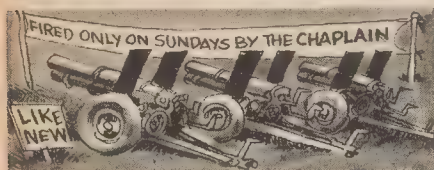
ONLY \$112.00 POSTPAID

## THE HOUSE OF KILL

1315 Peaceful Lane, Pleasantville, N. Y.

### WE'RE OVERSTOCKED!

Boy, is our face red! We went ahead and bought out an entire Army Ordnance Warehouse, and now we're stuck with seventy-eight 105 mm Howitzers! What do you say, Minutemen and American Nazis out there in gun-loving readership land? Wanna take one or two of these beauties off our hands?



These weapons are keen for insurrections, or fun wars among yourselves! They're the ideal thing for chasing away those "Integration Blues"! Be the only one on your block to own a genuine surplus 155 mm. Howitzer! Then—in no time at all—be the only one on your block!

Regular Price: OUR SPECIAL BARGAIN PRICE

**\$14,500** **\$39.95** (Two for **\$75.00**)

At all **A&P** (Artillery & Projectile) Stores

TRADING STAMPS? OF COURSE! SAVE \$1.00 WITH THIS AD!

## A Great Gimmick for your Smoker Friends!

This neat little Colt Cobra .38 replica looks like a real gun and feels like a real gun. But when the smoker picks it up, holds it to the end of his cigarette, and pulls the trigger... SURPRISE!! It is a real gun! A great conversation piece on the way to the hospital or morgue!



Only \$24.95

Gun Fun And Games BATTLE CREEK, MICHIGAN

## Sometimes A Gun's Best Friend Won't Even Tell It!



If you kiss your gun once after an exciting kill... will you kiss it again? It could be its barrel! Let's face it, gun oil and gun powder aromas are not always the most pleasant things in social hunting situations!

Why Not Try...

### KLORO-FILL BULLETS

They get rid of B.O. (Barrel Odor), and make your gun "kissing sweet"!



## Opening Shots

AN EDITORIAL BY THE PUBLISHER

Hi, there, shooters!

I don't know about you, but I'm angry! I mean, *really* angry! There's talk in Washington again about registering guns. In other words, they want to treat us gun owners like common criminals! Well, I think the time has come for us to notify the Government that we gun owners are all fine, upstanding, decent American patriots... and we'll shoot any Commie in Congress or sex pervert on the Supreme Court who says we're not!

Sure, they keep saying, "All we want to do is *register* your guns." Well, shooters, you know and I know that that's only the first step! The next thing you know, they'll *take away* our guns! Then they'll take away our *hunting knives*! Then they'll outlaw *wounding* and *maiming* and *killing*... and before you know it, that's the *end* of the *American Way of Life*!

Oh, those degenerates in Washington are clever! They say, "What's *wrong* with registering guns? We register *dogs*, don't we?" Well, nobody is going to register *my* guns! And nobody is going to register my *dog's* guns, either!

Those Atheistic-Marxists say, "Take away guns, and you stop murders." Well, that's a lot of baloney, and they know it! You take away guns, and people will find *other* things to kill with... like sticks, and rocks, and ax handles, and axes! I can prove it! Just the other day, I killed my Commie neighbor at 19 yards with my Smith-Corona Portable Typewriter. If a typewriter thrown by a *Patriot* can kill a *Commie*, what's going to stop unarmed *murderers* from killing *human beings*? Answer that, you Washington Bleeding Heart Liberals!

Owning guns is an American Heritage! Every citizen has the right to bear arms. It was written into the Constitution by our forefathers in the 1700's. Take away the people's guns, you Washington Finks, and who's going to stop the Redcoats?

Is there anything more beautiful and patriotic than an American family sitting around their living room on a Winter's evening, cleaning their guns together? Take my family, for instance. Guns have always been a way of life with us. We own 114 guns... and every night, I clean mine. Every night, my late Patriotic wife, Cynthia, used to clean hers, too. So did my late Patriotic son, Buck, and my late Patriotic daughter, Betsy, and my late Patriotic twins, Andy and Randy, and my still living but crippled Patriotic brother, Fred, (before he blew off his fingers).

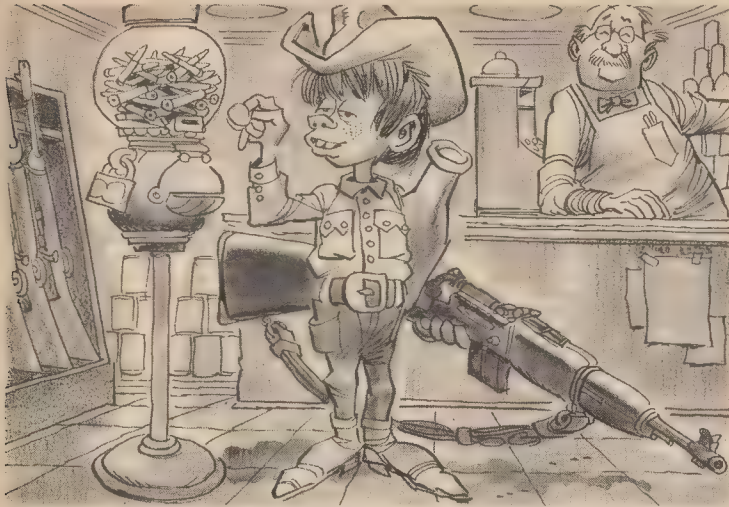
Why *DO* those Washington Pinkos want us to register our guns? I'll tell you the *real* reason! They want to get us down to their offices. And then they want to hand us pens, and forms to fill out. And then they want to *embarrass* us! Because they *know* that many gun-owners can't write!

So how about it, shooters? When they say, "Down with guns"... let's answer with, "UP YOUR BARRELS!!"

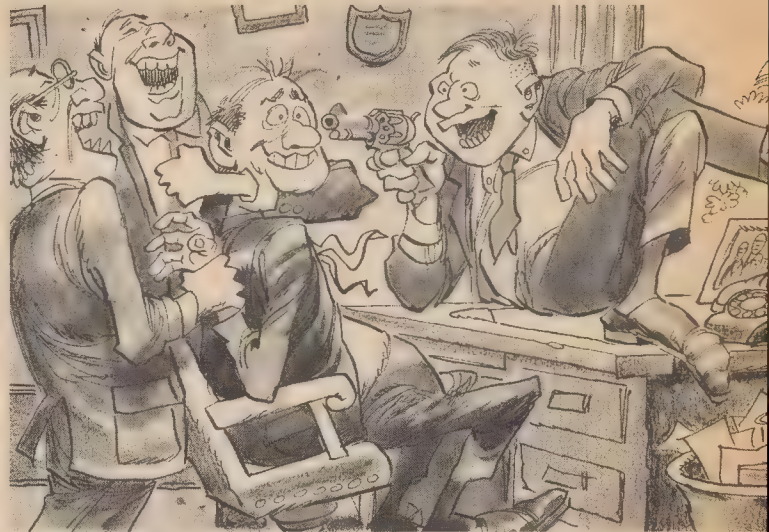


# GUN SHOTS FROM ALL OVER

*A Pictorial Run-Down of What's New in the Exciting World of Weapons*



**HOW'S THIS FOR PROGRESS?** Good news for you shooters in Lummo, Texas! When you send your kids to Al's Supermarket, for a bottle of milk, they can also pick up a Mauser M-98 Star-Barrelled Rifle for your arsenal. The brand new Gun Counter is right between Frozen Foods and Fresh Vegetables. Bullets? Of course! In the Gum Machine near the Check-Out!



**SQUELCHING A VICIOUS RUMOR.** Three of the 19,000 Washington-based members of the National Gun Association enjoy a hearty laugh with Senator Hugh Lilligut over the ridiculous rumor currently making the rounds that there is supposed to be a "Gun Lobby" in the nation's capital.

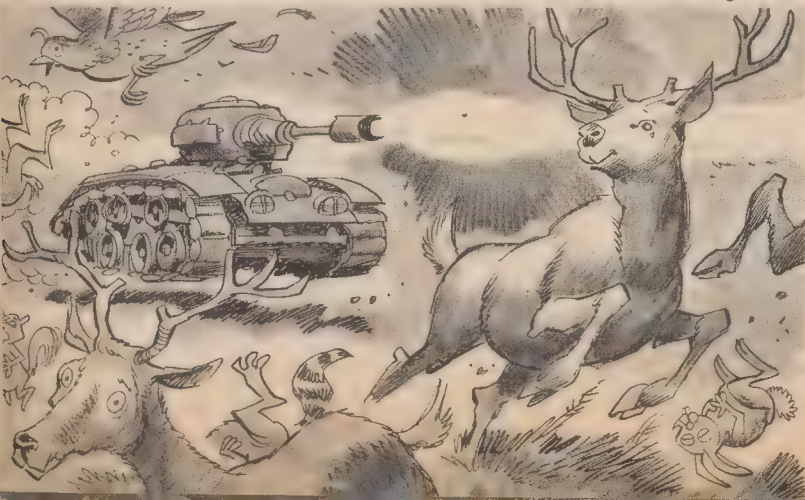


**ROOM OF THE YEAR.** Creative Architect-Hunter, Frank Gromm, is the envy of all shooters with his fantastic "Gun-Decor" bathroom. Note water pipes fashioned from old mortar barrels, Colt .45 faucets, the sink made from an old army helmet, the cunning bomb-casing commode with the target seat, and Sidney, Frank's loyal washroom attendant.



**DEAD-EYE DOES IT AGAIN.** Ace Hunter, Clancy "Dead-Eye" Krebs, poses with his latest bag: a 210-pound Commie Game Warden. Note the ingenious "Man-Decoy" Clancy used to lure the Pinko close.

**THAT'S A SPORT!** Good news for the 14 deer, 25 quail and 112 rabbits that Hunter Clive Kumquat shot from a surplus army tank in Maine last week! Clive just found out that hunting from a moving vehicle in Maine is forbidden, and now he wants to apologize. How big can a man get, eh?



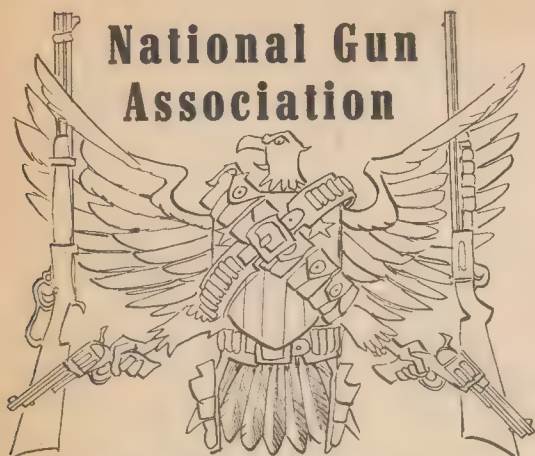
**THOUGHTFULNESS DEPARTMENT:** Hats off to Hunter Dan Goomber! When the rabbit he was stalking ran through the Public Library in Rotsboro, Minnesota, Goomber quickly put a silencer attachment on his gun so as not to disturb the Library Patrons when he fired.





IF YOU LIKE TO HUNT AND SHOOT AND KILL  
AND TERRORIZE CHICKEN CONGRESSMEN . . .

**YOU BELONG IN THE**



**ALL THESE EXCITING BENEFITS ARE YOURS  
FOR YOUR YEARLY \$5.00 MEMBERSHIP FEE:**

- ★ **A MEMBERSHIP CARD IN THE N.G.A.** This makes you an "Official Registered" killer!
- ★ **FREE PLANS FOR A HOME RANGE.** Learn how to convert your Living Room into a simulated forest. Learn how hunting family members in your own home can be even more thrilling than hunting deer, quail or other hunters outdoors.
- ★ **CATCHY BUMPER STICKERS.** We send you such all-time favorites as: "Register Commies, Not Guns!", "Bullets Are Beautiful!", "Congressmen Kill—Guns Don't!" and "Wake Up America—Or We'll Wake You Up With A Shot In The Eye!"
- ★ **TIPS ON LETTER-WRITING:** Learn how to write exciting form pressure letters to your Congressman in unison with millions of other members. Learn the excitement of using 2 and 3 syllable words you never heard of before!
- ★ **A FREE COPY OF "KILL",** our monthly "Gun Association Magazine." Read all about the exciting worlds of shooting and killing and maiming and blood-letting and death and all the other real American Sports and Athletics!

**FILL OUT THIS COUPON AND JOIN TODAY!**

National Gun Association  
New Membership Department

Sign me up as a new member immediately. It is understood that I could be a convicted killer, a mental patient, or a narcotics addict, but that my background is unimportant. The important thing is to build up those old membership rolls, right?

NAME .....

ADDRESS .....

ZIP GUN OWNER .... IF NO, WHY NOT? .....

- ☐ I enclose \$5.00 now    ☐ Bill me for \$5.00 later  
☐ Let's forget the \$5.00    ☐ Send ME \$5.00 to join!

**I UNDERSTAND THAT THE NATIONAL GUN ASSOCIATION  
IS NOT A LOBBY, NO MATTER WHAT ANYBODY SAYS!!**

**The National Gun Association**

THE BEIGE ROOM    THE WHITE HOUSE    WASH., D.C.

# ADVICE TO THE GUN-LORN

Do you have a gun problem? Does your gun have a YOU problem? Let B.B. Bates try to straighten things out.

Dear B.B.:

My one-year old boy took his first step today. He also picked up his first pistol and killed his first Fuller Brush salesman. How can I remember this cherished milestone in his life in years to come?

Sentimental Shooter

Dear Sentimental Shooter:

Have you considered having the pistol bronzed?

\* \* \* \*

Dear B.B.:

In my travels, I ran across a fascinating antique gun. It is "Air-Operated" and delivers a lethal charge, and its accuracy is astounding. To give you an idea, the other day, just fooling around with it in my yard, I knocked off a Horse Fly. How much would you say this fantastic antique weapon is worth?

Excited Collector

Dear Excited Collector:

About 4¢! You seem to have run across an old Flit Gun!

\* \* \* \*

Dear B.B.:

For over 17 years, I have been a devoted Colt .45 owner. Recently, I met and fell in love with a female shooter who owns an 18-year-old Italian Beretta. Do you think the Nationality differences of our two guns will harm our relationship?

Marriage-Minded

Dear Marriage-Minded:

Your two guns are probably old enough and mature enough to adjust to a mixed marriage. It's your BULLETS you have to worry about!

\* \* \* \*

Dear B.B.:

Aye amm a longg-tyme gunn-oaner hoo desided awl bye hisself too rite yoo thiss perssonul lettur too protest yor aunty-gunn lejis — legiss — leggislay — lawrs wich yoo wantt too past inn yor Cungress theer. Aye wil nevvver voat four yoo aggen iff yoo doo!

Jak Jownes

Dear Mr. Jones:

You still don't get the idea! As I told you last month, you send these form pressure letters to your Congressman—not to me! I'm on YOUR side! And please check your spelling in the future. How do you expect your Congressman to believe that you are a gun-owner if you persist in spelling words like "protest" correctly?

\* \* \* \*

Dear B.B.:

This is the fifth time I've written to you, if you recall. And as I've told you, my Buddies and I have been playing "Russian Roulette" every night. Now out of an original group of 63, there are only four of us left alive. Doesn't this go against all odds? What have we been doing wrong?

Chance-Taker

Dear Chance-Taker:

If I told you ONCE, I told you a THOUSAND times! It's FIVE EMPTY CHAMBERS and ONE LOADED CHAMBER!! Got that? FIVE EMPTY and ONE LOADED! Not . . . oh, forget it!!

\* \* \* \*

Dear B.B.:

The other day, I accidentally dropped my loaded pistol on the floor. The gun discharged, killing my mother. What should I do!

Distraught

Dear Distraught:

I don't know what your Gun Religion is, but it is considered a sin among most Gun Denominations to drop a gun on the floor. I suggest you pick up the gun, kiss it, say a simple prayer, and fast for 14 days!

\* \* \* \*

Dear B.B.:

My six-year-old nephew was fooling around with my old Civil War pistol and he went ahead and shot his father and mother. What would you tell a kid who kills his parents with a Civil War pistol?

Wondering

Dear Wondering:

I'd tell him, "Kid, you're an orphan!"

\* \* \* \*

Dear B.B.:

That's an old joke!

Wondering

Dear Wondering:

That's okay! It was an old gun!

\* \* \* \*

Dear B.B.:

Do you think a Carbine loses respect for you if you try to kiss it on a first hunting date, and then tell all your shooter buddies about it?

Uncertain

Dear Uncertain:

There's nothing wrong with kissing a gun on a first date . . . as long as you don't shoot your mouth off!

\* \* \* \*



# Tracking The Wily English Sparrow Through Brush And Blind

*A Gritty Shooter Experiences The Thrill Of A Lifetime*



by George "Guts" Garfinkle

**L**ike most historic hunting days, this one started off dull and uneventful. My three buddies and I were tracking the upper reaches of Central Park in New York City. Things were slow, and we were in a sour mood. In fact, we'd hardly touched our booze. We'd been out for over an hour already, and we still had two whole fifths left in our 24-bottle case of Bourbon. So naturally, we were cold sober.

I'm not saying we hadn't bagged *anything*! Gus Dumbrill had picked off a Cyclist at 150 yards with his Remington 28, Hal Huffer had knocked off a 190-pound Nanny in the Children's Playground with his Ithica 49R, and Slim Fumpher had bagged an Ant with his 9D Combat Boot.

Suddenly, it began to rain. (I'd *told* Slim to step on Grasshoppers, not Ants . . . but would he listen?!) We'd just about decided to mark it off as one of those bad days, when my heart leaped into my throat. High in the air over the most impenetrable part of the Park, slightly south of 99th Street, I spied a covey of English Sparrows!

"English Sparrows!!" I shouted at the top of my voice through trembling lips.

"Where?" asked a tense Gus, his fingers closing on his trigger.

"Three fingers to the left of Mt. Sinai Hospital!" I hissed.

Almost immediately, we went into action. We wheeled our surplus 77mm. "Skysweeper" Anti-Aircraft Gun into position, adjusted the Radar and Computer Systems, and waited. Ten heart-stopping minutes later we fired . . . and a scream of joy erupted from the four of us simultaneously.

We'd bagged a record-breaking 4-ounce English Sparrow!

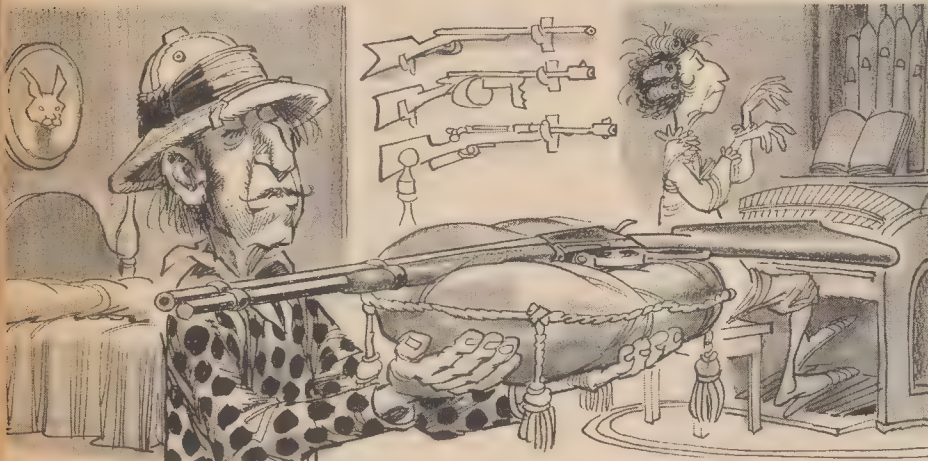
Now some of you shooters who have surplus 75 mm. "Skysweepers" of your own are probably curious as to how even so accurate a gun as that can knock down something as small as an English Sparrow. Well, the answer is simple. You have to keep cool and calm, you have to be patient, you have to set your Radar Tracking System exactly right, and—most important—you have to sprinkle a handful of crumbs on the rim of your "Skysweeper" barrel. Then, when the Sparrows alight to feed, you (*Continued on Page 86*)



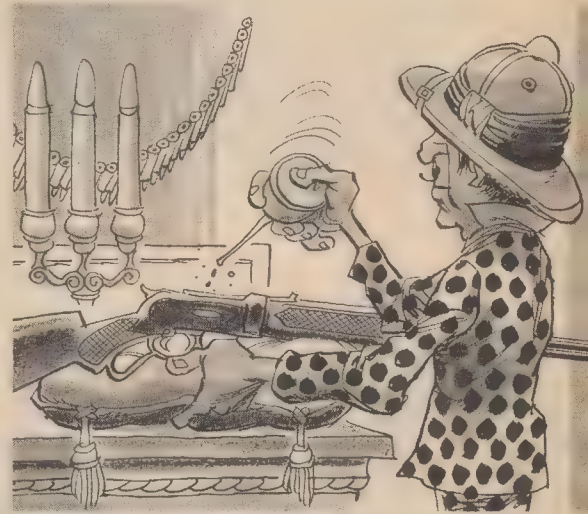
# The Evening Gun Ritual and Prayer

by The Rev. Billy Clubb, Religion Editor

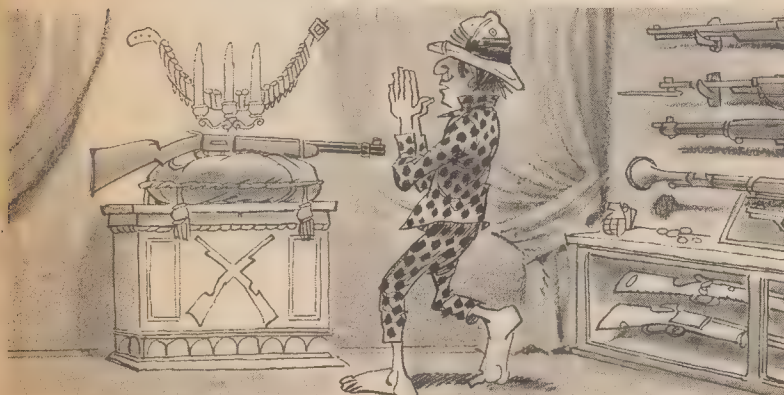
Many devout shooters have inquired about the proper way to pay devotion to their guns. So—I would like to begin this new Religious Series with “The Evening Gun Ritual and Prayer”.



While his wife plays the organ, the devout shooter in pith helmet and ceremonial pajamas places the sacred gun on a velvet pillow, with the stock facing the Springfield Rifle factory in the East, and the muzzle end of the barrel facing the Remington Arms Company plant in the West.



The revered gun is placed on bedroom altar and sprinkled with holy G66 oil.



As the shooter steps back from the altar, he must not turn his back on the Object of Adoration. This is a Sin, punishable by either Eternity in Purgatory, or—in extreme cases—by the appearance of a large pimple on the trigger finger.



The devout shooter then kneels, blows a devoted kiss in the direction of the trigger housing group, confesses his Gun Sins (cheating with another gun, failing to get drunk on a hunting trip, etc.) and then delivers this prayer.

My Gun is my Shepherd;  
I shall not want Targets.  
It maketh me to lie down in Green  
Pastures and blast Rabbits;  
It leadeth me besides the Still Waters  
where I pepper Mallard Ducks;  
It restoreth my Aim.  
It leadeth me along the Paths  
of Forests for my Game's scent.  
Yea, though I walk through the Valley  
of Deer, I will fear no Warden.

My Gun is with me;  
Its Telescopic Sight and its Sling,  
they comfort me;  
It anointeth my brain with Blood Lust;  
My Ammo Belt runneth over!  
Surely Pheasant and Woodchuck  
shall follow me all of the  
Hunting Trips of my Life,  
And I shall dwell in the  
Glory of the “Kill”—  
Forever!

NOTE: The preceding “Gun Ritual and Prayer” is aimed at members of the Orthodox Gun Religion. For Conservative and Reform members, wearing of the Pith Helmet is optional.

NEXT MONTH: “MORNING GUN DEVOTIONS” AND “THE PSALMS OF WINCHESTER”



# RANDOM SHOTS FROM A BIG BORE

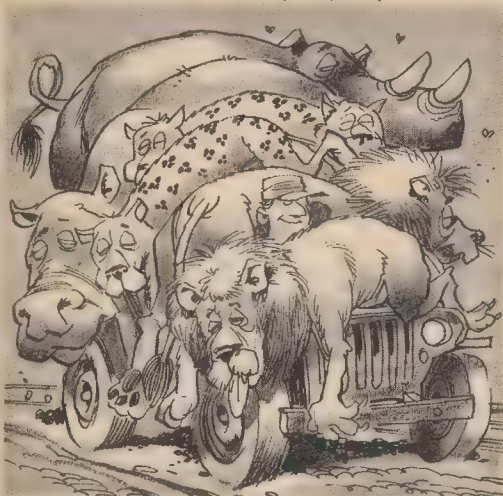
Explosive Gossip and Social Blasts From the World of Guns

by Steve "Pop" Emmoff



Tough luck about shooter Ed Constantine's wife and seven children being killed in an auto accident the other day. When Ed heard the terrible news, he observed a one minute pause from cleaning his guns... Did you hear what happened over at Cal Clumpett's house last night? When the woman on that TV Bad Breath Commercial confessed that her husband used to tell her she smelled like a moose, Cal instinctively grabbed his Remington and pumped three 30-30 slugs through the picture tube. Well, Cal, it could have been worse. Lucky you weren't watching your COLOR set!... They're still buzzing about the hilarious gift Red Finn gave Tim Vipple for his Surprise Birthday Hunting Party. It was a shotgun, with both barrels stuffed with rags. Tim would have been 38 years old!

\* \* \* \* \*



Big Game Hunter, Zeke Kitch, is shown here returning from his latest hunting expedition with 2 lions, 3 leopards, a rhino and a hippo... a record breaking bag for hunting at the San Diego Zoo! Next stop for Zeke: N.Y.'s Bronx Zoo.

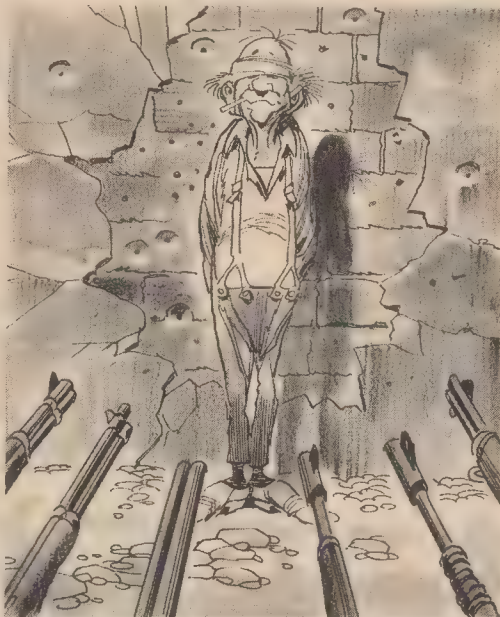
\* \* \* \* \*

**DUM-DUM OF THE MONTH:** Doctors are still probing for splinters lodged in shooter Will Shutch's spleen. Seems the duck he shot and ate last week turned out to be a decoy... The decision is in from the Coroner's Office: Hunter Iggy Trumble, who was found in his blind with 1,789 shotgun pellets in his body, died of "Natural Causes"! The Coroner's Office claims that for a hunter, *this is natural!*... How's this for howlarious switch? Prankster Mafiosa hood, Sal "Goo-Goo" Dambrosia, panicked a board meeting when he showed up with a gun case that had a *violin* inside. Honestly, Sal, can't you *ever* be serious?... All shooters are invited to the marriage of gun-collector Hi Rutebega in Lincoln, Nebraska, next month. It's a "Shotgun Wedding"! (Not that anybody's forcing Hi into taking the vows. He really *wants* to marry the shotgun!)

\* \* \* \* \*

**SOCIAL NOTE:** There are still a few tickets available for the National Gun Association Masquerade Dance in Washington, D.C. next month. It's for a worthy cause: to raise funds to help lower the minimum age of a Gun Owner to four! Fun-loving NGA President, Harry Gass, will come dressed as James Earl Ray... Disloyalty Department: Hunting buddies of Jock Uncas are still in shock from the terrible news that Jock committed suicide by leaping off a building two weeks ago. They can't understand why he didn't blow his brains out!... Close friends of hunter Richard Tibia are very worried about him. He hasn't shot or killed a single living thing in his house or in the woods for over a month now. Snap out of it, Dick!

\* \* \* \* \*



Hats off to the clever and unusual way the National Gun Association has devised to retire its old members.

\* \* \* \* \*

It's "Splitville" for shooters Roger and Muriel Floop. She gets custody of their Hunting Rifle Arsenal, but he's allowed to visit the bullets on Tuesdays and Week-ends... Dedicated hunter, Dave Schlepp, who firmly believes in shooting everything his family eats, was picked up in the A & P in Biloxi, Mississippi, last week after he'd blasted a head of cabbage and a box of Cheerios with his Purdey shotgun... Shooters are still chuckling over what happened in the North Woods this past week-end. After howling and cawing for two hours, expert Game-Caller, Rusty Gump, finally flushed out and killed a skinny little Fox. Punch Line: It turned out to be Leonard Fox, the Game Warden in those parts... **EARLY NEW YEAR'S EVE REMINDER TO ALL HUNTERS:** "If You're Not Drunk... Don't Shoot!"

## Passionate GUN-LOVE

Classified Ads

### LOST AND FOUND

**LOST,** an adorable brown and silver Hawes .22 revolver. Not worth much, but has great sentimental value. I killed my first wife with it on our 2nd Wedding Anniversary. Reward. H.W. Box 467

### PERSONALS

**BERNICE,** I am going out of my mind ever since you ran away from me and our three children with no clothes, no money, nothing but a loaded Luger in your purse. Please send the Luger back. I miss it terribly. Herbie.

### PUBLIC NOTICES

**MY COLT .45,** having left my bed and board for a Black Panther, I am no longer responsible for any injuries or deaths incurred by its bullets. HAROLD GLUGG.

### GUN-SITTING SERVICE

**GOING HUNTING** and worried about all the guns you'll be leaving behind? Mature, responsible woman will sit with your guns, walk them outside, sing lullabies to them, and change their oil while you're away. Kill with a free mind! W.R. Box 725

### BODY BUILDING

**DO YOU BLOW OFF FINGERS, TOES, ETC.,** while cleaning your guns? Don't throw them away! Middle-European Body-BUILDER will pay top prices for them. Am particularly interested in a Boris Karloff-type head and neck. Will supply my own bolts. Contact Dr. Frankenstein III, Box 836

### FUNERAL SERVICES

**EXPECT TO LOSE A LOVED ONE** from a hunting trip or gun-cleaning accident soon? Keep us in mind. We offer low rates and dignified services. Inquire about our special prices for stuffing his head and mounting it on a plaque for hanging on the wall of his old trophy room. Finster Funeral Directors and Taxidermists, Box 925

### PHOTO SERVICES

**CAPTURE MEMORABLE MOMENTS FOREVER.** We make high-quality enlargements and wallet-size photos of all your guns and killing devices. We also restore and re-touch old prints depicting milestones in your life, like your first Zip Gun, the Liver of your first Elk, etc. Write PEUQUE PICS, Box 184

### PUBLISHERS ANNOUNCEMENT

**HEY, SHOOTERS!** Interested in reading a whale of a book? Former Ace Hunter, Dabney Fluttle, who has been a basket case at Good Samaritan Hospital ever since a Buffalo Gun blew up in his hands, has just dictated a humdinger of an autobiography. It's called "A Farewell To Arms... And Legs"... and it's on sale now at all Guns and Ammo Stores.

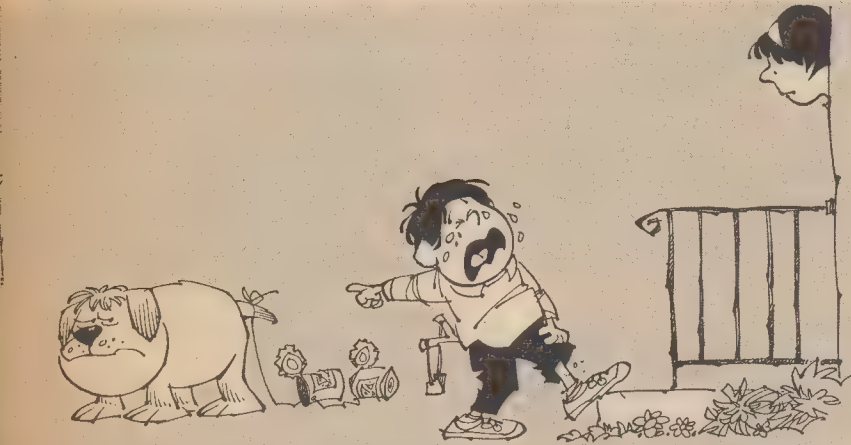


**MONGREL HORDES DEPT.**

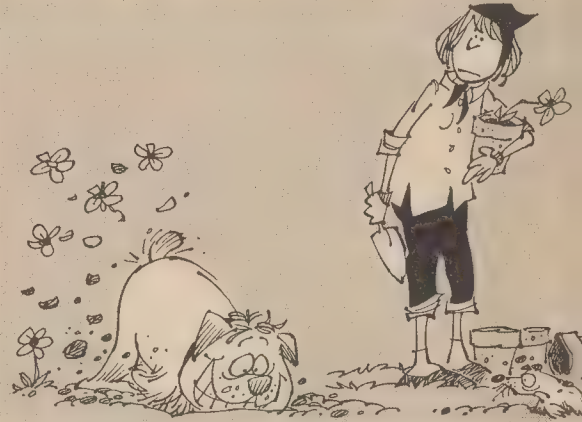
As you drive through a clean, modern, manicured, safe suburb today, it's hard to imagine that our ancestors had to cope with wild, vicious animals on that very same ground. No, we're not talking about wolves and grizzly bears! We're talking about DOGS! And we're

# A NOSTALGIC

ARTIST: PAUL COKER, JR.



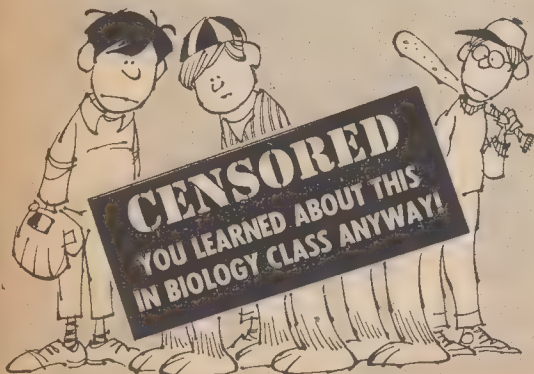
No kid ever grew up without being bitten at least once by a mean dog.



No flower garden or vegetable patch was ever safe



No neighborhood cat ever got fat and lazy! And the Postmen, Milkmen and Delivery Boys were kept in pretty good shape, too!



64 No sex education in school was necessary!



Nobody ever got less than 3 bases on a ball hit to wherever a dog was waiting



not talking about "French Poodle-type" dogs, either! We're talking about plain old "Mutt-type" dogs! Yep, back in those B. L. L. ( Before Leash Laws ) days, family dogs were allowed to run loose, creating all kinds of havoc, as you will soon see when MAD takes . . .



# LOOK AT DOGS

WRITER: DEAN NORMAN



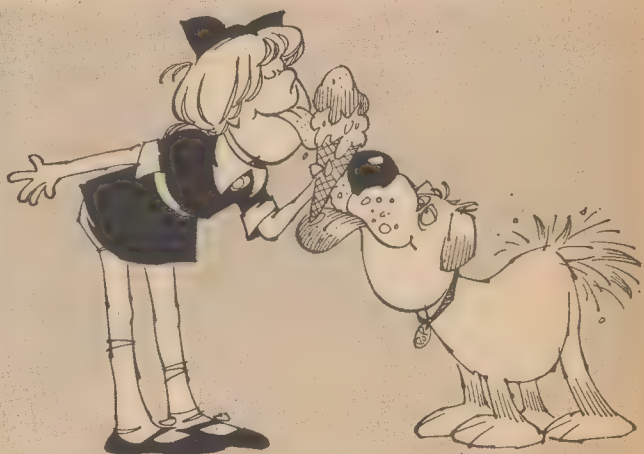
No newly-planted tree or shrub was ever safe, either!



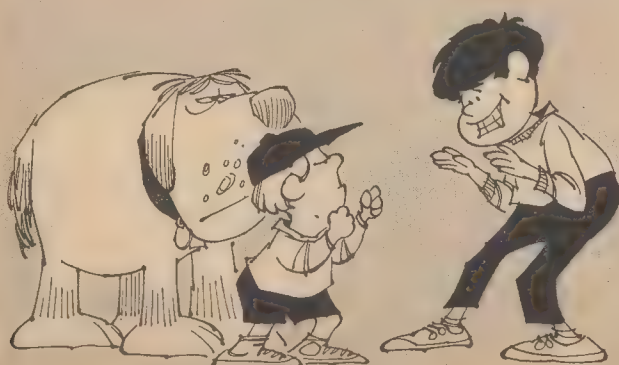
Nobody ever ran for a touchdown unless he was faster than the dog.



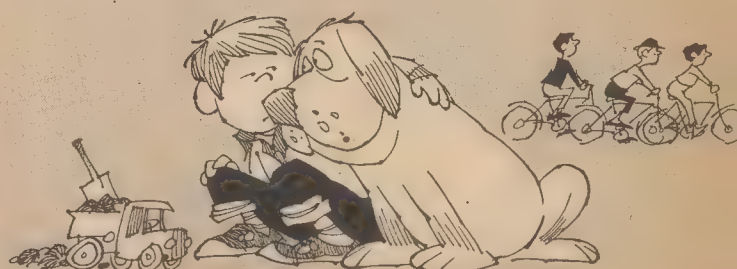
No one ever got to read his Sunday Paper after 9:00 A.M.!



Not a single drop of an ice cream cone was ever wasted!



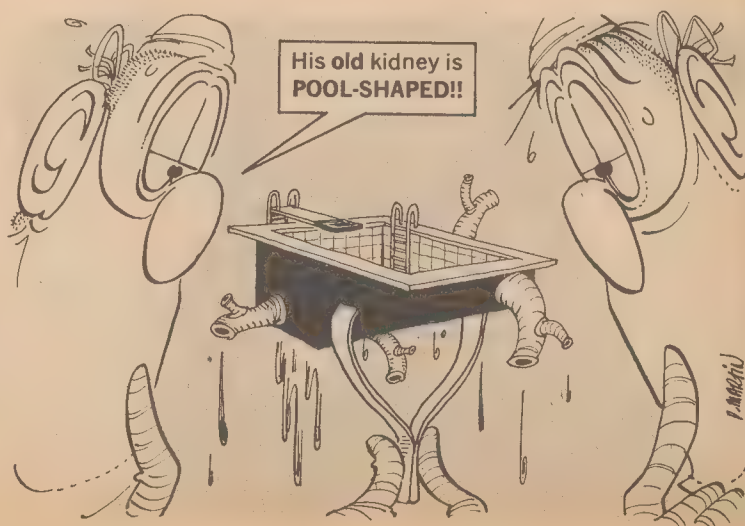
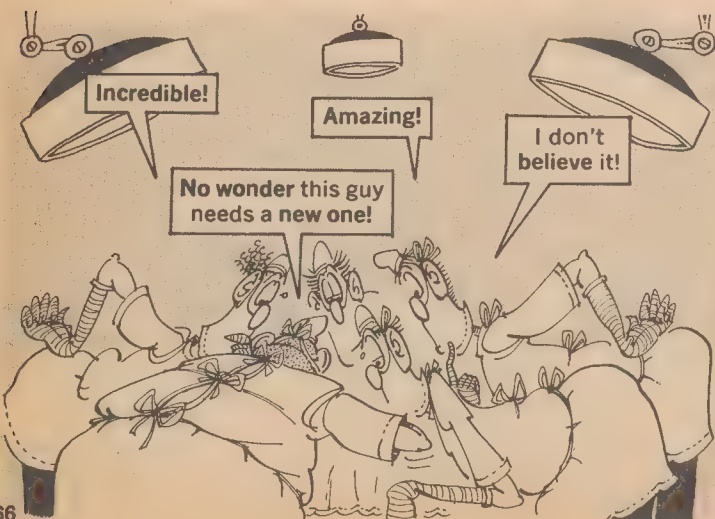
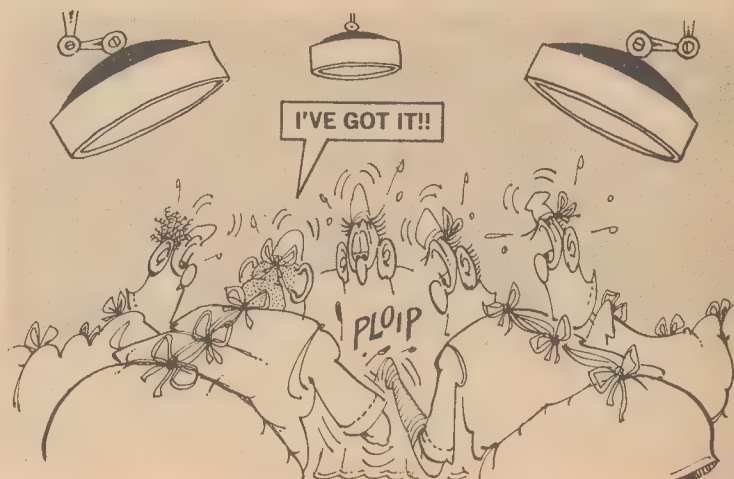
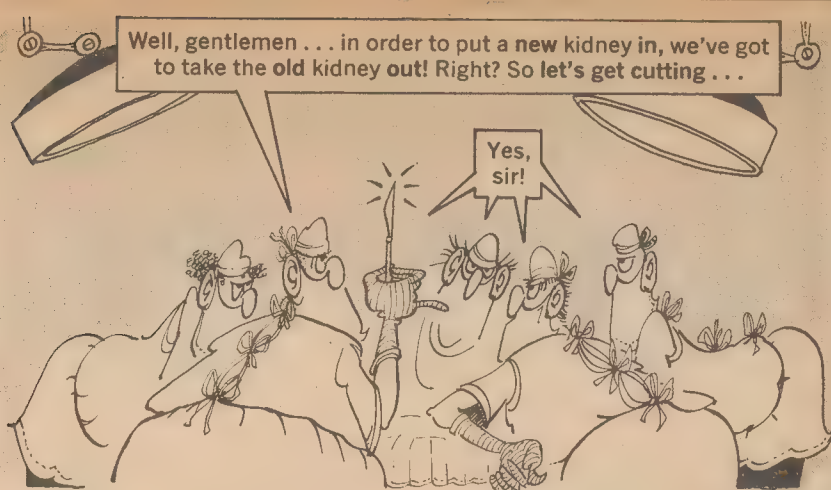
No little kid who owned a big dog ever lost a fight!



No kid ever had to play alone when his friends were mad at him.



# THE KIDNEY TRANSPLANT





Once upon a time, Jack Webb brought the excitement of "Crime-Fighting" to the home TV screen with his "Dragnet" series. Nowadays, in a kind of switcheroo, Jack Webb is responsible for *creating* the "Crime" . . . namely, his new weekly series, "Adam-12". Instead of being another kind of exciting "Crime-Fighting" show, the premise of this series is that cops on patrol don't really experience gun fights and hold-ups and killings and riots and great stuff like that every day. No, sometimes they have dull days. And other times they have really dull days. You'll see what we mean in this MAD version of . . .

# BOREDOM-12

Boredom-12 . . . Attention, Boredom-12! A 415, Man with a gun! Also a 458 . . . Gang riot with chains! A 458 . . . Gang riot with chains! Also, a possible 703 . . . Arson and Murder! A possible 703 . . . Arson and Murder! Come in, Boredom-12 . . .

Boredom-12, here! We're on our way! Which call do you want us to handle?

Check report of double-parked car on Finster Street, near the corner of Goomba Avenue!

Gee . . . what about all those other wild things you mentioned? The guy with the gun? The gang riot with chains? The arson and murder . . . ?

Ahh, I just made those things up to add a little excitement to your lives!

Yeah? Well, it's pretty funny . . . especially since you just gave Dullboy, here, a heart attack!

A heart attack?! Are you kidding??

Sure! I just made that up to add a little excitement to YOUR life, too!

ARTIST: MORT DRUCKER WRITER: DICK DE BARTOLO

Why do we always get such dull things to do?

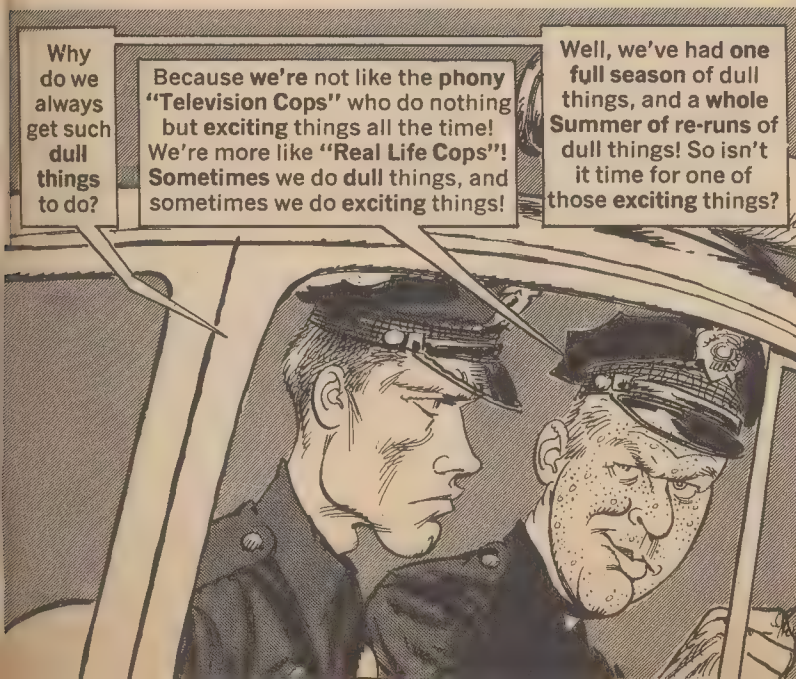
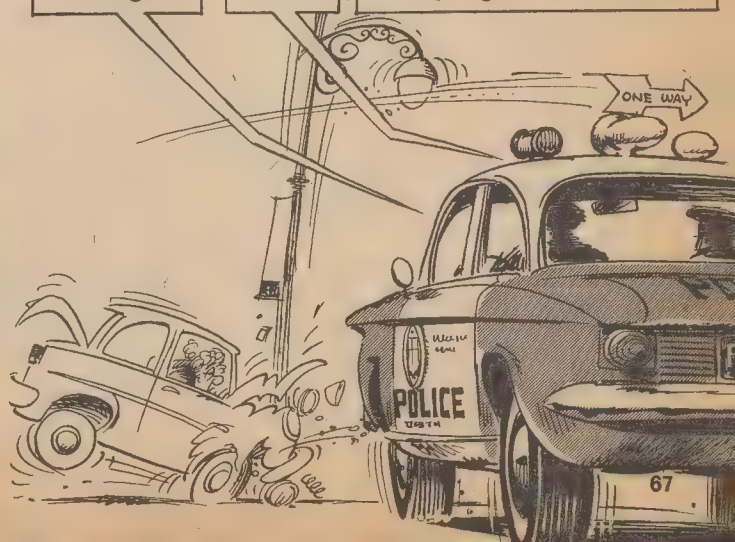
Because we're not like the phony "Television Cops" who do nothing but exciting things all the time! We're more like "Real Life Cops"! Sometimes we do dull things, and sometimes we do exciting things!

Well, we've had one full season of dull things, and a whole Summer of re-runs of dull things! So isn't it time for one of those exciting things?

What about that murder you prevented last night?

Murder?! WHAT murder?

Don't you remember? Your wife said if you weren't home by Midnight, she'd KILL YOU . . . and you got home at 11:59!





Here's Finster and Goomba . . . and there it is!! An actual double-parked car!

I'll handle this . . . the fiend!!

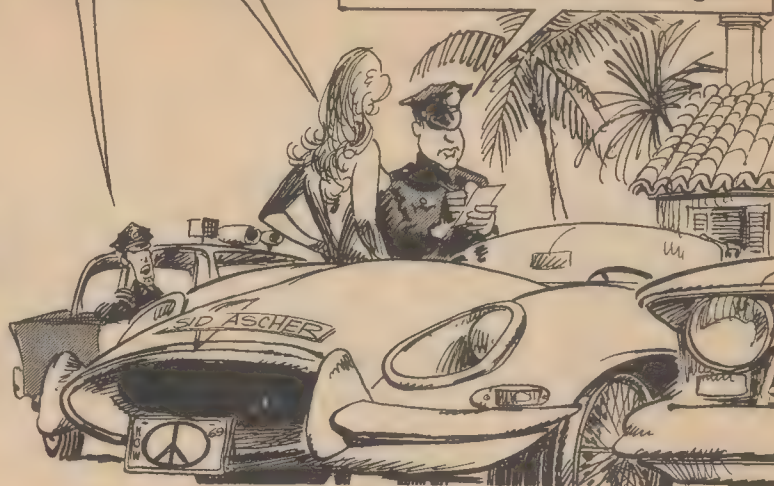
Put your gun away! Do you want to get oil stains on the upholstery?

Besides, it's my turn to go into action today! You helped that little old lady get her dime out of the sewer yesterday—remember?

Yeah, but you cleaned it off!!

Officer! You're not giving me a ticket just for double-parking?!

We've got to draw a line with you punks somewhere! If I let you double-park today, tomorrow you'll triple-park! And then, someday, you'll be quadruple-parking . . . so it's for your own good!



You don't **REALLY** have to give me a ticket, do you, handsome?

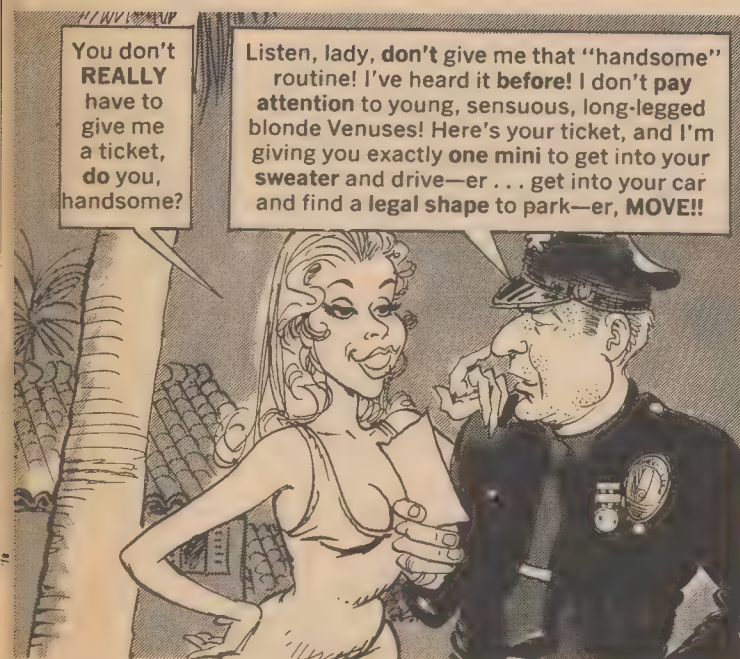
Listen, lady, don't give me that "handsome" routine! I've heard it **before**! I don't pay attention to young, sensuous, long-legged blonde Venuses! Here's your ticket, and I'm giving you exactly one mini to get into your sweater and drive—er . . . get into your car and find a legal shape to park—er, **MOVE!!**

Well? Did you give her a ticket?

Yep! The Law is the Law! There are no exceptions! Er . . . could you lend me \$25.00 till payday?

Sure! Er . . . how come \$25.00 when the fine is only \$15.00?

I gave her \$10.00 extra to make up for pay she'll lose going down to Traffic Court!



What'll we do now?

Just ride around until we're needed!

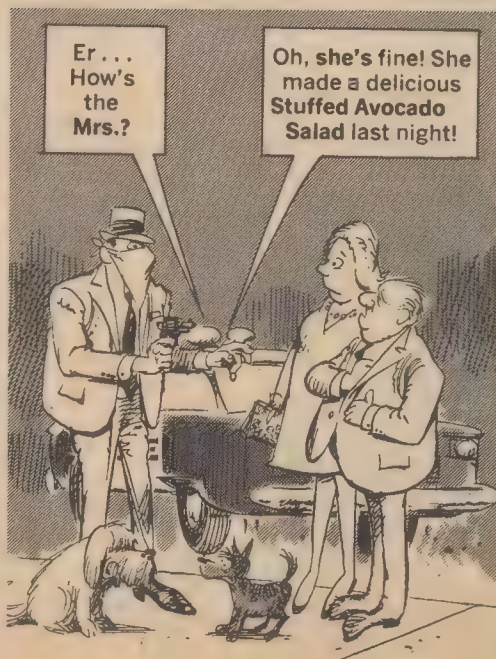
Gee, do we have that much GAS?

Er . . . How's the Mrs.?

Oh, she's fine! She made a delicious Stuffed Avocado Salad last night!

Boy, that sounds exciting! But it must be a lot of trouble to make!

Nahh! You just cut an avocado in half and remove the seed!





Then, you stuff it  
with diced oranges and  
grapefruit sections ...

... and top it  
off with some  
Chutney Dressing!

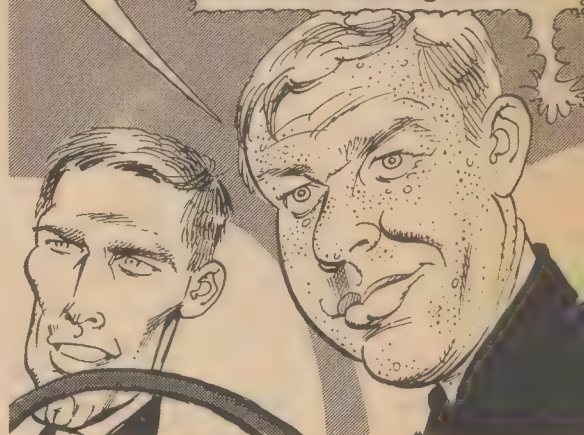
Wow! I've got to  
try that! I'm so  
tired of making  
Oysters Louisiane!

Oh? How  
do you  
make  
that?

Well ...  
first, I  
usually  
parboil  
a quart  
of oysters,  
and then—

Boredom—12! Come in, Boredom—12!  
Possible suicide at 375 Park ...  
Possible suicide at 375 Park ...  
Please investigate immediately!

Also ... try your Avocado Salad  
with French Dressing! Delicious!



Hey, I  
think  
375 Park  
is the  
other way!

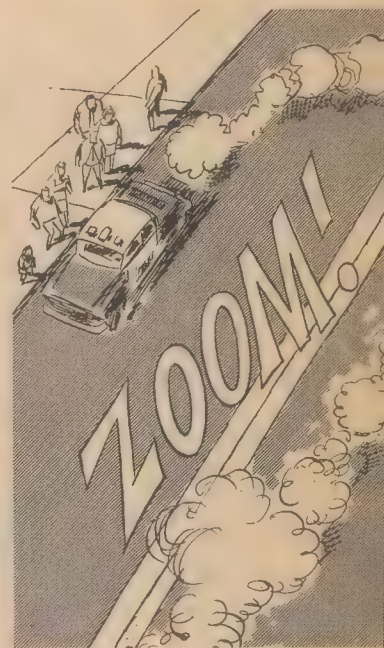
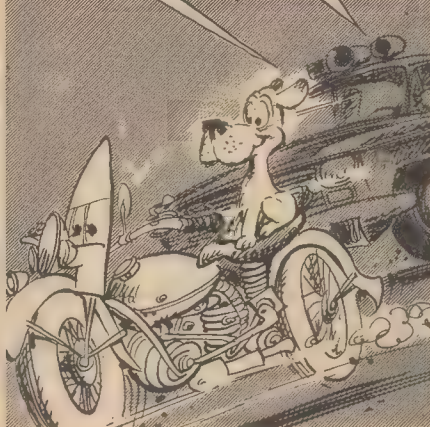
Oh, I thought we  
were going to your  
house for Avocado  
Salad first!

What  
about the  
suicide  
victim?

Wouldn't your  
wife object  
if you bring  
home a total  
stranger?

I know you've been  
on the force for  
eight years longer  
than I have, but I  
really think we  
should go to  
375 Park first!

Aw ... okay!  
But I can't  
wait for the  
day when you  
stop being an  
over-anxious  
Rookie!



Hey,  
Dullboy!  
What's  
your  
home  
address?

What do want  
my home address for?

I'm giving you a  
ticket for making  
an illegal U-Turn!

But I'm a COP!

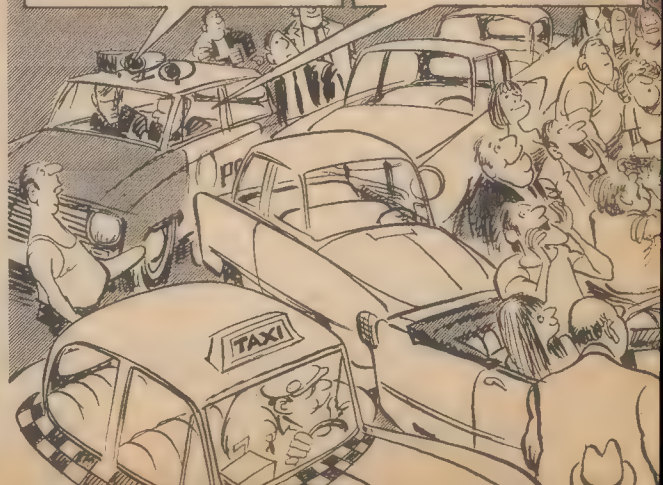
The Law is the  
Law! There are  
no exceptions!  
Remember ... ?

Okay, wise guy!  
You've given me a  
ticket for a "U-Turn"  
... but you've also  
lost a recipe for  
Oysters Louisiane!



Here's 375 Park ... and  
look at that crowd! Hey,  
there's a guy up on a  
ledge, ready to jump!  
Gee ... is this what a  
real emergency looks like?

This is it! Get out and  
see what you can do! I'll  
look for a parking space!  
I'd double-park, but I'm  
afraid you'd give me  
another ticket!





Excuse me, Ma'am, but did you call for a Policeman?

Yes . . . but you'll do! It's my husband! He's out there on the ledge! He refuses to come in, and his Beef Stroganoff is getting cold!



Beef Stroganoff, eh? Do you use sliced sirloin or sliced eye round when you make your Beef Stroganoff?

Depends! If I'm expecting company, I get sliced sirloin! But for just us two, eye round is good enough! Listen, if he should jump, you'll stay for dinner? I'd hate to see my Beef Stroganoff go to waste!



Don't tempt me! It smells so delicious, I may go out there and PUSH your husband off that ledge!

Hey, you're funny! You're not like those cops on TV at all!

We try to be very real, Ma'am! Wanna see my imitation of a drunk?



'Onish, ossifer! Nobuddy wuz drivin'! We wuz all inna back, shingin' . . .

Mildred! I'm going to jump now! Come to the window so I can say "Goodbye"!

Just a minute, pest! I'm busy right now!



Go ahead! You were doing your drunk imitation!

I'll do it for you later! I'd better see your husband first!

It won't do any good! He hates imitations!

Well, maybe I can talk him out of jumping! What do you call him?

"Meathead" or "Dummy"? You can take your choice!



Hey, "Meathead-or-Dummy-you-can-take-your-choice"! . . .

Why would a nice guy like you want to kill yourself?

What's there to live for? Work is hard! Pay is low! Taxes are high! Politicians are crooked! Morality is crumbling! God is dead! And the world is about to explode in an Atomic War!!

Is there room on that ledge for me? Move over and we'll jump together!

Keep away from me, Copper!!



What in heck are you two doing out on that ledge?

Committing suicide!

Suicide is a chicken's way out!

Boy . . . am I glad you reminded me! I can't jump! My wife's making Chicken Divan this Sunday, and I'd miss it! But what about him?





I dunno!  
Maybe he  
doesn't like  
Chicken Divan!

What's his  
name? I'll talk  
to him!

His  
name is  
"Meathead  
-or-Dummy-  
you-can-  
take-your-  
-choice"!

Boy,  
that's a  
pretty  
long name!  
I'll just  
shorten it!  
**HEY,  
MEATHEAD!**

Listen to me, Meathead! If  
you jump, your life is all  
over! It's gone beyond  
recall...lost forever! But  
if you give up this suicide  
idea...if you decide to  
live, you can start your life  
anew! Begin it again!  
Nothing is permanent!  
Nothing is forever!

Consider me  
your friend,  
Meathead!  
Suppose I  
wasn't a cop!  
Suppose  
I wasn't  
wearing this  
uniform...

I'd give  
him  
a  
ticket  
for  
"Indecent  
Exposure"!

Will you shut up  
and beat it!

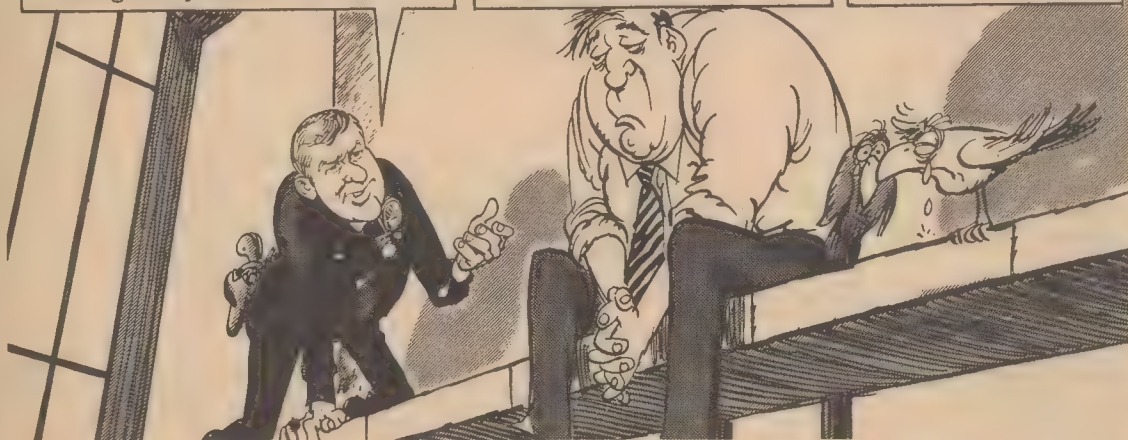
I know I'm just a cop,  
Meathead! But I'm also  
a Human Being! And  
I care! I care if another  
Human Being like you  
lives or dies!



And my partner cares, too, Meathead!  
Because he's a Human Being! We're a  
team! We work together... just like  
all Human Beings should be working  
together, caring whether other Human  
Beings like you live... or die...

Because that's what life is  
all about, Meathead! Caring  
about other Human Beings who  
care about you! Giving love  
and receiving love! Loving  
one another and being happy!

Life can be beautiful,  
Meathead! There's a  
great big wonderful  
world out there... full  
of apple pie, and flags,  
and mother... and love!



Call a hospital!  
Get a stretcher!  
He's in bad shape!

He... he  
jumped?!

No... wise  
guy... he  
didn't jump!

I almost bored him to death!





Hey, Pro Football fans! Here is a fictionalized "MAD" look at what we'd probably find if we were to make a quick pass through the contents of...

# JOE NAMATH'S WALLET

WRITER: ARNIE KOG

## Sports Illustrated

TIME-LIFE BUILDING NEW YORK, N.Y.

Mr. Joe Namath  
New York Jets  
Shea Stadium, N.Y.

Dear Mr. Namath:

We are in the process of compiling a collection of "Famous Quotations by Sports Immortals" which embody their playing philosophies. Included will be such great statements as:

"Win one for the Gipper!".....Knute Rockne  
"The bigger they are,  
the harder they fall!".....Jack Dempsey  
"This home run's for you, kid!".....Lou Gehrig  
"Me and my brother will win sixty!"....Dizzy Dean  
"I know I can make it  
in the big leagues!".....Jackie Robinson  
"Count on me--he won't last three!"...Muhammad Ali

It is our understanding that you were recently quoted as saying:

"Get all the money you can--while you can!"

Is this true?

Does this express your playing philosophy?

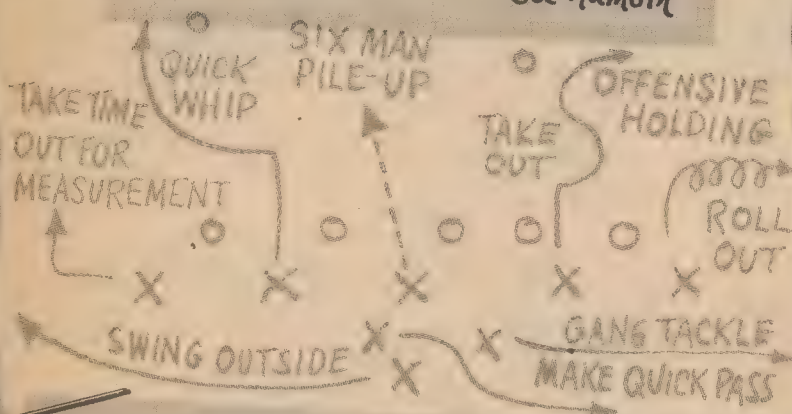
Yours truly,

*Agatha Wormley*  
Agatha Wormley  
Research Department

Dear Miss Wormley:

How much will you pay me if I tell you?

Joe Namath



Joe: Found this diagram outside your locker. Don't seem to recognize the play. Is this a new plan for the Oakland game Sunday? Babe Parilli

Babe: To tell you the truth, I hadn't given much thought to the Oakland game Sunday. This is a plan for an ORGY on Saturday!!  
Joe Namath

Minse. Limpwyrst & Strange  
Beauty Parlor Supplies Cherry Grove, N.Y.

Mr. Joe Namath  
The New York Jets  
Shea Stadium, N.Y.

Dear Mr. Namath:

We are in receipt of your letter, and we can certainly understand your problem. We can't think of anything more horrible than getting your hair styled at the Barber Shop and then having to rush to the stadium for a rough and tumble football game.

However, much as we'd like to help you and satisfy your request, we simply cannot see our way clear to develop a "combination hair-dryer and football helmet." The very limited demand for such an item would not justify the cost.

May we offer another solution: style your hair the way Y. A. Tittle used to do.

Truly, truly yours,

*Walker Minse*  
Walker Minse  
President

## NEW YORK JETS

SHEA STADIUM, NEW YORK

A PERSONAL MEMO FROM COACH WEBB EWBANK

TO Joe Namath

Joe:

During the past few games, I've noticed that you've been using a strange new play that the boys tell me you call "The Statutory of Libertine"...the one where you step back into the pocket, fake a pass to the deep end, run to the sidelines, and hurl yourself on one of the "Pom-Pom Girls".

This play does not seem to be gaining much yardage for us, and only serves to cause confusion among the Officials, not to mention the girls. So, in the future, will you please stick to the conventional book plays that we've practiced!

*Webb*

SURE-FIRE MAKE-OUT LINES (To use in 2nd-Ave. Bars)

HI, BABY! WANNA FEEL MY TORN CARTILAGE?! —  
EASY, HONEY! NOT THERE! THAT'S WHERE HE GRABBED MY FACE MASK!  
SAY- DIDN'T I SEE YOU IN FRIDAY'S LAST THURSDAY?  
SAY- DIDN'T I SEE YOU IN THURSDAY'S LAST FRIDAY?  
PLAY YOUR CARDS RIGHT, KID, AND YOU'LL FIND OUT HOW IT FEELS TO OWN A MINK COAT... BECAUSE I JUST MAY LET YOU WEAR MINE HOME TO YOUR PLACE!!  
MY COACH DOES'NT UNDERSTAND ME!!  
GIRLS ARE LIKE FOOTBALLS... SOFT TO TOUCH, YET MADE TO BE KICKED AROUND!  
LISTEN HONEY, ONCE I START A PASS, I COMPLETE IT.



# IDENTIFICATION

NAME JOE NAMATH  
 ADDRESS SHEA STADIUM, NEW YORK CITY  
 OCCUPATION N.Y. JETS QUARTERBACK, MOVIE STAR,  
TV COMMERCIAL STAR, BARTENDER, DISCOQUE OWNER,  
SWINGER, AND RACING CAR DRIVER (NOT INTENTIONALLY)  
 DISTINGUISHING MARKS OR FEATURES EDMUND HILL  
BEARD, TORN KNEE CARTILAGE & ASSORTED HICKIES



## NEW YORK JETS

SHEA STADIUM, NEW YORK  
 A PERSONAL MEMO FROM OWNER PHIL ISELIN

TO Joe Namath

I have taken the liberty of having 1200 copies of the enclosed form printed up in order to cut through the red tape and speed up the paper work when trouble occurs in the future. Please carry at least one copy with you at all times.

*Phil*

## NEW YORK JETS

SHEA STADIUM, NEW YORK

Chief of Police

City of.....

State of .....

Dear Chief .....

I understand that on ....., 19....., in the City of .....  
 in the State of ....., one of our New York Jet football players, Joe Namath, was arrested for:

- |   |  |
|---|--|
| <input type="checkbox"/> Getting into a barroom brawl | <input type="checkbox"/> Driving while intoxicated   |
| <input type="checkbox"/> Cursing a Police Officer     | <input type="checkbox"/> Getting a girl into trouble |
| <input type="checkbox"/> Roughing up a reporter       | <input type="checkbox"/> All five of the above       |

If you will call me at the New York Jets' offices, we will be most happy to discuss this problem with you and attempt to settle the matter out of court.

Sincerely yours, *Philip Iselin*

Philip Iselin, Owner

Dear Joe:-

I am 16 years old and a big fan of yours. You are my idol. When I grow up, I want to be a Pro-Football Star just like you. I am currently the Quarterback for my High School team. I am 6 feet tall, weigh 175 pounds, eat 3 square meals a day, drink plenty of milk, get lots of fresh air and exercise, run errands for my Mom after school, go to bed early, and stay away from girls. What do you think my chances are?

Your fan,  
*Jeff Atkins.*

Dear Jeff:

I think you're sick! Your chances are terrible! Better forget about becoming a Pro Football Star. You'll never make it! In fact, it's your kind that gives this great American Sport a Bad Name!

*Joe Namath*

## Wheaties Sports Federation.

Battle Creek, Michigan U.S.A.

Mr. Joe Namath  
 N.Y. Jets  
 Shea Stadium, N.Y.

Dear Mr. Namath:

Thank you for your suggestion for a new "Joe Namath" way of preparing our breakfast cereal. We agree that your name would lend a certain prestige to our product.

However, we do not feel that Wheaties mixed with a "heaping bowlful of three parts Gin and one part Vermouth, topped off with your favorite Olive or Onion" is our idea of a Breakfast of Champions.

Thank you for your interest.

Yours for better health,

*Bob Richards*

Bob Richards, Director

## Office of the Commissioner American League Football

Dear Joe:

Although you have agreed to give up your interest in the bar, "Bachelors Three", there are still persistent rumors around that you have not given up your relationships with unsavory characters.

What proof can you offer me that you are no longer associating with gamblers and bookies?

Yours truly,

*Pete Rozelle*

Pete Rozelle  
 Commissioner

Dear Mr. Rozelle:-

I'll lay you 8 to 5 I'm not!!  
*Joe Namath*



# SELF-DEFENSE FOR LITTLE OLD LADIES

HOW TO WHIP  
THAT YOUNG  
WHIPPERSNAPPER

Seven Defense Devices  
You Can Hide In Your  
Orthopedic Shoes

HOW TO KNIT A  
20-POUND CHAIN  
INTO YOUR SHAWL

A Concealed Hat Pin:  
Your Most Cherished  
Defense Weapon

HOW TO BITE A  
MUGGER WITHOUT  
LEAVING YOUR  
FALSE TEETH  
IN HIS ARM

Build Your Own  
Bullet-Proof Corset

18 TERRIBLE THINGS  
YOU CAN DO WITH  
AN UMBRELLA



HITTING BELOW THE BLACK BELT DEPT.

TODAY, MORE THAN EVER BEFORE, PEOPLE ARE INTERESTED IN LEARNING TO DEFEND THEMSELVES. IF YOU'RE LIKE THE REST OF US, YOU PROBABLY HAVE SOME BIG LUG WHO'S ALWAYS BULLYING YOU. WELL, ISN'T IT TIME YOU STOOD UP TO YOUR WIFE? THERE ARE DOZENS OF BOOKS ON THE MARKET

# MORE SPE SELF-DEFE



ARTIST: JOE ORLANDO

# Self-Defense For POLICEMEN

\*\*\*  
12 WAYS TO STOP A CRIMINAL  
WITH JUST ONE FINGER  
(Your Trigger Finger)

\*\*\*  
HOW TO DEFEND YOURSELF  
AGAINST ONE ATTACKER

\*\*\*  
How To Defend Yourself  
Against One Attacker With  
A Crowd Of 500 Watching

\*\*\*  
HOW TO DEFEND YOURSELF  
AGAINST 501 ATTACKERS

\*\*\*  
The Only Sure Way To Avoid  
A Riot: GO OFF DUTY!

\*\*\*  
18 WAYS TO DEFEND  
YOURSELF AGAINST  
AN IRATE LITTLE OLD  
LADY WITH AN UMBRELLA



# Self-Defense For TEENY-BOPPERS

IF A THUG GRABS FOR  
YOUR PURSE... LET  
HIM HAVE IT!  
(He Deserves The Hernia)

□□□□  
How To Defend Yourself  
Against Your Boyfriend  
... Or An Octopus

□□□□  
TEN THINGS TO SAY  
TO FRESH GUYS WHO  
WHISTLE AT YOU

□□□□  
15 Streets Where You  
Can Find Fresh Guys  
To Whistle At You

□□□□  
GET THE EFFECT OF  
BRASS KNUCKLES WITH  
4 FRIENDSHIP RINGS

□□□□  
How To Hide A Mini-Knife  
Under Your Mini-Skirt

□□□□  
THE BEST DEFENSE:  
RUN FASTER THAN  
YOUR NYLONS





DEALING WITH SELF-DEFENSE. MANY OF THEM ARE EVEN BROKEN DOWN INTO CATEGORIES, SUCH AS "SELF-DEFENSE FOR MEN", "SELF-DEFENSE FOR WOMEN", "SELF-DEFENSE FOR BOYS", AND SO ON. WELL, MAD WOULD LIKE TO ADD TO THIS RIDICULOUS COLLECTION OF "SELF-DEFENSE BOOKS" WITH

# SPECIALIZED SELF-DEFENSE BOOKS



WRITER: DICK DE BARTOLO

## Self-Defense For TINY TOTS

IT'S YOUR ICE CREAM—DEFEND IT!  
A Collection Of Punches & Blocks  
That Only Use Your Free Hand

CONVERT YOUR CAP PISTOL  
INTO THE REAL THING

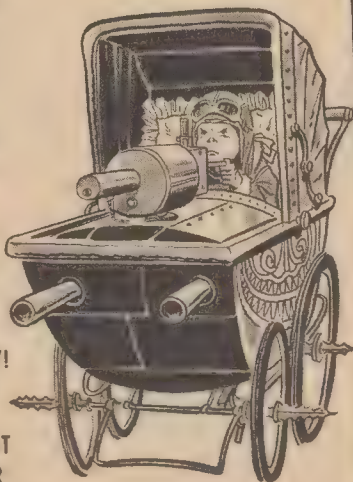
Seven Self-Defense Methods  
You Can Practice On Your  
Barbie Doll

BITE SCRATCH AND KICK!  
You're A Kid, And You're  
Not Expected To Fight Fair!

ALWAYS CARRY EXTRA CANDY!  
Every Bully Has His Price!

CONVINCING YOUR ASSAILANT  
YOU'VE GOT A BIG BROTHER

When All Else Fails . . . Cry!



## Self-Defense For HOUSEWIVES



HOW TO GIVE A GOOD KARATE CHOP TO A  
BUTCHER WHO GAVE YOU A BAD PORK CHOP

Sex Appeal: Your Most Valuable Weapon For  
Avoiding A Traffic Ticket

HOW TO AVOID A TRAFFIC TICKET ...  
AND A MORALS CHARGE

Self Defense Against White Tornadoes, Giants In  
Washers, Witches, Flying Maids, White Knights  
and Gabby Lady Plumbers



## Self-Defense For ANIMAL LOVERS

HOW TO EAT A STEAK DINNER  
SAFELY WHEN YOU OWN  
THREE DOBERMAN PINSCHERS

4 Effective Judo Holds  
You Can Use On A  
Depraved Parakeet

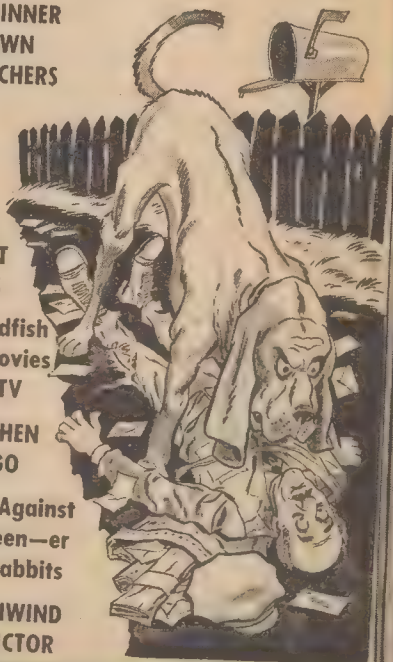
BEING ATTACKED BY A  
LAUGHING HYENA IS NOT  
AS FUNNY AS IT SOUNDS

How To Deal With A Goldfish  
Who's Been Watching Movies  
About Barracudas On TV

PUTTING THE CAT OUT WHEN  
HE DOESN'T WANT TO GO

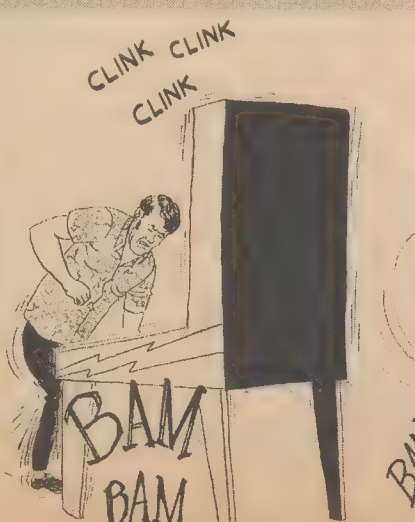
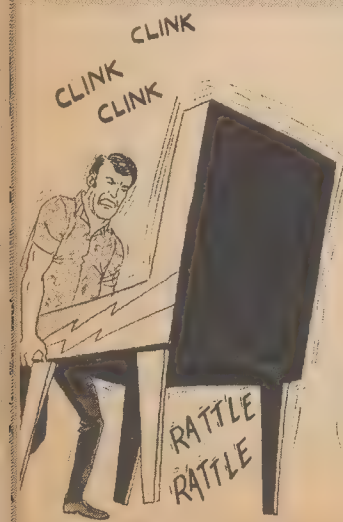
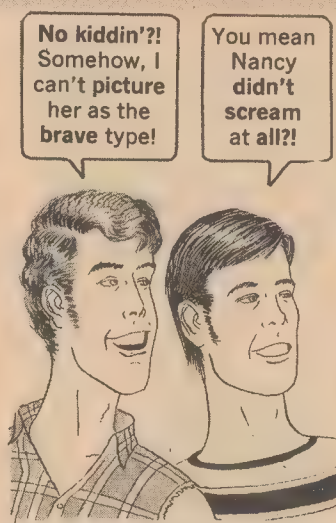
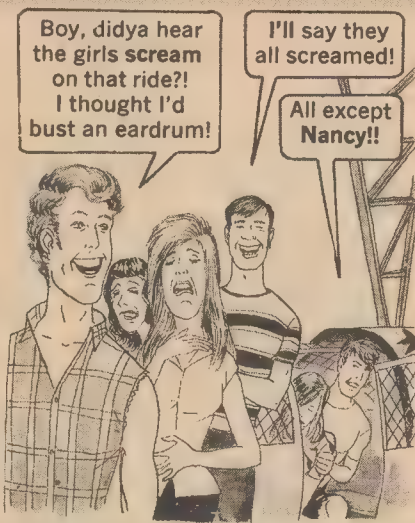
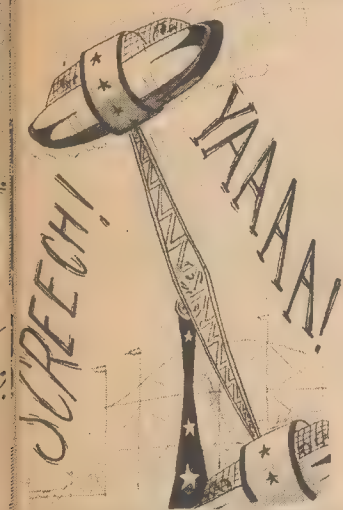
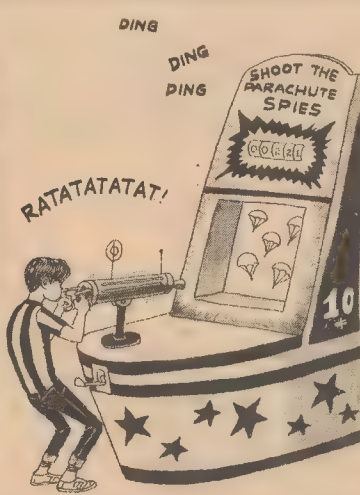
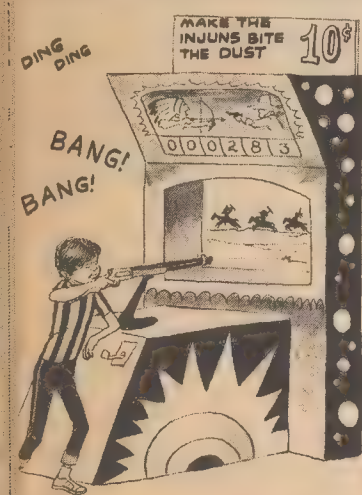
How To Defend Yourself Against  
Two—er—Six—er—Eighteen—er  
—Seventy-Two—Crazed Rabbits

7 WAYS TO RELAX AND UNWIND  
A NERVOUS BOA CONSTRICTOR

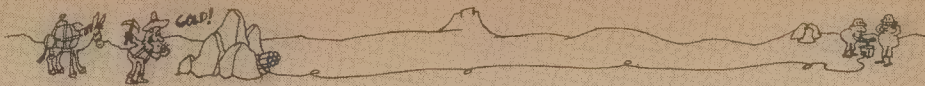




# THE LIGHTER SIDE OF... AMUSE



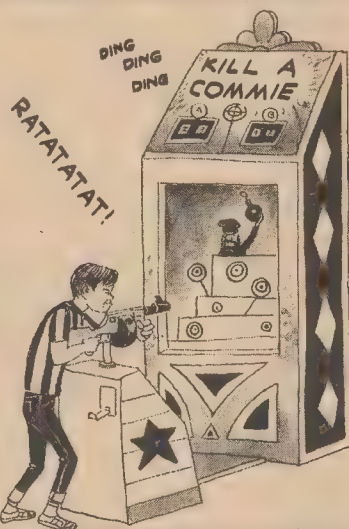
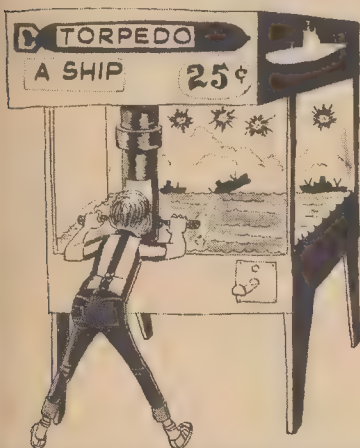




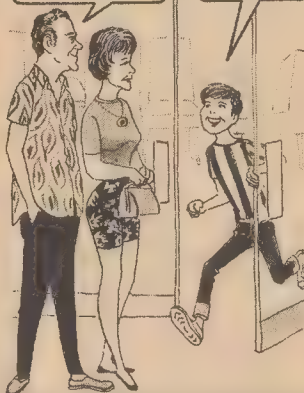
# AMUSEMENT PARKS

ARTIST & WRITER: DAVE BERG

BOOM!



Well, Ronnie, did you enjoy the Penny Arcade!



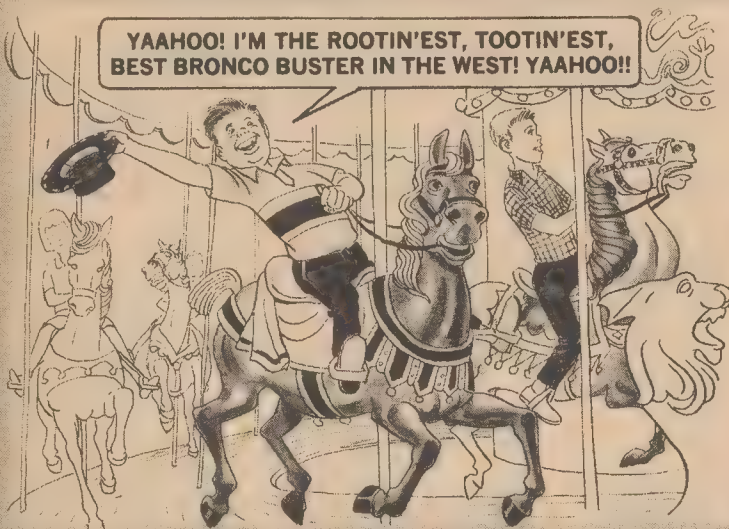
I had the greatest time of my life!

See? I told you he'd enjoy coming to an Amusement Park!

At least we got him away from all that violence on TV for a while!



YAAHOO! I'M THE ROOTIN'EST, TOOTIN'EST, BEST BRONCO BUSTER IN THE WEST! YAAHOO!!



Boy, that was fun!



Then let's go on the Pony Ride next!

Not me!! Horses scare the heck out of me!



The "Tilt" sign keeps lighting up!



How about a beer?



I better not! I'm driving!





Here, Hon—take a picture of us while I go with Mitchy on the Choo-Choo Train!

You egomaniac! You'll do anything to have your picture taken!

No, you're wrong! I'll do anything to get a ride on a Choo-Choo Train!

Well, I like riding on a Choo-Choo Train, too! So I'll go with Mitchy, and you take the picture!

Tell you what—we'll both go on the Choo-Choo Train!

B-but . . . who's gonna take the picture?



Daddy, I wanna make a Spin-Art Picture!

What's a Spin-Art Picture?

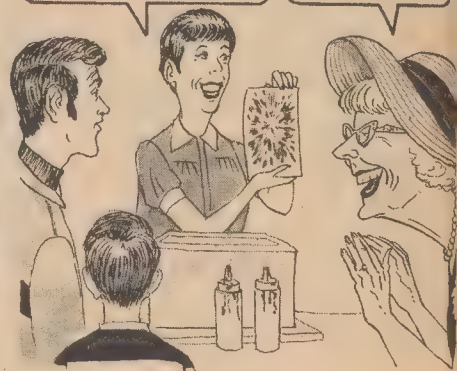
Will you please explain it to my Mother-In-Law?

Surely! First we place this piece of paper on the turntable inside this box and we start it spinning!

As the little boy squirts different colored paints onto the spinning paper, the centrifugal force spreads them outward into various shapes and patterns!

Then, when we shut off the spinner . . . Voila! We have a modern painting!!

My Grandson did THAT!? Why . . . it's beautiful!!



Y'know this big deal boxer, Kevin Martin? Well, he's not such a big deal! I knocked him out five times!

Who are you kidding? A runt like you knocking out a Golden Gloves Champ!?

Well, he really did it! He kept popping me right on the button!

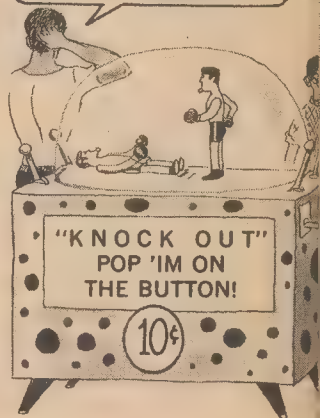
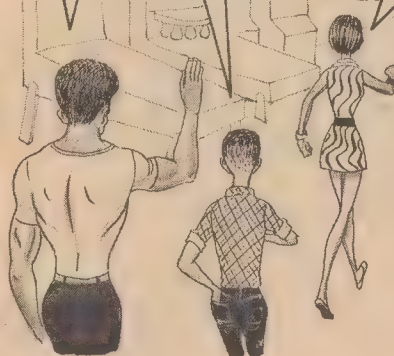
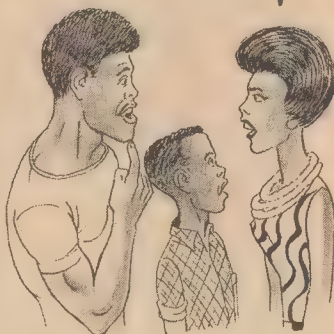
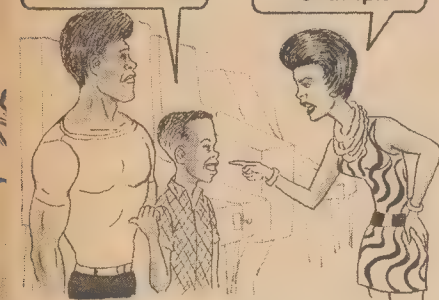
You're both putting me on!

I swear it on a stack of Bibles!

Cross my heart and hope to die!

I don't like being teased! I'm leaving!

I can't understand why she didn't believe us!



Mom! Can I go on the Ferris Wheel again? Can I, Mom?

ABSOLUTELY NOT!

But that's not fair! Sis went on it five times already! How come you didn't stop her?!

She didn't ask!

When we were on the "Roller Coaster" and the car went down the first drop and up around the turn, I felt sure it was gonna jump the track and we'd all HAD it!

I felt that way when we were on "The Whip"!





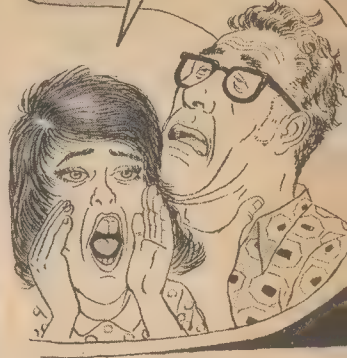
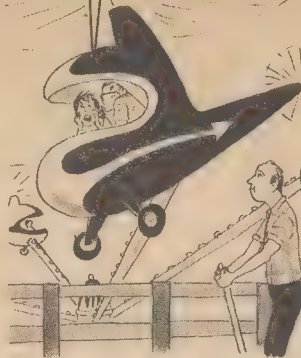
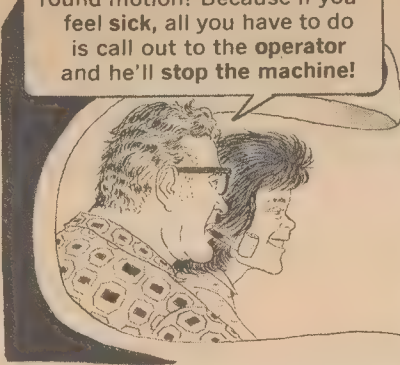
Honey, is this ride too scary for you?

No, Daddy! I'm all right!

Are you sure? Is your stomach getting queasy from all this up-and-down and 'round-and-'round motion? Because if you feel sick, all you have to do is call out to the operator and he'll stop the machine!

OH, MR. OPERATOR! PLEASE... STOP THE MACHINE!!

MY DADDY WOULD LIKE TO GET OFF!



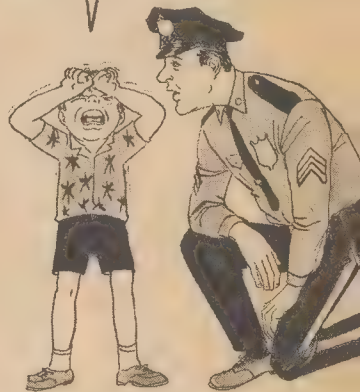
I hope you realize that his talent comes from MY side of the family!!

—sob—  
—sob—

S'matter, kid? Are you lost??

N-no—sob— I'm right here!

It's m-my—sob—Mommy and Daddy who are lost—WAAA!!



Place your bets, folks!

What number should I play?

Ahh—32! That's your age! No-no! Make it 28! That's my age! Wait! Play 7! That's always a lucky number!

Hold it! Put it on 22! That's our address! Or better yet, 5! That's when the kids go back to school! No—I know! Play 18! That's how old I was when we met!

Forget it! I'll just close my eyes and pick ANY number!!

And the winning number is... 28!!

See!? I told you to play number 28!!



And when we were on the "Topsy-Turvy" and it turned upside down, I thought we were finished!

It does seem silly to pay 35¢ apiece—just for the privilege of being scared to death!

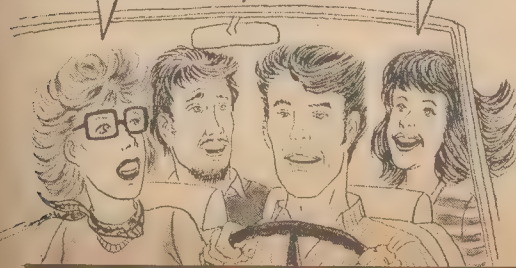
Yeah, but it's sure worth it!!

HEY! WATCH IT, TONY!

THE WAY YOU TOOK THAT CURVE, YOU ALMOST TURNED THE CAR OVER!

GEEZ! YOU ALMOST SCARED US TO DEATH!!

That'll be 35¢ apiece, please!





4 POSES 25¢

Yecch! These are awful! That's not me! Look at that ugly nose and that silly grin! That's not me! And look at that chin, and those ears sticking out, and that messy hair! That's not me!

Le'me see those pictures...

Are you crazy?! These pictures are great! They make you look like a beautiful, intelligent, desirable, sexy young chick!

That's ME!!

Oh, no! Look at all the junk she brought home from the Amusement Park!

IT'S NOT JUNK!!

It's a collection of sentimental mementos of a marvelous day I spent with a marvelous boy—groovy Gary Frick!

Okay, love-struck! Where are you gonna put 'em? Your room is already cluttered with sentimental mementos of the marvelous days you spent with marvelous, groovy Harry Dixon!

Harry Dixon!? That creep!! I don't see him any more! I'll get rid of THAT junk!!

Hey! Look at this! It's the control for an "Air Jet"—a gimmick they had years ago for blowing up girls' skirts! When a girl would pass over it, it would send her skirt billowing high over her head!

Just for old time's sake, let's try it!

Okay! Here come some cute chicks now! Let 'er go!

Hoo-Boy! It still works! I'm blowing their skirts up!

Yeah, but with the mini-skirts they wear these days, you really can't tell the difference!!

Don't tell me you're eating again! You've had hot dogs, hamburgers, cotton candy, pop corn, pizza pies, custard and who knows what! Why do you keep eating all the time?

What ELSE is there to do at an Amusement Park?!

David Bend



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#### ECCCH-TRANEIOUS MATTER DEPT.

Every once in a while, MAD buys an article from a writer, puts it into the works, and then decides not to publish it for a variety of reasons . . . like f'rinstance it started off great, but ended up dull after a while . . . or the premise was valid, but the satirical point

# SOME MAD You Never

#### THE VERSE IS YET TO COME DEPT.

The trouble with Greeting Cards today is that they're either full of mushy sentimental rhymes that nobody believes, or they're just plain gags that nobody takes seriously. What's needed, MAD feels, are cards that express how we *really* feel about the person we're sending greetings to. In other words, we need some

# HONEST GREETING CARDS

## HAPPY BIRTHDAY

I could have picked a birthday card  
With lines that ooze and gush—  
A card to fill your heart anew  
With love, delight and mush.  
But sentiments in poetry  
On you, my friend, are lost!  
The only thing you'll want to see  
Is what the darn thing costs!

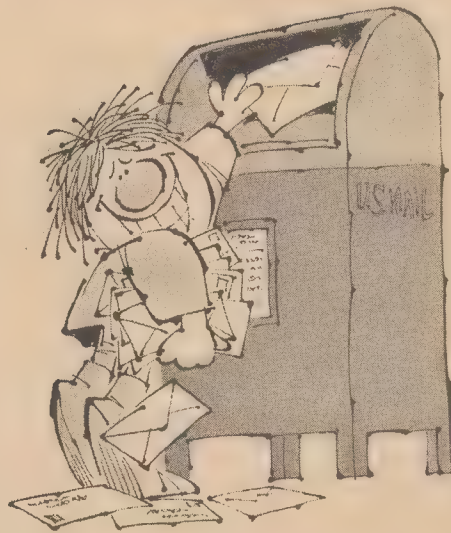


A GALLMARK CARD

25 CENTS

CARD NO 78053

## Just To Say "Hello"



My sending you a card this way  
May seem to have no reason;  
It's not to honor any day  
Or celebrate a season;  
The only motive that I've got  
Is fear, because I lack  
The strength to not send any cards  
And therefore get none back.





of departure fell apart . . . or the Editor was stoned when he accepted it, and he regretted it the minute he sobered up. In any case, over the years, we've collected quite a few of these Unpublished Articles, and now we're getting rid of them by presenting this quick look at . . .

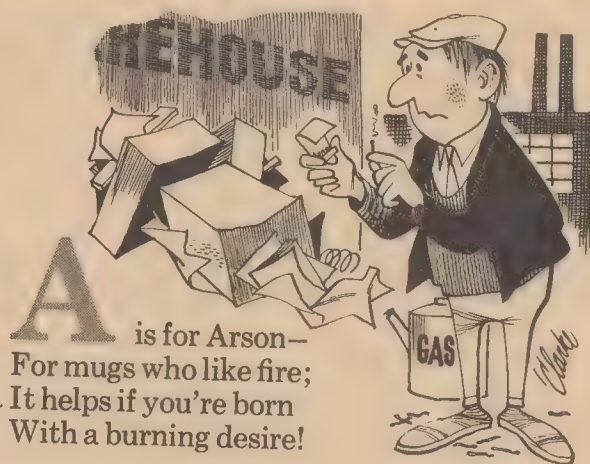
# ARTICLES Got To See

WRITER:  
FRANK JACOBS

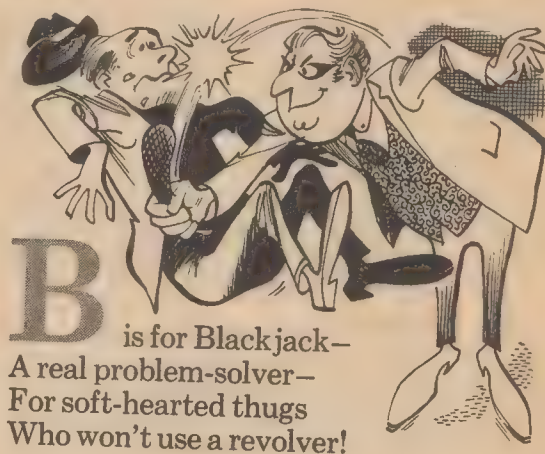
## CAPITAL PUNISHMENT DEPT.

The newspapers tell us that many criminals and syndicate members are passing their knowledge from father to son. But what about the future law-breakers who are *not* so lucky as to have gangster or a racketeer or a hired killer for a father? It is for these deprived hoodlums of tomorrow that we

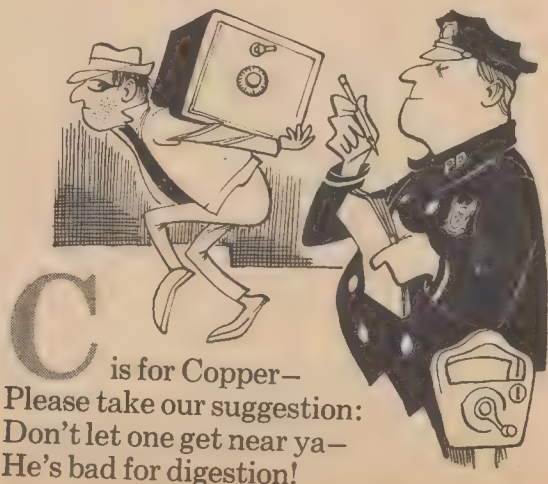
## *The Mad Crime Alphabet Book*



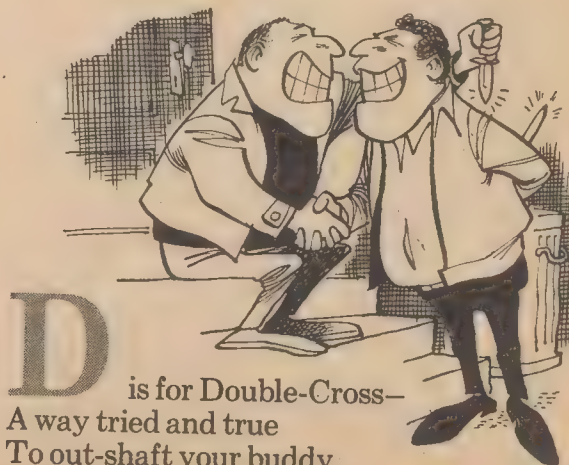
**A** is for Arson—  
For mugs who like fire;  
It helps if you're born  
With a burning desire!



**B** is for Blackjack—  
A real problem-solver—  
For soft-hearted thugs  
Who won't use a revolver!



**C** is for Copper—  
Please take our suggestion:  
Don't let one get near ya—  
He's bad for digestion!



**D** is for Double-Cross—  
A way tried and true  
To out-shaft your buddy  
Before he shafts you!

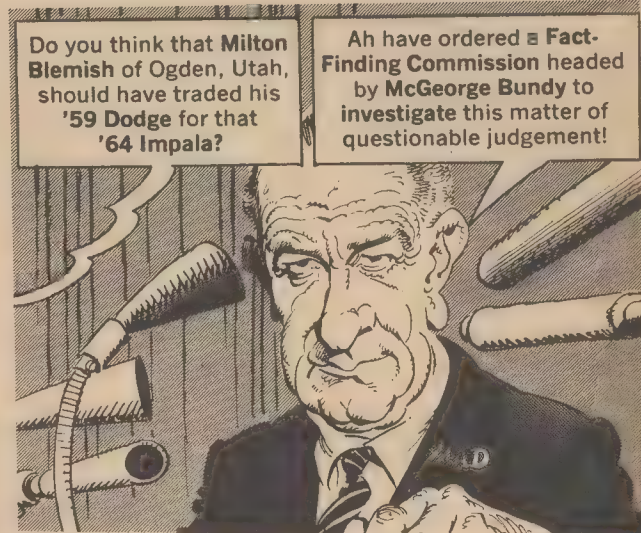
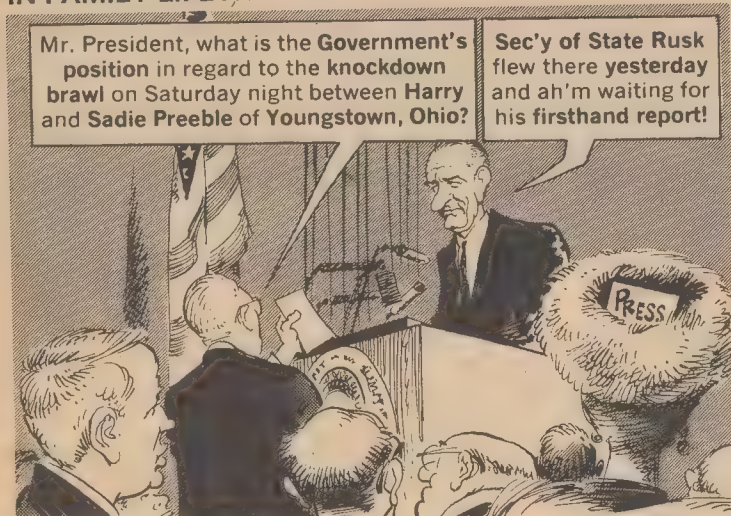


## CAPITOL PUNISHMENT DEPT.

A lot of people are concerned with the fact that the Federal Government is taking over more and more functions that were once reserved to the States, or to Private Industry, or to the Individual Citizen. In fact,

# IF THE U.S. GOV'T

## IN FAMILY LIFE...



## LITERARY TEASE DEPT.

Most of the new books that come out are written up in newspapers and magazines by "Book Reviewers". However, there are several very important books which come out each year that are never reviewed—despite the fact that they are extremely popular. To remedy this situation, MAD now presents several much-needed

# BOOK REVIEWS FOR BOOKS THAT DON'T ORDINARILY GET BOOK REVIEWS

## Lack Of Plot Weakens New Phone Directory

"Disappointing" is the only word to describe the new Metropolitan Telephone Directory, which came out today.

After reading just a few dozen of its 1800-odd pages, one is almost sure to tire of the book's cut and dried style. True, the authors have populated the work with a variety of fascinating characters, but they never succeed in developing a plot to hold the reader's interest.

In the opening pages, one is immediately captivated by such interesting characters as Anna Aab, Albert Aach, Arnold Aaron and AA Office Equipment Rental Service. But just as soon as the book introduces one engrossing character, it moves on to the next and one never gets the feeling of having actually known any of them very well.

It is doubtful that hardly anyone will be reading it a year from now.

## Spiral Notebook Lauded For "Inspired" Contents

Only once in every generation does a book come into our lives that is so necessary, so utile, and so rewarding that we know immediately it is a classic.

Such a book is the National Printing Company's latest No. 33-508 Spiral Notebook.

From the moment the reader turns the handsome beige cardboard cover to the first horizontal-blue-and-vertical-red-ruled page, he becomes a willing captive to the delights of this inspired and attractive volume.

True, the circular metal spiral may remind one of National's No. 33-497 square-ruled best-seller which came out in 1966, but the similarity ends there.

I can safely predict that those of you who buy this book will not want to put it down, and that you can be sure of picking it up in the months ahead, and enjoying it again and again.





some people feel that the U.S. Government is well on its way to handling *everything* in our daily lives. Which could be dangerous as well as somewhat idiotic. To show you what we mean, here is what life would be like

# RAN EVERYTHING

## IN SPORTS...

How does the Government feel about Eddie Finster's unsuccessful attempt to make out with Cynthia Gribbish in a Fort Wayne, Texas drive-in?

With a heavy heart, Ah have ordered Fort Wayne declared a "Disaster Area"!

My base-runner was safe by a mile! The Umpire blew the call!

That's a lot of bunk! He was out!

The Supreme Court has heard the evidence and hereby rules by a vote of 5 to 4 that the Umpire blew the call and the runner was safe! However, the Court also rules by a vote of 7 to 2 that the Manager be thrown out of Baseball for ordering such a bonehead play as having his base-runner steal third with none out in the ninth and his team losing by only one run!

MORT DRUCKER

## COLLECTORS' ITEM DEPT.

Today, millions of Americans are spending millions of dollars on hobbies. But the old, tried-and-true hobbies like stamp collecting and tropical fish are no longer popular. Today, the avid hobbyist tries to get himself a hobby that is distinctive and different. Recently, MAD took a survey of the great hobbyists of the U.S., and we bring you the results in this article, a veritable —

# WHO'S WHO IN U.S. HOBBYDOM

### STATE CAPITOL BUILDING EXPECTORATION CHAMP



Walter Wombat of Spokane, Wash. has a most unusual hobby. Wombat holds the distinction of being the only man to spit from the top of all 50 State Capitol Buildings. He will soon embark upon a 6-week tour, sponsored by the State Department, in which he will spit from the tops of all the Capitol Buildings of Europe. "It's a hobby that keeps me on the move," states Wombat, "especially when it's windy!"

### COLLECTOR OF CELEBRITY FINGERNAIL CLIPPINGS



### TOP COLLECTOR OF NON-FILTER CIGARETTE BUTTS



The world's largest collection of non-filter-tip cigarette butts has been amassed by Lance Goldfarb, a N.Y.C. street-cleaner. Lance, incidentally, got his job thru his hobby. He figures he has acquired more than 2 million non-filter-tip cigarette butts in the seven years he has been picking them up. He has many from cigarettes smoked by celebrities, including one from Durward Kirby and two from Hugh Downs.

### CHAMPION MINIATURE BASEBALL STADIUM BUILDER





## I REMEMBER MAU-MAU DEPT.

Let's face it—Africa is changing! Every year, it loses more of its traditional flavor and becomes more Westernized. Many people are concerned with how these changes will affect the "African Way of Life." MAD, however, isn't concerned about that at all! MAD is concerned about how these changes will affect the "African Movies" that are made by Hollywood! To illustrate the point, let us see

# THE TYPICAL AFRICAN MOVIE

## Before and After Westernization

### Before Westernization:



### After Westernization:



### Before Westernization:



### After Westernization:



## CARTOONS OF GLORY DEPT.

Walk into almost any classroom, and you'll find kids sneaking looks at comic books instead of reading their text books! By now, it should be apparent to educators that comics hold the attention of kids more than long-winded, dry writing. So why not put the cartoonists to work in the classrooms, and use . . .

# COMICS

## AS AN AID TO

# EDUCATION

## DICK TRACY for English



## PEANUTS for Physics



THERE WILL BE A  
BRIEF DELAY.  
PLEASE STAND BY

# TV STAND-BY CARDS AROUND THE WORLD

Please excuse der delay in der program. All vill be peachy und rosy if you vill merely...

**SIT SCHTILL  
UND VAIT!!!**

You are probably aware that for the past five minutes, there has been an absence of audio and visual signal. On the other hand, considering the calibre of our BBC programming, it is quite possible that you may have detected no change at all.

SO SORRY FOR TEMPORARY LOSS  
OF PICTURE AND SOUND. IS NOT  
FAULT OF HONORABLE NIPPON TV  
TECHNICIANS. IS FAULT OF USING  
CHEAP, IMITATION AMERICAN-MADE  
TELEVISION EQUIPMENT!

**PARDON ME, MADAM!  
HAVE YOU SEEN THE  
DESPICABLE AND  
UNGRAMMATICAL  
ARCH-CRIMINAL  
NAMED LOWBROW?**

I **SEEN** A MAN  
BACK THERE BUT  
I DIDN'T WISH TO  
ACTUALLY **TALK**  
WITH HIM!

**EGAD! THERE IS  
BUT ONE PERSON  
WHO CAN FORMULATE  
A SENTENCE SO  
HIDEOUSLY...**

...AND THAT IS  
**YOU--  
LOWBROW!**

HOWDJA  
KNOW  
IT WAS  
**ME,**  
COPPER?

FIRST, YOU USED "SEEN"  
INSTEAD OF THE CORRECT  
PAST TENSE, "SAW"!  
THEN YOU USED (GASP)  
A SPLIT INFINITIVE!  
YOU'RE GOING TO BURN  
LOWBROW FOR FIRST  
DEGREE MURDER  
OF THE ENGLISH  
LANGUAGE!

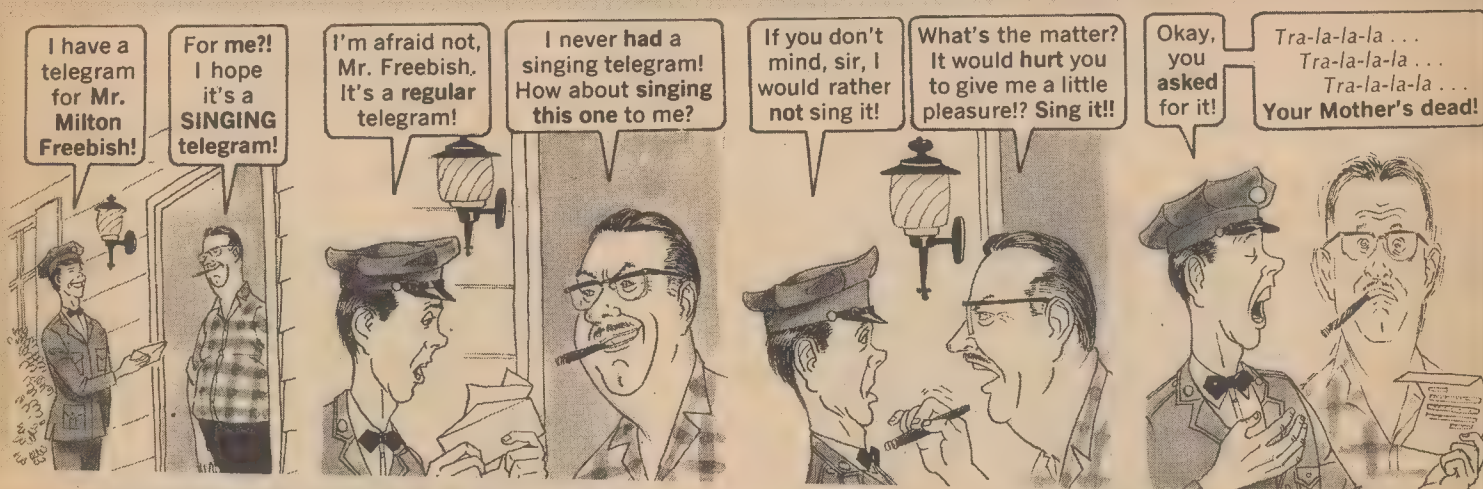
iii.  $\Phi = n \lambda a \sin(\theta/2)$  ( $\omega = \frac{1}{2} \sqrt{eE \cdot es}$ )

$$2\pi^2 me^4 = 3.1 \left\{ W_{T_2} - \frac{2\pi^2 me^4}{\hbar^2} \right\}$$





# THE LIGHTER SIDE OF



## GREEN FOR THE BLUE AND THE GRAY DEPT.

Do you know that even though there is a war in Vietnam, and fighting in the Middle East, there is a large group of people who couldn't care less. These characters are only interested in a war that was fought over 100 years ago! We're talking, of course, about the "Civil War Buffs"—those idiots who think that the last great battle of the world took place at Gettysburg in 1863. Recently we saw a brochure offering items of interest to these fanatics. So let's take a look at what's available in

# THE CIVIL WAR BUFFS' SHOPPING GUIDE

### An Exciting Audio Memoir



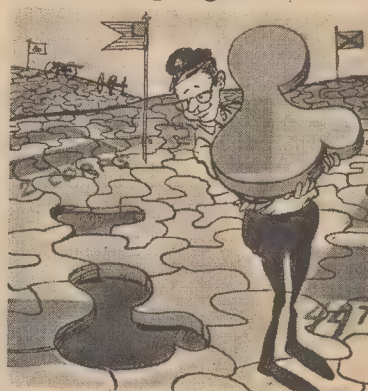
"Call To Battle"—a new Audio Memoir album, features John Wayne reciting the names and serial numbers of the Union 3rd Corps on 3 12-inch LPs. More than 11,500 names from Ahab, Horace to Zuch, Myron. Mr. Wayne is accompanied by William Steinberg and the Pittsburgh Symphony, with the Robert Shaw Chorale.  
Mono: \$6.98      Stereo: \$17.98

### Realistic Civil War Game



Everyone will enjoy playing "Slaughter," the new realistic game that recreates the entire Civil War for the enthusiast and his friends. Handsomely boxed in a railway freight car, each set contains enough arms for a four-year war. Real uniforms, rifles, cannon, mortars and cavalry horses, plus Official Rules and a pair of dice.  
\$250,000.00

### Gettysburg Jigsaw Puzzle



This fantastic new jigsaw puzzle is a detailed, full-color, life-size replica of the famed Battle of Gettysburg site, with more than 24 million interlocking pieces. Manufactured by Blue and Gray Enterprises, it is an item that every Civil War buff should own, providing he has time on his hands and a flat surface of 2,543 acres.  
\$15,000.00

A Hair From Grant's Beard

Framed 14 K Uniform Button

A Real Civil War Veteran



# DEATH

Sergeant, we just received word that Roger Kaputnik's wife died. I want you to break the news to him ... but do it gently, please!

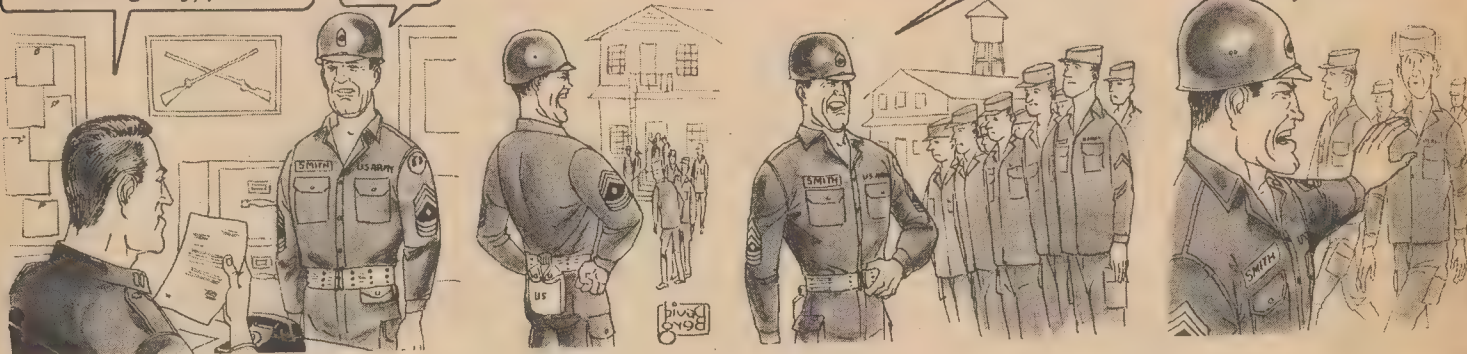
Yes, sir! I'll do it real gentle, sir!

All right, men! Fall in ... on the double ...

At ease! Now I got an announcement to make ...

But before I do, I want all you married men to step forward—

Not so fast there, Kaputnik!



## WINDSHIELD VIPERS DEPT.

In most States, a car must have an inspection sticker on its windshield before it is allowed on the road. These stickers show that the car has been inspected for such inconsequential items as effective brakes and working headlights. However, MAD feels that there are a lot more important items in cars these days, and that these should be inspected too. To show you what we're driving at, here are some

# MAD AUTOMOBILE INSPECTION STICKERS

1968

GC-48513937

## GLOVE COMPARTMENT INSPECTION

The glove compartment of this vehicle has been inspected for the following required contents:

- ☐ MINIMUM OF SIX MISFOLDED ROAD MAPS
- ☒ NO ROAD MAP OF OWNER'S STATE AMONG ABOVE
- ☒ 1 KEY TO GLOVE COMPARTMENT DOOR LOCK
- ☒ 1 COIN DISPENSER FOR TOLLS, WITH NO COINS
- ☒ 1 STAINED, TORN AUTOMOBILE REGISTRATION
- ☒ 17 MATCHBOOKS WITH NO MATCHES
- ☒ 1 STALE OR MELTED CANDY BAR
- ☒ 1 KLEENEX DISPENSER WITH NO TISSUES
- ☒ 1 DIRTY RAG
- ☒ 3 CAR WASH CLUB CARDS WITH ONE PUNCH
- ☒ A MINIMUM OF 25 TIGERINOS, SUNNY DOLLARS, SAFETY SIGNS, AMERICANA BILLS, PLAYING CARDS AND OTHER GASOLINE COMPANY GIVE-AWAY GIMMICKS
- ☒ NO GLOVES

VIOLATIONS: 1 ROAD MAP FOUND  
PROPERLY FOLDED! OWNER ON  
PROBATION UNTIL 12/31/68 Inspector

1968

DL-554830712-J

## DASHBOARD LITTER INSPECTION

The dashboard of this vehicle has been inspected for required litter by a duly licensed State Dashboard Litter Inspector, and has been found to contain the following:

### 1. DANGLING ORNAMENTS:

- One pair squashed baby shoes
- One shrunken head (poor imitation)

POINTS AWARDED . 4

### 2. STANDING FIGURES:

- One bust of Alfred E. Neuman (damaged)

POINTS AWARDED ... 0

### 3. CONTAINERS:

- One ash tray from 1960 Nixon-For-President Campaign Headquarters

POINTS AWARDED ... 5

### 4. BANNERS and/or PENNANTS

- Fourth Prize Ribbon from 1957 Butte, Montana, Culinary Arts Exposition

POINTS AWARDED . 2

TOTAL POINTS REQUIRED: 9 TOTAL POINTS AWARDED: 11

PASSED BY Mike Brandman Inspector



Over the years on the motion picture screen, many lovable Jewish couples have captured our hearts: Marjorie Morningstar and Noel Airman in "Marjorie Morningstar"... Fanny Brice and Nicky Arnstein in "Funny Girl"... Tony Curtis and Kirk Douglas in "The Vikings"! But none have been quite so lovable, or quite so adorable, or quite so *nude* as the lovable kids in

So . . . how's the water?

It needs salt!

Last one in is a rotten poached egg on toast and a glass of tea with lemon!

This is quite a place!

Yes, but I'm getting tired of it! Next summer, I think I'll take a locker in the south of France!

Telephone call for Zelda Kessler! Zelda Kessler . . . telephone call! Telephone call for Bernard Glick! Bernard Glick . . . telephone call! Obscene call for Myrna Finster! Myrna Finster . . . obscene call!

Is it always like this?

No, it gets REALLY noisy and crowded on weekends!

SHNEIDER!

MAH JONG ANY-ONE?

ARE YOU THE ONE THEY CALL THE BODY?

Hey, who is that pretty girl who just asked me to hold her glasses?

Don't bother me! My mind's not on this country club! I'm reading about another world—about people in turmoil—about struggles for power—social position—chaos—confusion—hysteria!

Are you kidding? That IS this country club!

SEE SPOT RUN!

NEED GIN PARTNER.

WAR AND PEACE

90





# COLUMBUS!

ARTIST: MORT DRUCKER

WRITER: ARNIE KOGEN



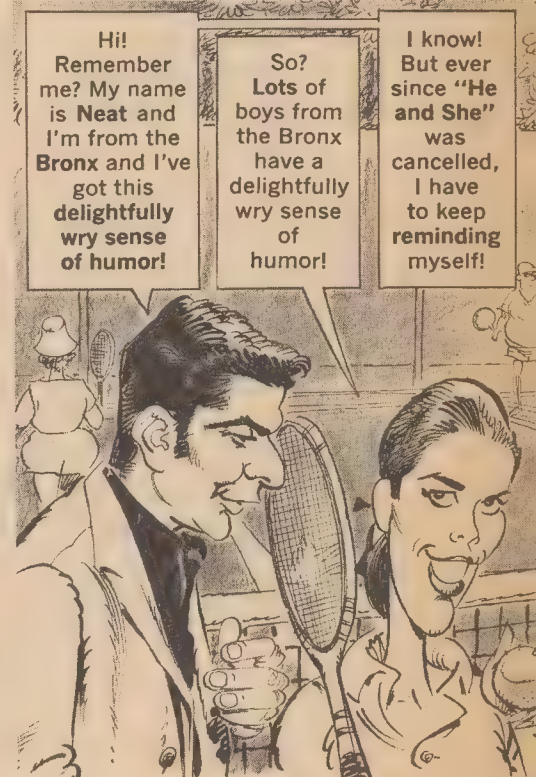
Neat, where are you running without eating?

I just made a date with this girl who lives in Westchester!

But I made you dinner! Chicken soup and chicken livers and roast chicken and chicken ice cream! Chicken is good for you!

You want to clear up your skin, don't you?

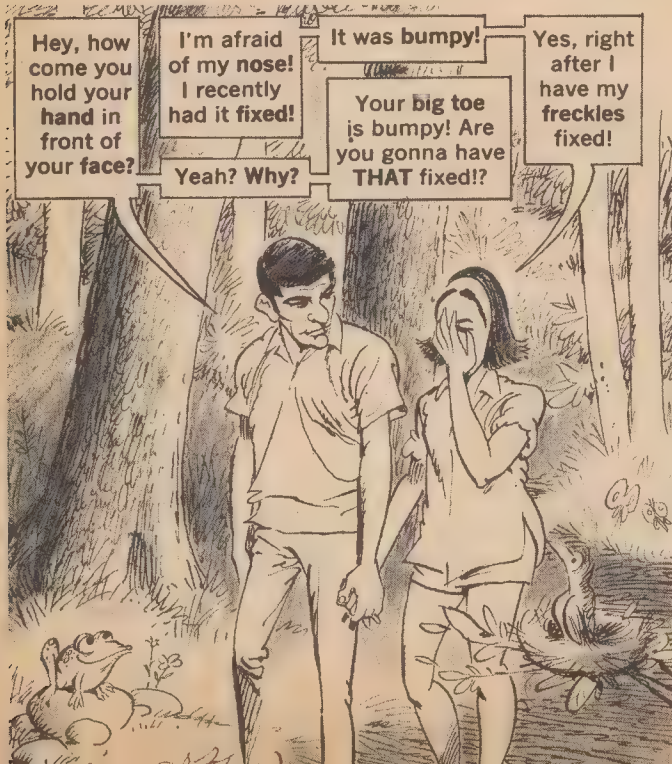
Sure! That's why I just made a date with this girl who lives in Westchester!



Hi! Remember me? My name is Neat and I'm from the Bronx and I've got this delightfully wry sense of humor!

So? Lots of boys from the Bronx have a delightfully wry sense of humor!

I know! But ever since "He and She" was cancelled, I have to keep reminding myself!



Hey, how come you hold your hand in front of your face?

I'm afraid of my nose! I recently had it fixed! Yeah? Why?

It was bumpy! Your big toe is bumpy! Are you gonna have THAT fixed!?

Yes, right after I have my freckles fixed!



If I blow in your ear, will you follow me anywhere?

Okay, but be careful! I recently had my lobes fixed!

Well, so long! I gotta go see Abe Burrows—or Woody Allen!

What on Earth for?

To have this inane dialogue fixed!



I'm glad you could come to dinner, Neat! It'll give you a chance to meet my family. This is my Mother! She's a shrew!

That's funny! She doesn't LOOK shrewish!

And that's my Brother, Ton! He's all arms and legs ... and he goes to Ohio State University!

Really? What's he Majoring in? Gangling!

And that's my Father! All he does is make money ... and eat!

Pass the roast beef! You've already had six helpings, and there's none left!

Then pass the ketchup! What for?

I'm gonna eat the table-cloth!



Hey, that reminds me! I'm playing basketball tonight!

The way you eat! Throughout the meal, you've been "dribbling" down your chin!

Y'know—if Amy Vanderbilt was at this table, she'd faint at the bad manners!

Are you kidding?! If Shemp of "The Three Stooges" was at this table, he'd faint at the bad manners!

WHAT reminds you?



Have some more apple pie, Neat!

No, thanks! I just lost my appetite!

Why? Do I disgust you?

It's not you, sir! It's your daughter! She's playing "Legsie" with me under the table!

I am NOT playing "Legsie" with you!

Well, if you're not ... then who is?

I think it's me! She TOLD you I was all arms and legs!



Gee, Mr. Pretendkin! That certainly was a swell meal! We had salad, meat, chicken, fish, potatoes, vegetables, rolls, butter, and four desserts! I'm really full!

Now we go out!

To play some ball?

No, now we go out for some CHINESE FOOD!



And just exactly what do you do in the Library, Neat?

I'm a "Shooshier"! I shoosh people!

Is there money in it?

I get paid \$1.25 for each shoosh!

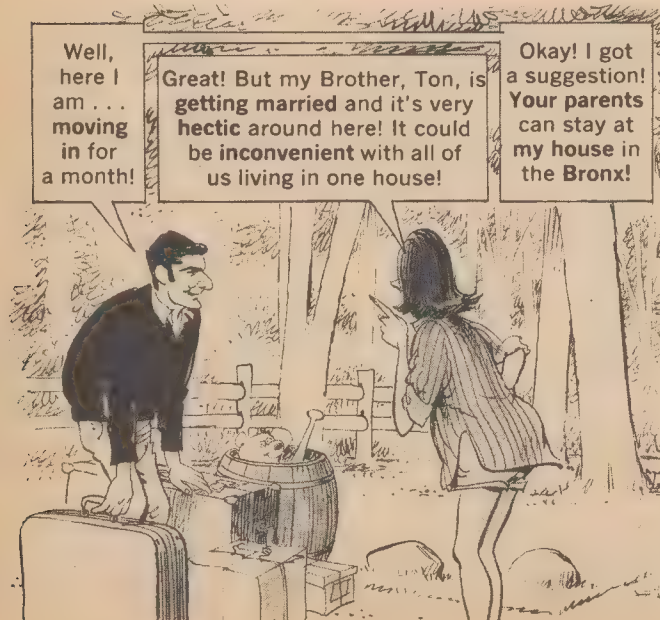
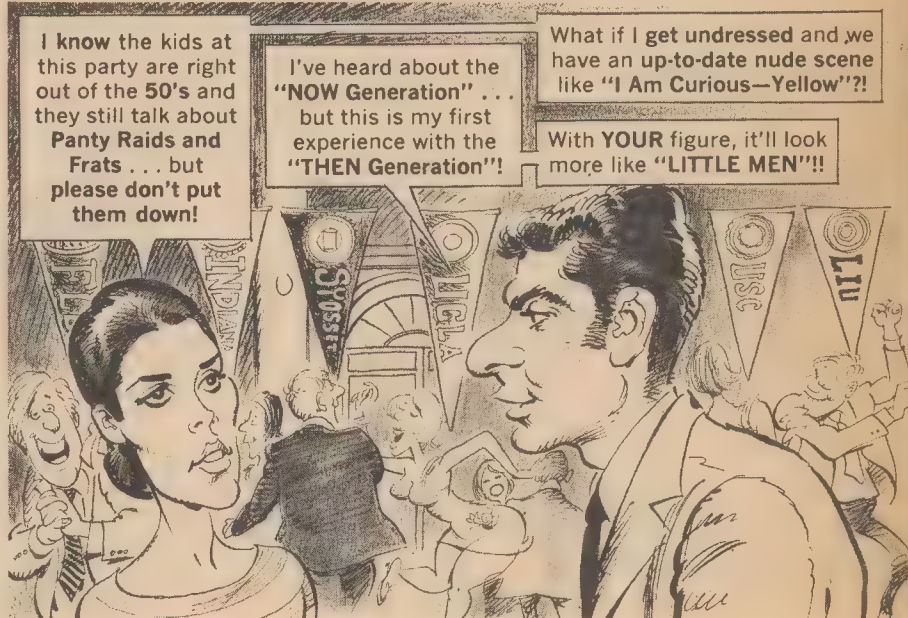
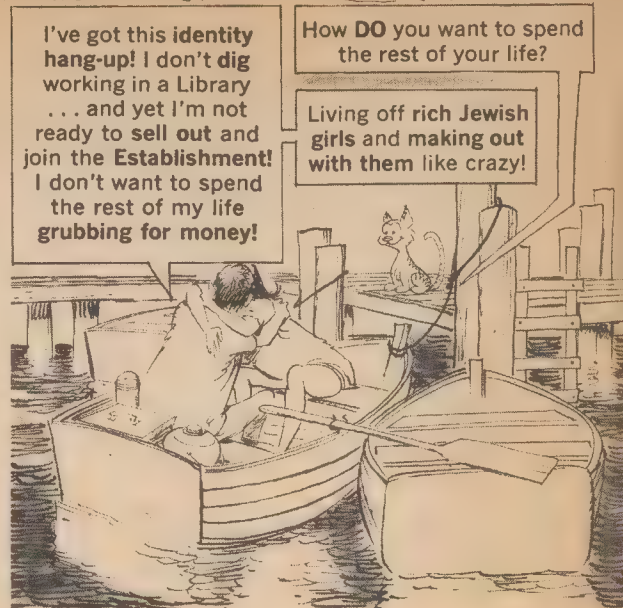
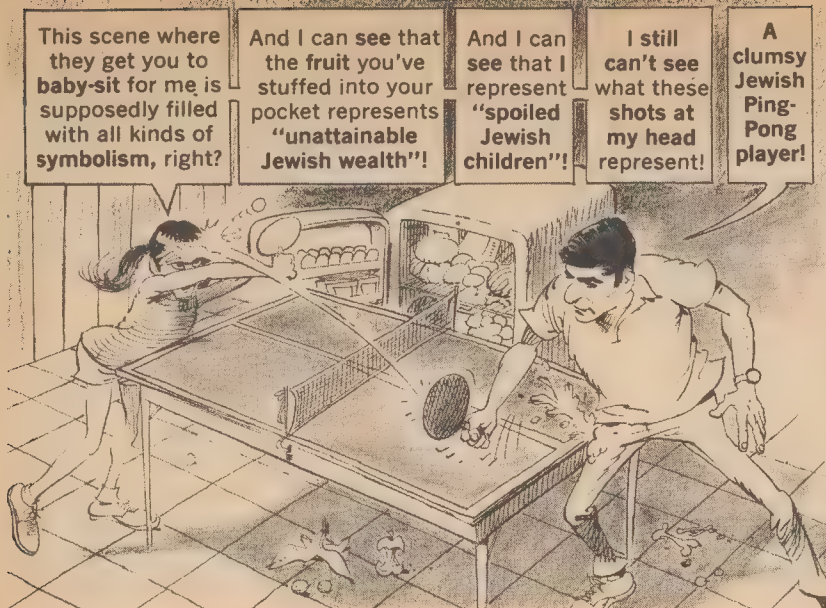
I think books are so interesting! ... I mean, to read!

Ahhh ... the only book that ever did anyone any good was a Bank Book!

If this stupid conversation keeps up, I may forego my regular salary and shoosh you two for nothing!









I need strange people living in my house at a time like this?!!

But, Mother . . . Neat won't be in the way!

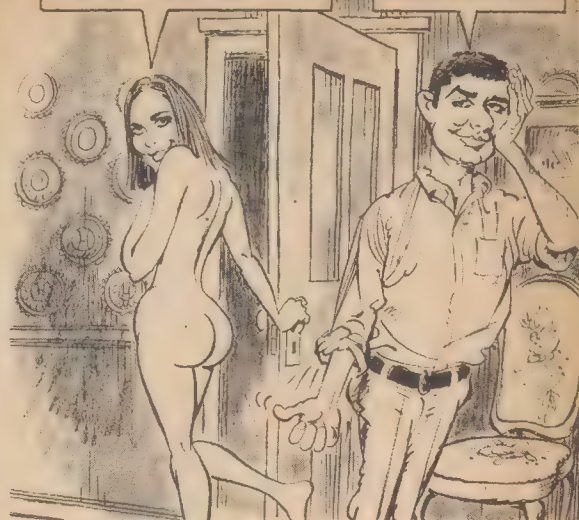
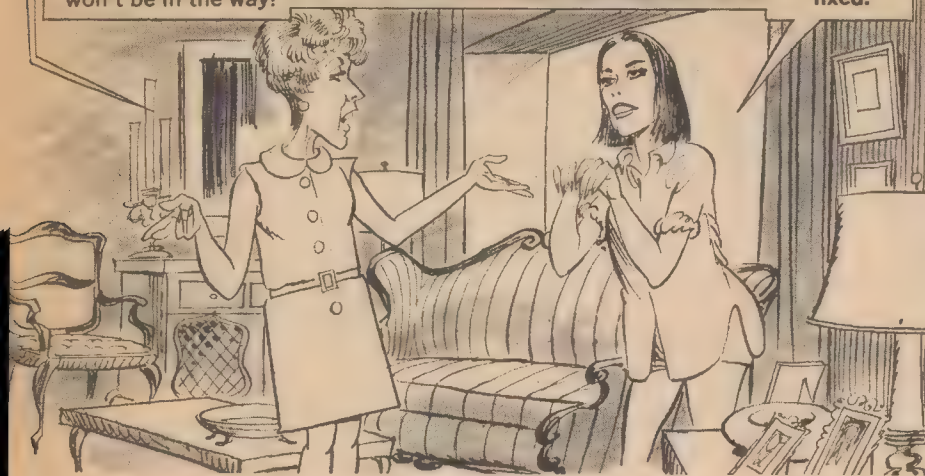
Who's talking about Neat!!? I'm talking about your Brother, Ton!

Besides, what do you know about housework? You never even lift a finger around this place to help me!

It's very difficult for me! I recently had my fingers fixed!

Gee . . . I don't know if I should be doing so many nude scenes! After all, this is my first movie!

Don't worry! The public is always hungry for a fresh new face!



Don't give me a cock-and-bull story like that, you crumb-bum! I'm running a business here! I don't care about your problems! Yeah? Well, your whole family should contract Chicken pox!

Who is that? One of our suppliers?

No . . . a wrong number!

But I gotta keep in practice being vulgar! It's expected of me in this part!



Congratulations!

Lots of luck!

Mahzeltov!

Wasn't it wonderful, the way he smashed the wine glass?!

Yes! It's the first time it's ever been done with a basketball sneaker!

Don't think of this wedding as losing a son, Mrs. Pretendkin! Think of it as losing an inept clod!



Did you see how the Bride was crying with happiness?

She wasn't crying with happiness! She was crying with embarrassment! Ton forgot to kiss her!

Instead, he just grabbed her around the shoulder and gave her one of his famous handshakes!

Did you hear what happened? Uncle Leon couldn't be here! He died last night . . . suddenly!

Did you notify the Bride's parents?

Yes! In his honor they closed the eye of the whitefish!

Where did they ever get all these awful, loud, vulgar, pushy people?

I think they invited the studio audience from "Let's Make A Deal"!!









# WHILE CLAMMING IN NEW JERSEY



P. MARTIN



**WHAT GREAT NEW  
CHASM HAS BEEN  
DISCOVERED THAT  
DWARFS EVEN THE  
GRAND CANYON?**

## HERE WE GO WITH ANOTHER RIDICULOUS **MAD FOLD-IN**

It's hard to believe, but a great new chasm ... far greater than the "Grand Canyon"... has appeared out of nowhere. To see it for yourself, fold in page as shown on the right.



FOLD PAGE OVER LIKE THIS!

**A**▶

FOLD THIS SECTION OVER LEFT

◀ **B** FOLD BACK SO "A" MEETS "B"



**THAT CHASM KNOWN AS THE "GRAND CANYON," ONCE  
GENERALLY ACCEPTED AS THE GREATEST NATURAL CREATION  
GOD DEVISED, IS NOW MERELY A DENT ON THE MAP  
COMPARED TO THIS NEWLY-DISCOVERED FAULT**

ARTIST & WRITER:  
AL JAFFEE

**A**▶

◀ **B**

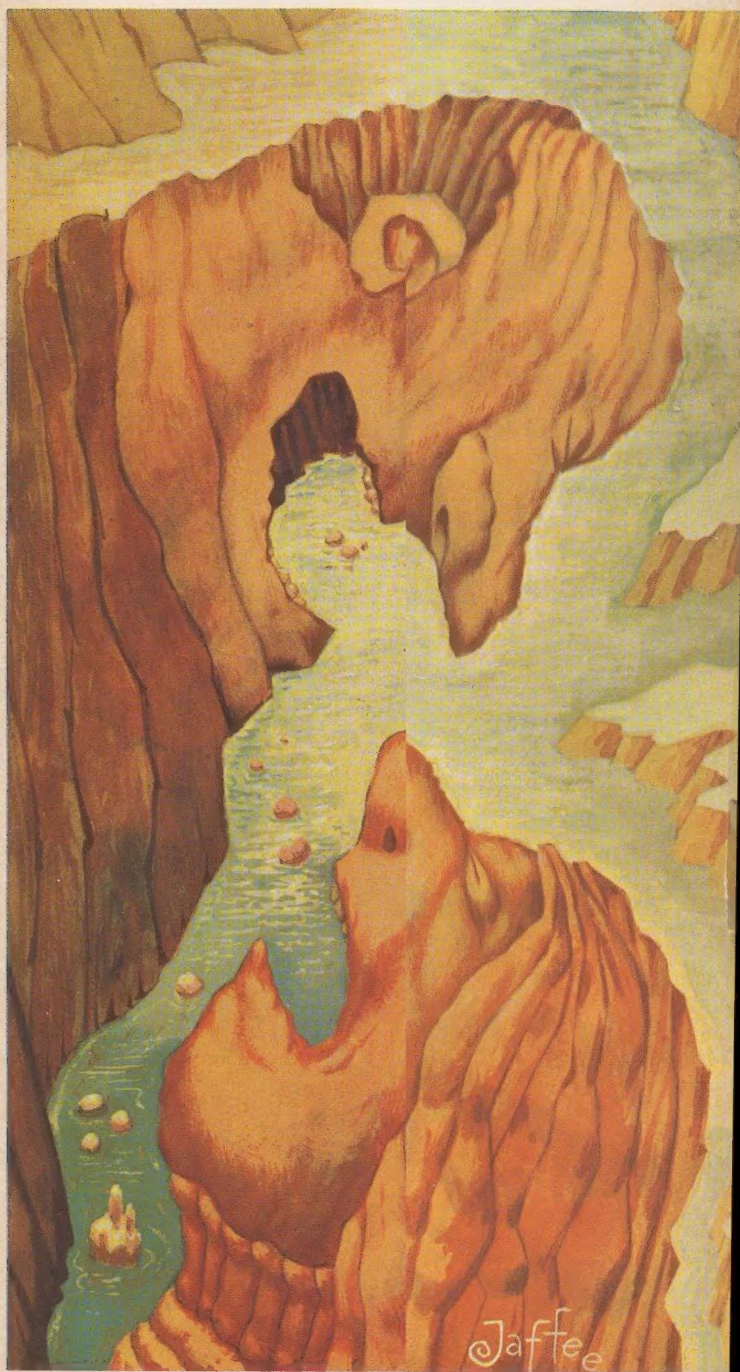


WHAT GREAT NEW  
CHASM HAS BEEN  
DISCOVERED THAT  
DWARFS EVEN THE  
GRAND CANYON?



FOLD PAGE OVER LIKE THIS!

**A ▶ ◀ B** FOLD BACK SO "A" MEETS "B"



**THE  
GENERATION  
GAP**

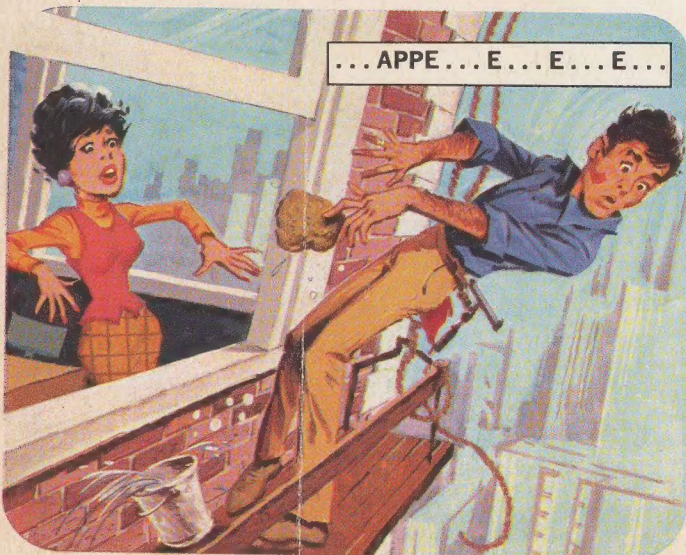
ARTIST & WRITER:  
AL JAFFEE

**A ▶ ◀ B**



# A AD WE'D LIKE TO SEE

## The Ultra-White Toothpaste Commercial



ARTIST: JACK RICKARD

WRITER: DICK DE BARTOLO



**MAD**

MAGAZINE PRESENTS

**GALL IN THE FAMILY FARE**



SUPERVISED BY  
AL FELDSTEIN

ASSISTED BY  
NICK MEGLIN

WRITTEN BY LARRY SIEGEL  
PERFORMED BY ALLEN SWIFT  
PAT BRIGHT & HERB DUNCAN  
SOUND EDITOR: JOE STATON

Music © Thomas J. Valentino, Inc., N.Y.

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**33<sup>1</sup>/<sub>3</sub>**  
**RPM**